50¢ OCT. 1972
A CHARLTON PUBLICATION
CDC 00174

REAL WEST

UE TALES OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

FOURTH OF JULY IN THE OLD WEST

The Rugged Pride and Spirit of Our Flag

DEADWOOD'S GAMBLING LADY

Beautiful, Cool, and Dangerous

Built for the Perilous, Uncertain Journeys That Opened the West

THE CONCORD STAGECOACH

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This is the ad the Racing Form refused to print!

Winning at the Races May Not Be Your Idea of Fun, But...

Here I sit, trying to write about Larry Voegele. And all the while I'm working and sweating, the guy I'm writing about is out at the racetrack. Not a worry in the world—and probably making more money in a day than I make in a week.

What's his secret? *He knows how to beat the races. Really* knows. Knows so much that he runs a school for handicappers. (It's the only one of its kind in the world. Which is why he was asked to appear on "What's My Line.")

He charges his "students" two hundred bucks apiece. He tells them that if they're not completely satisfied he'll return every cent they've paid, and *nobody* has ever asked for his money back.

What's more, he went on a live radio show (The Pete Smith Show on KMPC, February 20, 1971) and did something that had never been done before. Mr. Smith really threw it to him: asked him to pick the winners in the 7 races that were being run at Santa Anita, while the program was on the air. Two out of seven would have been good enough to show a profit. Three would have been phenomenal. Larry Voegele picked *five!*

If he'd been at the track betting, say $20 on each race, he would have picked up a cool $404... net profit! Not bad for an afternoon's "work."

And all the knowledge that Larry publicly *proved* that day... *every* fact that he teaches in his $200 course... is in his book.

If you've never bet on a horse in your life, you'll read and enjoy every word. And end up understanding more than most guys who have been following the ponies all their lives.

If you're an oldtimer, you'll skip the background and get right down to the nitty gritty. If you can forget what you *think* you know, if you have the nerve —and the *discipline*—to follow his methods to the *letter,* you could make more money than you ever dreamed possible.

Why? Because you'll *know* more than 95% of the people who go to the track —and you're betting against *them!* The money they lose, *you'll* win! The track and the state take their cut, but there's plenty to go around.

At Santa Anita, for example, over *two million dollars* is bet every day. And it's a statistical fact that only one out of 20 walks out a big winner. You can be one of them!

Larry Voegele doesn't look like a racetrack tout. He's not.

He's a college graduate. He was the editor of a newspaper. He was a legislative assistant to a congressman.

He was a stockbroker, working for a major Wall Street firm. *Was* because he found out that investing in horse races was *safer*—and more profitable—than trying to beat the Bulls and the Bears at their own game.

And that's the secret of his book. He approaches handicapping as a *professional.* It's *scientific.* No "hunches." No "tips." No so-called "systems."

It isn't even "inside information." Just simple, hard *facts.* Facts that *anyone* could see if they knew what to look for. In short, if they knew what Larry Voegele knows—and tells in his book.

It'll take you about an hour to read it. Another hour to practice what he preaches.

Then if you do *exactly* as he says, step by step... if you don't get reckless or greedy... you'll be on your way to the kind of life you want.

Is that worth a 2-hour investment? Because that's all you're risking. Just time. Not money.

Here's why: your check or money order will *not* be deposited for two weeks *after* your copy of the book is mailed. That'll give you plenty of time to receive your book, read it thoroughly, and put the principles into *action.*

If you're not thrilled with what you've gained, just send the book back within 14 days. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be in the return mail!

Ever heard of an offer like that? No. But there's never been a book like this either.

As to the price—*if* you decide to keep the book. Frankly, we didn't know what to charge. It isn't just paper and ink. It's *information.* Facts that dozens of people have paid $200 to gain—and were satisfied to pay.

Verified Results of the Voegele Professional Method of Winner Selection

Hollywood Park (75 days)
675 Races, 222 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.00 32% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $8,480.00

Atlantic City (60 days)
540 Races, 183 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.60 33% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $6,666.00

Bay Meadows (64 days)
576 Races, 178 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $8.90 31% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $4,356.00

Santa Anita (75 days)
675 Races, 218 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $8.68 32% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $6,237.00

Pimlico, Winter 1971 (30 Days)
270 Races, 97 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.84 35% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $4,140.00

Hialeah (40 days)
400 Races, 147 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $7.80 37% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $3,148.00

Aqueduct (42 days)
378 Races, 127 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.10 33% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $3,807.00

But there aren't many people who can afford that kind of money. Even for a sure thing.

So what do you think about 10 dollars? That's all—10 dollars. And you have something *better* than a money back guarantee. Because your check or money order won't even be cashed unless—and until—you decided to keep the book because it's worth a *lot* more.

Winning at the horse races, traveling first class and living in the best hotels may not be your idea of fun. As for me, I think it sure beats working for a living. See you at the track.

©1972 Financial Publishers, 466 N. Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90004.

Financial Publishers, Dept. **557-D**
466 N. Western Avenue
Los Angeles, California 90004

OK—I'll take you up on your offer. Send me Larry Voegele's book. Enclosed is my check or money order for ten dollars, but DO *NOT* DEPOSIT IT FOR 14 DAYS *AFTER* YOU SEND MY ORDER.

If I return the book within that time, you'll return my payment, uncashed, by return mail.

(Please print or type shipping information. The book will be mailed in a plain wrapper)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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ENTER THIS CONTEST FOR

$15,000.00

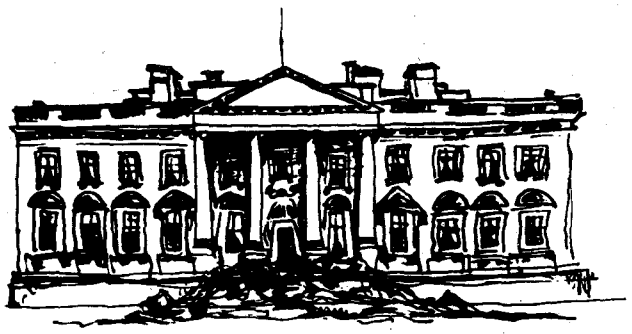
!IN CASH PRIZES!

1st PRIZE		$5,000
2nd PRIZE		$2,500
3rd PRIZE		$1,000
4-5-6 PRIZE	EACH	$500
7 TO 16 PRIZE	EACH	$200
17 TO 47 PRIZE	EACH	$100

$15,000 CASH TOTAL

HERE ARE SOME CLUES TO HELP YOU IDENTIFY THIS FAMOUS BUILDING:

1. It is located in Washington, D.C.
2. Practically all the Presidents of the United States lived here.



DIRECTIONS

Do you recognize this famous landmark? If you do you can become eligible to win your share of 15,000 dollars!

We have completed the first half of this easy puzzle. All you have to do is complete the second half by filling in the missing letters. Example: The opposite of dry is wet so a "W" went in the first space on our half of the puzzle. The second clue is a picture of a so an "H" went in the second box.

After you have finished your half of the puzzle, fill in your name and address on the official entry blank, mail it to us along with 25c for Postage and Handling and you could be on your way to winning BIG MONEY!

DON'T DELAY! ..... IT'S FUN! ..... IT'S EASY!

OPPOSITE OF DRY	W	E	T	
	S	H	O	E
	F	I	S	H
OPPOSITE OF GO	S	T	O	P
NUMBER BEFORE TWO	O	N	E	

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

PREMIUM PUZZLE CLUB
7551 Melrose Ave. DEPT. 8160
Los Angeles, Ca 90046

IF I WIN
PAY TO
– THE ORDER OF _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

– (ADDRESS) _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

– (CITY) _____ (STATE) _____

– (ZIP CODE) _____

OPPOSITE OF HE	S		E	
	F	R		G
OPPOSITE OF DOWN			P	
			A	W
	T		N	T

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REAL WEST

Volume XV
Number 108
Oct., 1972

The Brand of Quality

Executive Editor/Salvatore Gentile
Managing Editor/Edward T. LeBlanc
Gun Editor/Major R. O. Ackerman
Treasure Editor/E. S. LeGaye
Art Director/Madelyn Fisher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

FOUR DEAD IN TEN SECONDS
By Leon C. Metz

•

THOMAS TIBBLES, CHAMPION OF INDIAN RIGHTS
By Samuel Stanley

•

COLORADO'S GUERRILLA LOOT
By Maurice Kildare

•

A WESTERN TALE OF TWO CITIES
By Stephanie C. Shulsinger

•

JACK MC CALL, FRONTIER ENIGMA
By George Hart

•

INDIAN SAMPLERS, A LOST ART
By Doris Cerveri

•

THE MAGNIFICENT SIOUX
By Ronald J. Morgan

•

CHINAMAN'S CHANCE
By A. J. Simmonds

•

WHO WAS DIC WICK HALL?
By Sam Bloom

•

THE MEANEST TOWN THIS SIDE OF HELL
By Clarence M. Fink

•

LADY SOURDOUGHT - A WOMAN WHO DARED
By Harriett Farnsworth

•

FORTS OF THE OLD WEST - OLD FORT LANCASTER
By Louise Cheney

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by Mitchell Scott

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Start a great new life of service and adventure in Conservation Country!

These patches represent outdoor careers for which the National School trains you; not the official patches of any State, Federal or private conservation service.

We'll train you in your spare time for an exciting Outdoor Career

Thousands of jobs will be opening up in wildlife management, parks and outdoor recreation, forestry, etc.

Why spend the best days of your life punching a time clock in an office, store or factory — when you may be able to qualify for one of the thousands of new jobs that are coming up in the great outdoors because of concern for conservation and ecology.

Imagine getting paid for work you'll enjoy

Don't settle for only occasional hunting, fishing and boating trips. Live and work right next to nature — in real *man country*—all year round. Every year there are new openings in State and National Parks, the forest industry, game refuges and preserves, private hunting and fishing clubs and recreational facilities.

Here's how you can qualify . . . Start now!

The National School of Conservation will help you prepare at home, in your spare time, for an exciting outdoor opportunity. This accredited train-at-home program has been created by experts in the field of conservation. These men have years of on-the-job experience . . . and they share it with you, through every step of your training. You can even keep your present job as you learn at home . . . working at your own pace. National School of Conservation is America's oldest established and accredited home-study conservation school; so you *know* you're in capable hands. When you graduate, National School will assist you in contacting public and private conservation organizations and help you explore available job openings.

Good Pay . . . Job Security . . . Low Living Costs — a great combination!

You can earn a good living, with advancement possibilities and raises based on seniority and performance. As a bonus, some jobs include uniform allowances, hospital insurance, pension plans, vacations with pay . . . and your paychecks come through regularly — good times or bad.

You only live once . . . make it a life of adventure

The man who wears the insignia of a forestry, conservation, wildlife or park agency is a man of *action* called upon to rescue people in danger . . . to enforce our laws and protect our wildlife . . . to direct citizens in time of emergencies . . . even lead fire fighting crews. What's more, the conservationist has the satisfaction of knowing that he is serving his country . . . safeguarding her forests, parks, ranges and wildlife. Future generations will be grateful to him for preserving the natural beauty of our American heritage.

Send for Free Career Guidebook

There are few careers that offer a man such exciting challenges . . . such rich rewards. But a career like this can be yours — even with no experience or college if you train now. Get all the facts. Mail the coupon for your Free Career Guidebook. There's no obligation and no salesman will call on you. National School of Conservation, 1129-20th Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

"Thank you for your great course. I highly recommend your school to anyone interested in the field of conservation. I have taken the Civil Service test for Conservation Inspector for the state of Illinois, and received an A for my final grade." — George E. Wood, Illinois.

Your Career Kit FREE!

★ **CAREER GUIDEBOOK**
Handsomely illustrated book packed with facts about how to start your new life in the great outdoors.

★ **FIELD TRAINING INFORMATION AND ILLUSTRATIONS.**
Describing National School's field training camp which you may attend if you choose.

★ **"HOW TO FINANCE YOUR EDUCATION."**
Complete details on how you can pay for your education through the GI Bill.
Accredited Member of the National Home Study Council

National School of Conservation,
Dept. 42850
1129 20th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036

APPROVED FOR G.I.'S AND VETERANS

Without cost or obligation, please rush me the complete CONSERVATION CAREER KIT — FREE! This kit includes complete details on how I can qualify at home, in my spare time for an exciting career in the great outdoors. No salesman will visit.

Print
Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

FC-52

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

LETTER FROM KOREA

Dear Editor,

Please forgive me for taking up your valuable time. I am a teacher of high school in Seoul, Korea.

My pupils are very eager to find pen friends in your country. I learned of Real West through American Embassy in Seoul, and am writing to you in the hope that you can help them get in touch with the youth in your country. They would like to exchange information about student life and various topics in everyday life and to discuss current international problems.

I think this kind of direct communication between friends of about the same age will help both to learn about each other's country. It will also help my students to brush up their English. I also think they might have fun in swapping items in their hobby collections.

The name of our school is Samsun High School. I am one of the English teachers at this school which has around 3,000 pupils. The pupils here have five English classes a week.

I am sure they will be a faithful friend and correspondent to any young friends who wishes to be their pen friend.

I hope Real West can perhaps publish my name in your esteemed magazine.

I thank you very much for your kind co-operation.

Sincerely yours,

Mun-Hwan Chung
I.P.O. Box 3834
Seoul, Korea

QUESTIONS DATES GIVEN IN MOVIE

Dear Sir:

After reading your most interesting article on the missing money of General Custer's command in Real West No. 92 I'd like to ask one question. But before I ask it, the reason for asking in the first place.

In the movie "Soldier Blue", the star gave the date of the massacre as 1864 which they said was one year after the Little Bighorn. Was "Soldier Blue" a version of the battle of Wounded Knee? If so are the Hollywood script writers mistaken in giving the date of 1864 (which would be during the American Civil War) and not 1877?

Please let me know the outcome of your investigations and it might prove interesting to see if the Hollywood script writers could be wrong, or, may I dare to suggest that "Real West" made a mistake.

Yours Sincerely,

J. Spriggs,
33 Fld. Square,
Longmoore, Liss Hants.,
England

The Battle of the Little Bighorn was fought in June 1876. Wounded Knee was fought December 29, 1890. Hollywood script writers notwithstanding.

LETTER FROM NORTHERN IRELAND

Dear Sir or Madame:

Our class 3-B of Thornhill College, Londonderry are doing a project on American Indians and our group has chosen to do, "The Origin of the American Indians". Could you please send us information and pictures on this topic.

Yours Sincerely,

Imelda Dorrian,
7 Rarhlin Drive,
Foyle Hill,
Londonderry,
Northern Ireland

We can only suggest that your library obtain a number of books on the subject. Among the better ones is INDIANS published by American Heritage.

NEEDS HISTORICAL INFORMATION

Dear Sir:

Can you help me? For two years I have searched for descendants of Forrest Hancock, a Kentuckian, who accompanied Daniel Boone to Missouri in 1799 and farmed in the St. Charles District. Information is needed for completion of a book-length manuscript about Dickson and Hancock who were the first white trappers on the Yellowstone River. John Colter, returning with Lewis and Clark, joined them as their guide on Aug. 15, 1806.

I'll appreciate any help.

Sincerely,

Frank H. Dickson
Apt. 911
4111 Ingersoll Ave.,
Des Moines, Iowa
50312

WANTS INFORMATION OF WOMEN HANGED IN THE WEST

Dear Sir:

In reading your magazine, REAL WEST, I have noted with interest your ability to get facts that one would have difficulty finding in history or reference books. I am doing research on the subject of women in the West and therefore would appreciate and be very, very grateful for any information or help that your readers could provide in the field of information that I am seeking. It may seem a bit unusual but I am seeking information concerning women who were hanged (legally or illegally) and women who were known to smoke cigars.

Thank you very much for your attention.

Sincerely yours,

Ray O. Nisson, Jr.
CBU 404 Memphis 99,
Millington, Tenn.
38053

GERONIMO A CHIRACAHUA APACHE

Gentlemen:

I enjoy your magazine and usually find it accurate in its accounts of American Indians. I was, therefore delighted to see your special edition, "Great Indians of the West."

Imagine my horror when I found that the article, "Geronimo's Last Fight" began by identifying him as a Mimbreno Apache! Mr. Hart's research must have been extremely sketchy. There is a wealth of historical information about Geronimo; he is probably the most famous of Indians, excepting perhaps Sitting Bull. Certainly anyone who did serious research on him would learn at once that he was a Chiracahua Apache not a Mimbreno.

I was disappointed that the magazine ignored the greatest of Apaches, the incomparable Cochise, but one can't please everyone. I would count coup on Mr. Hart if he ever visits Mississippi. Even a renegade like Geronimo deserves to be correctly identified.

Sincerely,

Jerry B. Taintor,
102 West Walnut,
Charleston,
Mississippi
38921

●RW

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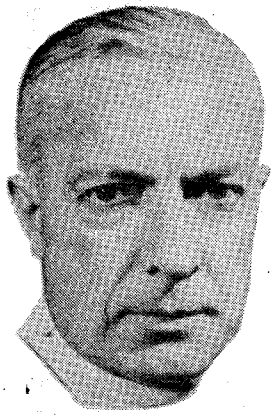

An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is *simply a matter of subtraction.* When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists *and other foremost hair and scalp specialists* believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are **Nature's Red Flags** warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their *hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle* they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

©1969 Comate Corporation
21 WEST 44 ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L.H.M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out." —D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. Lee, Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C.E.H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C.T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R. H., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
—Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

COMATE CORPORATION Dept. 14834
21 West 44th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

Please send at once the complete COMATE hair and scalp treatment (60 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund on return of unused portion.

☐ Enclosed find $10 (check, cash, money order). Send postpaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. **Enclosed is $1 deposit.** I will pay postman $9 plus about $1.50 in postal charges on delivery. Save the $1.50 by enclosing $10.
Canada, Foreign, APO, FPO, add $1 .. No C.O.D.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

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THE CONCORD

The famed stagecoach of the Wild West of television and movie fame is always the Concord stage used by the Overland Mail line which ran from St. Joesph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California. It took 24 days and to quote one passenger it was "pure hell"!

Photos furnished by the author

At Weeks, Nevada, a highway now crosses the Carson River where a stage coach bridge once stood. The original house was a stage station, and when the coaches arrived in the evening the owner announced the toll bridge was closed thus insuring paying overnight guests.

Although stage coaches rolled along Western byways into the 20th century, the Overland Mail of movie fame continued only for the relatively short duration of 17 years– from 1852, when Wells, Fargo & Co. was formed, until 1869, when the transcontinental railheads joined at Promentory, Utah.

As the Central and Union Pacific railhead crews were driven to the limit of their endurance in the fierce competition between railroads to gain land, the stages climaxed their colorful era of cross-country transportation.

Overland travel by Concord Coach was no trip to be taken lightly. A 20-day trip across the entire line– St. Joseph, Missouri to Sacramento, California– cost $155 in the 1860's. Today, by airplane, the same trip costs about $95 (plus tax, coach class) and takes only a few hours.

Of course airline travelers miss such stopping points as Carson City, and Julesburg, and numerous frontier forts such as Churchill, Bridger, Laramie and Kearney, and a lengthy list of way stations.

After the rails joined, Wells, Fargo & Co. continued to run stages on branch lines to towns not served by the railroads. It was not until 1918 that the firm merged with

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STAGECOACH OF THE OLD WEST

By Mitchell Scott

Photos furnished by the author

In earlier days, a blue-clad soldier stationed at Ft. Churchill in western Nevada might have looked out this same window at this same stage coach, the "Ben Holliday". Now the adobe is crumbling and the glass gone, but the stage coach is refinished in all its early splendor.

Railway Express and went out of the stage line business.

Stage coaches stopped at 15-mile intervals for change of horses. Way stations were built of locally-available materials logs, stone, adobe, brick and what-have-you. Travel was dusty when dry, muddy when rainy, cold and wet when wintry.

Hard leather seats that today would give four a minimal amount of comfort were designed to hold six with three more on a center jump seat.

Mealtime at way stations was a far cry from the fare served overhead on modern airliners today. And the cost was extra. Often, signs advised meals were "75¢ cash, $1 currency," reflecting the Westerners' still-present preference for 'hard' money.

Mark Twain, who came west in a Concord Coach with his brother, Nevada Territorial Secretary Orion Clemens, described the food served to passengers as slumgullion which "pretended to be tea, but there was too much dishrag and sand, and old bacon rind in it to deceive the intelligent traveler."

Despite its discomforts and short life, the Overland Stage played a major role in opening the West. The fastest cross-country travel available, they were stylish yet sturdy, and more than a match for the wildest of the West's wild trails.

Although Fort Churchill, some 33 miles east of Carson City, is now a state park, its adobe brick walls crumbling, one feels some of the flavor of the Old West when a Wells, Fargo stage draws up to the headquarters building.

Soldiers in the blue uniform of Civil War days . . . rifles "stacked" on the huge parade ground . . . a few Indians lounging around . . . a troupe of cavalry riding in. One needs only a small amount of imagination to conjure up the scene. Adding the stagecoach makes the imagery easier.

The step back into history begins with a visit to Weeks, on the banks of the Carson River on State Route 94 in Nevada. There stands a white wooden house, once the home of Samuel Buckland, who built a toll bridge across the Carson to accommodate (for a small fee) the transcontinental travelers.

If the stage arrived at the bridge late in the day, Buckland, who opened his station as a Pony Express way house, would advise the driver the bridge was closed for the night, and collect payment from driver and passengers for a night's food and lodging, along with keep for the horses.

Near the house, in the Lahontan basin, one can drive the old stage road, now a double rut across the desert, to Williams, scene of an Indian massacre in 1860.

That massacre led to the famous long ride made by "Pony Bob" Haslam of the Pony Express, and caused the "Pyramid Lake Indian War" which ultimately helped form Nevada territory.

The short war, fought by irregular troops, focused national attention on the gold fields in Nevada, and led Congress to pass the Nevada Territory organic act which President Buchanan signed just two days before leaving office.

After the organization was completed, the Overland Mail altered its route to pass through Nevada instead of Arizona.

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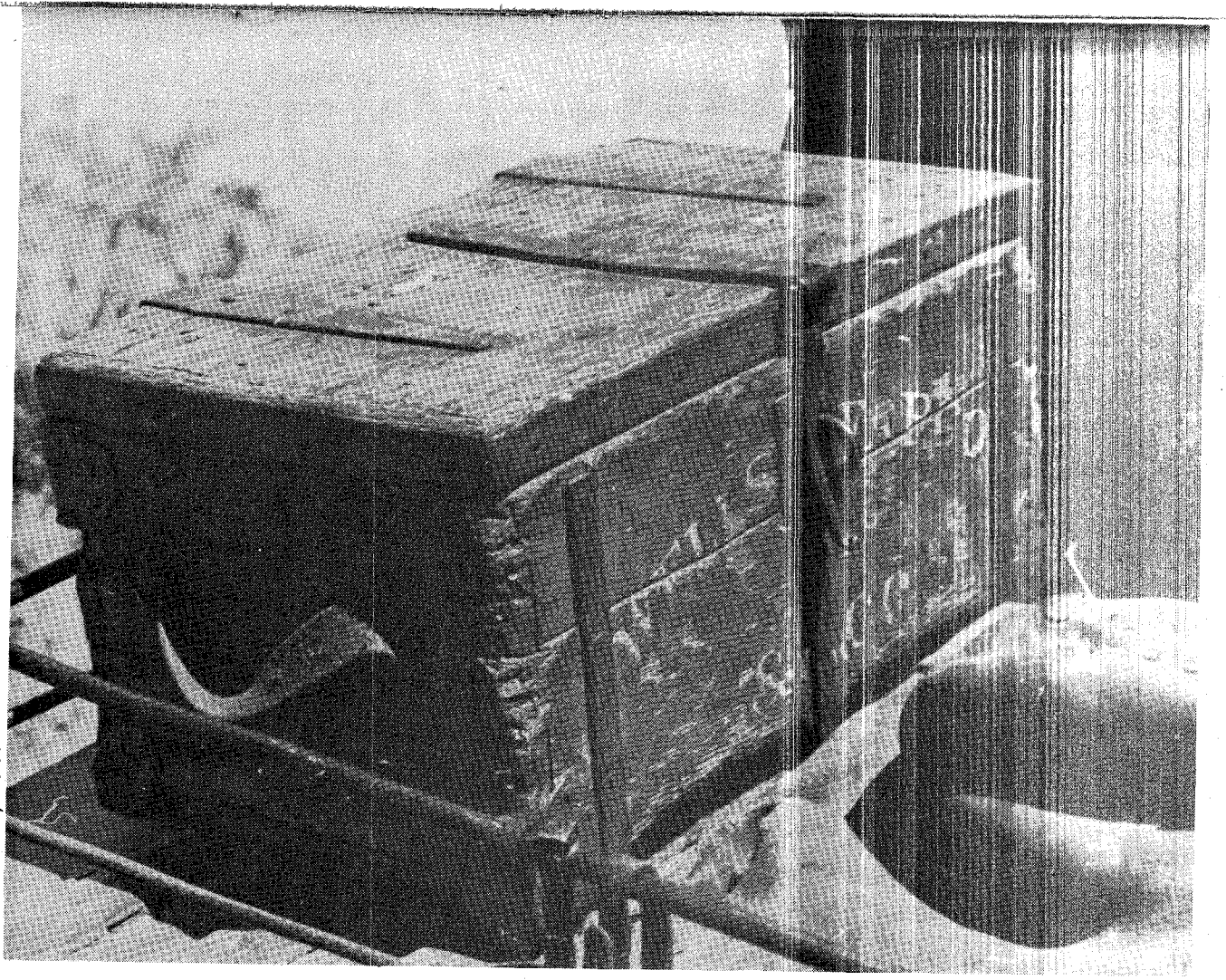
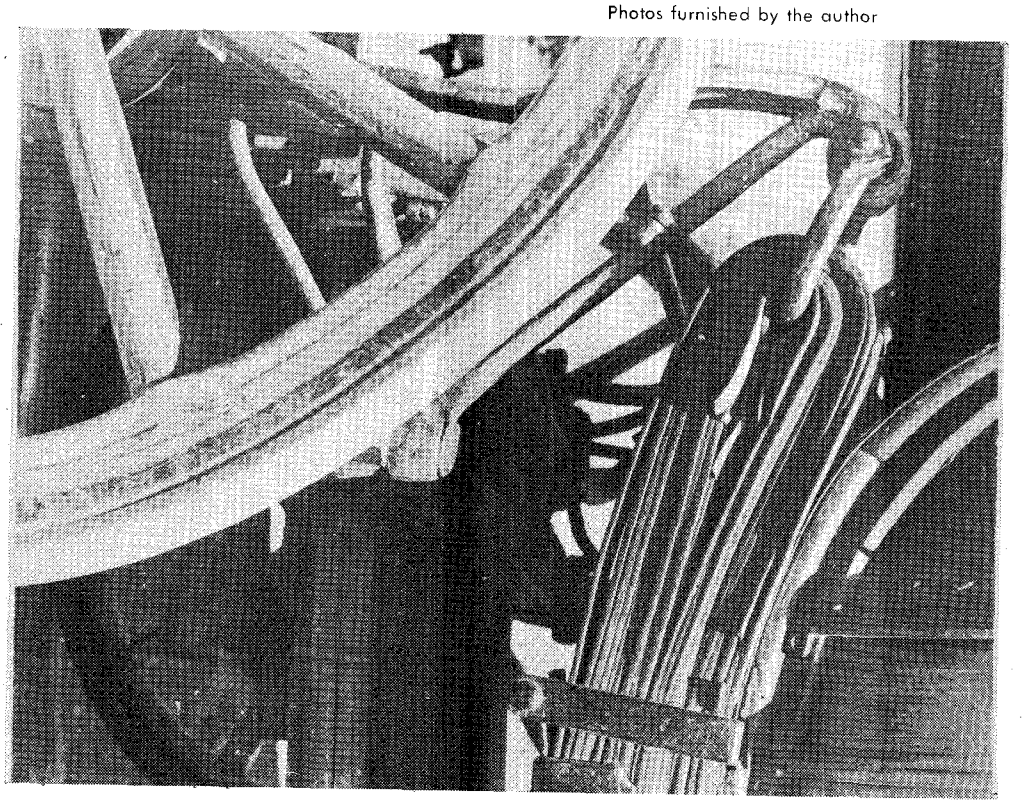


Photos furnished by the author

A Wells Fargo box as the one pictured above often carried gold dust from the many mining towns the company served before the advent of the railroad.

Photos furnished by the author



Detail of the Concord coaches is shown at the rear thoroughbracing junction. The hide of an entire ox went into the leather slings. Early day artisans in the East put paint detail on every wooden item, including the wheel rims.

Twain and his brother Orion rode one of the first of the "northern route" stages westward.

Driving from Weeks on toward Ft. Churchill, the road still follows the stage road, surmounting a hill before nearing the fort.

"From the summit, bleak with the west wind," wrote Sir Richard Burton of his approach to the fort in 1861, "we could descry, at a distance of fifty miles, a snowy saddle-back—the Sierra Nevada. When the deep sand had fatigued our cattle, we halted for an hour to wait in a patch of land rich with bunch-grass. Descending from the eminence, we saw a gladdening sight; the Carson River. Winding through its avenue of dark cottonwoods, and afar off the quarters and barracks of Fort Chuchill. The nearer view was a hard-tamped plain, besprinkled with black and red porous stones and a sparse vegetation . . . "

A Wells, Fargo & Co. Overland Mail stagecoach really did roll up smoothly to the crumbling Fort Churchill headquarters building recently, but not bounding in a cloud of dust as the 105-year-old

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stage must have done a century ago. ago.

The fort's adobe-brick walls are in ruins, and are no longer the home of several hundred U. S. Army Cavalry troops ready to do battle with Shoshone, Paiute or Washoe Indians. But the stagecoach is well-kept and boasts the same leatherwork and gold painted scrollwork it had when new.

The success of the railroads meant the end was in sight for stage coaches, and the Wells, Fargo Company began to emphasize its banking endeavors. The stages themselves were used to service towns not on the railroad lines.

Some of the coaches still remain in the bank's ownership. During refinishing work, careful workmen found the original paint intact below layers of paint, linseed oil and dirt.

When they finished, the coaches were restored to the appearance they had a few months after being put in service. Not "mint" condition, but certainly no more than worn by honest work.

At the height of operations, Wells, Fargo & Co. operated some 150 Concord Coaches in western America. The elegant, horse-drawn carriages were built of American linden, elm, white oak and white ash. Tradition was a firm part of the construction, and called for the undercarriage, or rolling stock, to be yellow; the carriage, or superstructure, to be red varnish.

DAILY
OVERLAND MAIL
THROUGH IN TWENTY DAYS!
SACRAMENTO, Cal., to ST. JOSEPH, Mo.
— VIA —
PLACERVILLE,
CARSON CITY, and
SALT LAKE CITY.

TARIFF OF FARES:
FROM SACRAMENTO

TO CARSON CITY	$25	TO FORT LARAMIE	$155
" FORT CHURCHILL	35	" JUELSBURG,—CROSSING OF SOUTH PLATTE	155
" SAND SPRINGS	40	" FORT KEARNEY	155
" FORT CRITTENDEN	100	" OMAHA	155
" SALT LAKE CITY	110	" ST. JOSEPH	155
" FORT BRIDGER	125		

The Mails and Passengers will lay over one night at Salt Lake City.

☞ Passengers will be permitted to lay over at any point on the road, and resume their seat when there is one vacant. To secure this privilege, they must register their names with the Stage Agent at the place they lay over. Passengers allowed 25 pounds of Baggage; all over that weight will be charged extra.

The Company will not be responsible for loss of Baggage exceeding in value Twenty-Five Dollars.

FOR PASSAGE, APPLY AT THE
STAGE OFFICE, Second Street, between J and K,
— TO —
H. MONTFORT, Agent,
SACRAMENTO.

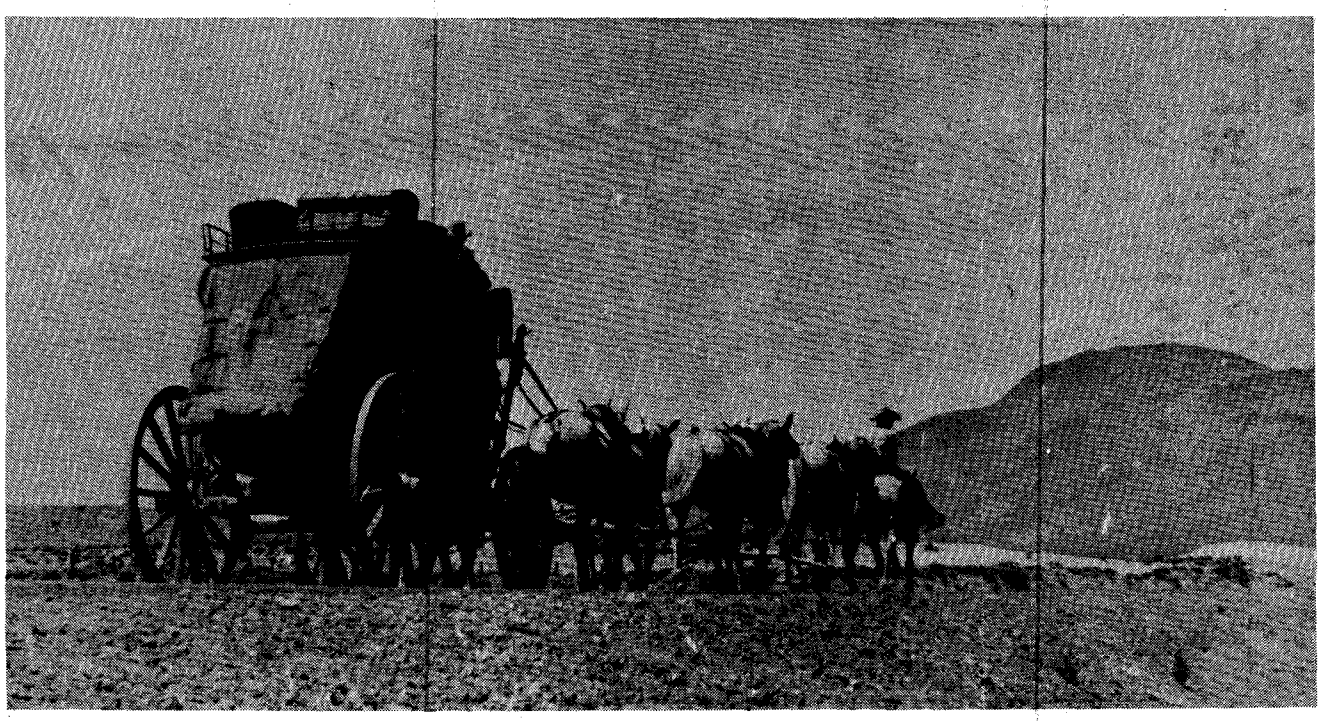
An Overland Mail advertisement from a San Francisco Directory of 1861.

Courtesy of the Bancroft Library

In dismantling coaches for refinishing, workmen discovered their early-day counterparts had recorded some information for posterity. Such cryptic notes as "Circus in town today" and "Independence day today" can be found under the leather or on the inside of panels, indicating days when no work was done—or perhaps bemoaning the fact that work was done on the day in question.

A dozen feet long, over eight feet high and weighing 2,500 pounds, the vehicles held up under extremely hard usage.

(continued on page 70)



The end of an era

Photos furnished by the author

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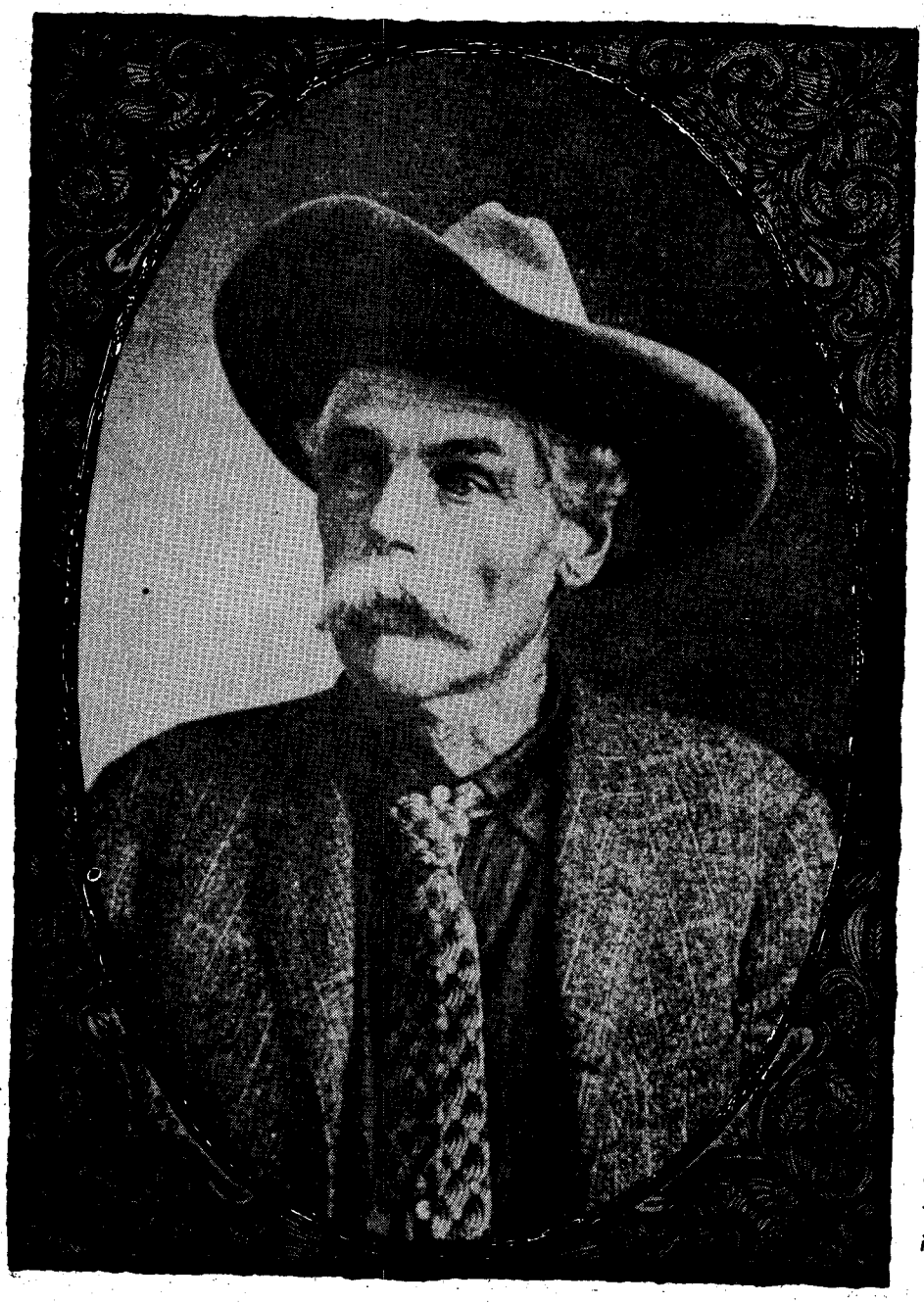
WHO KILLED WHISTLER OF THE OGLALA SIOUX?

By George Hart



Denver Public Library

The question of who killed Whistler, the "peace Chief" of the Oglala Sioux kept the military personnel and the settlers anxious for months. If the Pawnees did it, then the warlike Oglala Sioux would seek revenge on them. But if whites did it, the revenge could easily be against the homesteaders!

Wild Bill Kress in later years. Testimony indicates that Kress was involved in the murder of Whistler, chief of the Oglala Sioux in 1872.

The murder, in November 1872, of Whistler, Badger (sometimes called Fat Badger), and Handsmeller, three headmen of the Cut-off band of Oglala Sioux, was cause for concern by the military authorities at Fort McPherson, Nebraska. Whistler, a former comrade in arms of the notorious sub-chief, Pawnee Killer, was now going under the designation of "peace chief". Some of the white men and Pawnee Indians in the Republican River country were inclined to doubt the legitimacy of the title, claiming it was a ruse used by the Sioux to get the "drop" on their enemies.

The problem facing Colonel J. J. Reynolds was double-edged. It was unlikely that the Pawnees were responsible for the killings. However, unless their innocence could be proved beyond a shadow of a doubt there was a strong likelihood the Sioux would use the incident as an excuse

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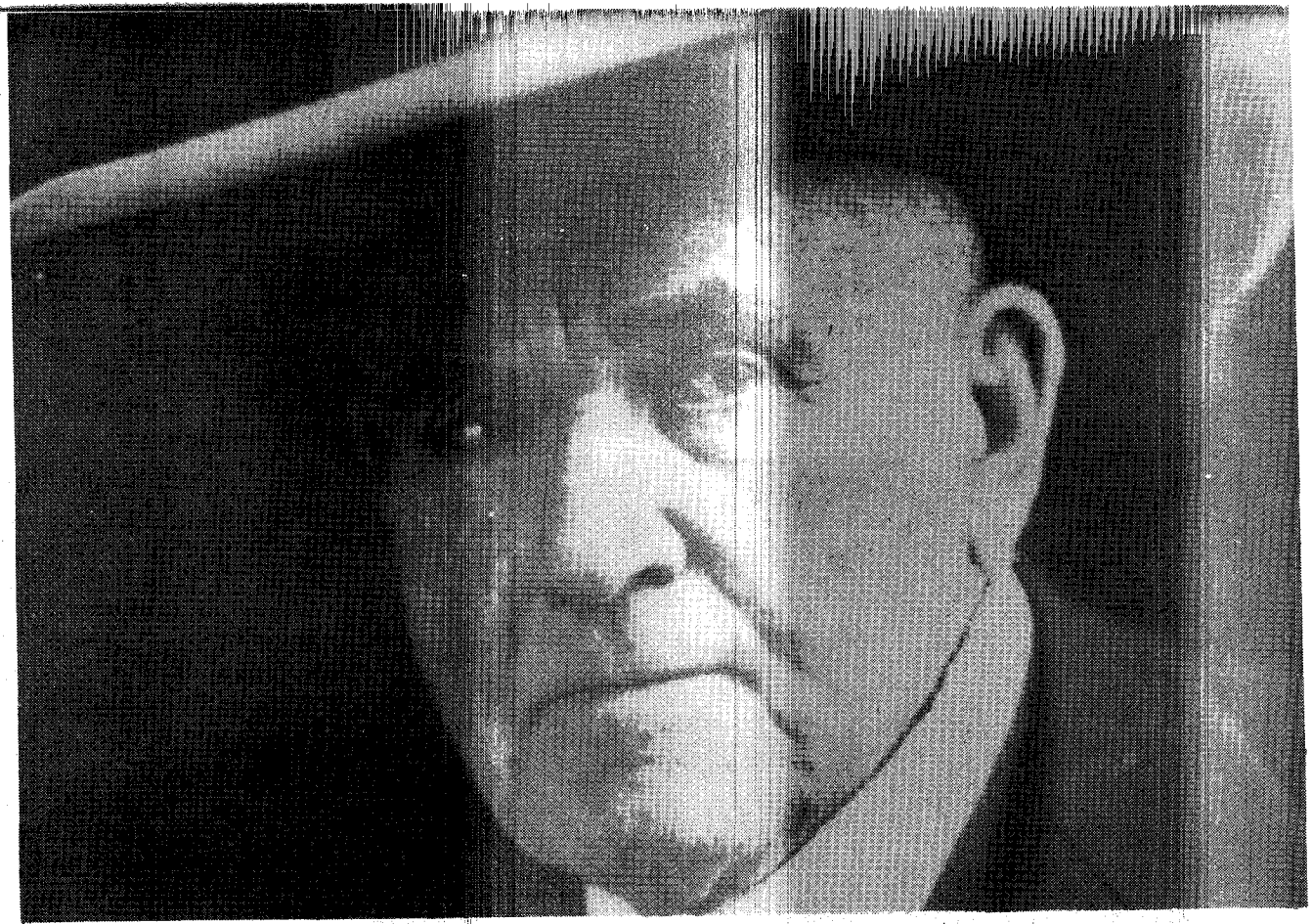

Author's collection

Doc Carver at the age of 87, one of the last photos taken before his death. Doc spun a yarn, novel style, wherein he had disposed of Whistler, Fat Badger and Handsmeller.

to make war on their hereditary enemies. On the other hand, if white men were guilty the lives of many settlers in the area could be forfeited.

Trouble shooter Captain Charles Meinhold was sent into the field to scout the matter. Disease among his horses caused Meinhold to cut his investigation short and upon his return to the fort on January 20, 1873, he gathered together his notes to prepare a report. The final draft was written on the next day:

"Fort McPherson, Neb.
January 21, 1873.

First Lieutenant J. B. Johnson, 3d Cav.
Post Adjutant.

Sir:

In obedience to Special Orders 203, Fort McPherson, Neb., Dec. 31, 1872, letter of instructions dated Fort McPherson, Neb., Jan'y. 4, 1873 and verbal instructions received on the 6th instant. I left this post on the morning of the 7th instant. My command consisted of 2 commissioned (officers) and 51 enlisted, 59 aggregate. Lieut. Schwatka, 3d Cav. having been temporarily assigned to duty with my company — "B" 3d Cavalry.

"On the fourth day, I reached Beaver Creek, where I found a camp of about 60 Pawnee lodges. It appeared as if the Indians had left it a few days ago.

"Following the trail, I found on the 13th instant, Peter, the head chief of the Pawnees, in camp near the mouth of Beaver Creek, at a place on the Republican River known as the Stockade, with about 200 of his people, the rest being in camp in different places in the vicinity. On the same evening, Peter, his son and five of his principal men, at my request, visited my camp. I told them that I had been sent out to inquire into the troubles between the Pawnees and Sioux. Peter replied that the Sioux had killed one of his men, and stolen 20 of his horses. He did not desire war, but was far from fearing it. If the Sioux would return the stolen horses and were willing to make peace, he, on his part was anxious to live in peace with everybody. He denied that Whistler, Badger and Handsmeller had been killed by his men, and in a manner that convinced me of the truth of his statements. I told him that he must go to his reservation, and urge his claim for the recovery of the stolen horses through his proper Agent, adding, however, that I thought General Reynolds would use his best endeavors to induce the Sioux to return the horses. He replied that he would start on the 3d day, and I believe he has kept his word. (I had been informed that he intended to send his squaws home, gather all his men, and take revenge on the Sioux.) They had been unsuccessful in their hunt, and were actually starving. I gave them all the provisions I could spare.

"Peter asked me to allow 4 of his men to go along with me to get the stolen ponies, if the Sioux could be induced to return them. I granted his request. Having been informed by settlers on the Beaver, and more accurately by a Mr. Byon, who keeps a store at the stockade, as to the manner in which, and the parties by whom Whistler, Badger (and Handsmeller) were killed, I sent Lieut. Schwatka to the house of a Mr. Gast, on Oyster Creek, a tributary of the Republican, with instructions to obtain from him a statement, under oath, in regard to this matter, and to obtain all the evidence he could, as well as certain articles belonging to the murdered Indians, said to be in the possession of Mr. Gast. Lieut. Schwatka obtained a medal bearing the date of 1801, arm and hair rings and a bow, which were recognized by a Mr. Emmett, who accompanied my command, as the property of Whistler, and the following statement under oath: —

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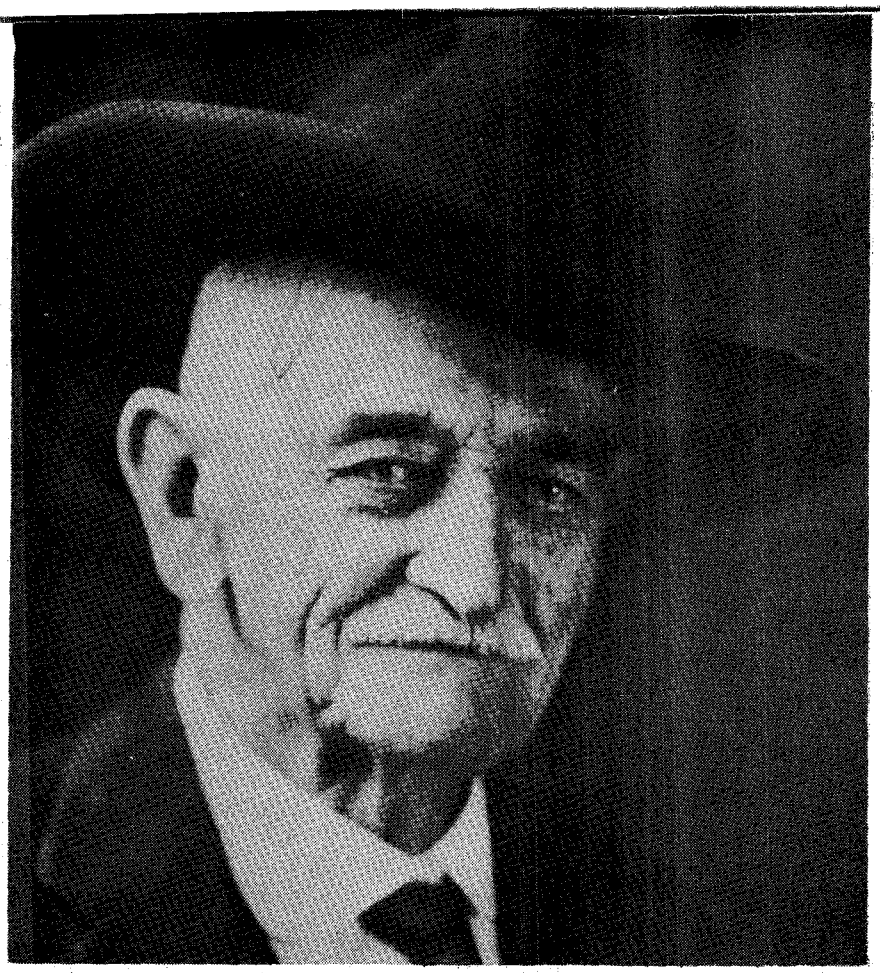

Author's collection

Luther North also had a story to tell on how Whistler had met his death.

"Personally appeared before me 2d Lieut. Fredk. Schwatka, 3d Cavalry, Saml. S. Gast, who, being duly sworn according to law, deposes and says:

"I am a farmer living in Harlam County (P. O. Watson), State of Nebraska.

"While hunting for buffalo at or near Whiteman's Fork on December 3d, 1872, I discovered the dead bodies of three Indians apparently murdered, and under the following circumstances:

"While hunting for water, I was directed by one of two men camped there hunting wolves, to a certain place toward the river, and seemed very anxious for me to follow his directions, which would have taken me about one-half a mile from where the dead bodies were found. I took the course he advised me not to take, which I believe, was the best course, and after traveling about one-half mile, came upon the bodies of the Indians referred to.

"There was one rather small Indian and one big Indian had his head split open, apparently by a big axe — one was shot close to the heart.

"I found and took from them certain articles which, with the exception of one buffalo robe, a cartridge box and an Indian saddle, are now in the possession of Lieut. Schwatka.

"There were also two dead ponies. I am satisfied they were shot on the spot where found lying. One was a bay horse with a white face, and the other a roan horse. The bay was shot through the head.

"I believe the bodies (were brought) where they were found by me, and not killed on that spot for the following reasons: There was a wagon track leading to the spot and the bodies looked as if they had been dumped there, they being stretched across each other and one was directly on his face. One of the two men watched us very intently for some time, and even went back to a higher bluff to watch us. From the direction he took when I last saw him, I inferred he went back toward the bodies. I also found some papers which I brought home and burnt. One paper commenced 'The bearer, 'Whistler,' etc., and further stated that he wanted to be peaceable with the whites etc. The Indians, I should judge, were killed about two weeks.

"One of the men's name is, I believe, Jack Ralston, and belongs to what is called "Wild Bill's Outfit". He was the man who gave me the directions referred to. There were no revolvers about them when found, but a gentleman by the name of E. A. Cress took a rifle from their bodies. It was a long rifle, stocked clear up to the muzzle, large bore, when found, I believe it was loaded.

(signed) S. S. Gast.

Subscribed and sworn before me this 15th day of January, 1873, at Watson P. O. Harlam County, State of Nebraska.

(sgd.) Fredk. Schwatka.
2d Lieut. 3d Cavalry.

"I am convinced that Whistler and the other two Indians were killed by "Wild Bill" and his men, as stated in the above affidavit.

"I regret that I was unable to go to the Sioux Camp on Whiteman's fork to ascertain how the killing of Whistler by white men affected the Indians, but the disease amongst my horses crippled me so much that I only could make short marches, — I had to leave one horse at Clifford's ranch.

"The settlers on Red Willow, Beaver and Republican are seriously alarmed. They certainly are without any protection, and should the Sioux turn hostile, they will be in great danger.

"I respectfully enclose the map of the country I have traveled over, also my Journal.

I am, Sir,
Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant:
(sgd.) Chas. Meinhold,
Capt. 3d Cavalry,
Comdg. Co. B."

At the same time Meinhold was preparing his report, Colonel Reynolds addressed a letter to George Ruggles, Assistant Adjutant General, Department of the Platte, Omaha, Nebraska, in which he wrote:

" . . . . In order to fully investigate this matter (Whistler's death) it will be necessary to send for the man in whose possession the property of the Indians was found, and to employ him and, perhaps, one or two more men, temporarily as guides, that the bodies may be found and identified.

"Authority to employ these men as above is respectfully requested by telegraph.

"By the time the man above referred to can be brought here, it is hoped the horses will be in such condition as to warrant the sending of a company to find the bodies of the dead Indians, and to obtain more reliable information as to the killing."

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In further communication on January 28, he stated:

"I have the honor to report that information, apparently reliable, received at this post, is to the effect that about ten days since a party of Sioux Indians from the Northern reservation, some eighty lodges, crossed the railroad near Julesburg, returning Northward. They had been hunting with Two Lance's (late Whistler's) band of Sioux and are supposed to have been South of the Platte without permission.

"The Sioux at present hunting near the Republican, Southwest of this post, are understood to be Two Lance's band and some twenty lodges of Sioux from Spotted Tail's band under No Flesh, the latter party supposed to have permission to hunt where they are."

His last letter dated January 30, says:

"Referring to my letter of 21st instant, I have the honor to state that nothing further has transpired in reference to the killing of Whistler and his two companions.

"The articles referred to in the letter of the 21st instant, are in my possession, and are recognized as belonging to Whistler's people (The items referred to are the medal, arm rings etc. — G. H.).

"Please inform me if it is the desire of the Department Commander that any further steps should be taken to ascertain who murdered Whistler and his companions. If no further action is to be taken in that direction, I respectfully request authority to pay Mr. Emmett, (a white man now here, who has lived with the Sioux), for his services as guide during the recent scout. The opinion generally prevails that these Indians were killed by white men and when this information reaches the Sioux under Two Lance, as it must ultimately, the settlements on the Republican may be in danger of retaliation from them."

Ruggles, on February 6, dispatched a note to Reynolds informing him that General Ord, "directs me to say that he does not deem it necessary to investigate further the circumstances attending the death of Whistler and the other Indians referred to by you."

The murders seem not to have stirred things up among the Sioux as much as was originally feared. Cynics even suggested that Whistler's successor was grateful to the perpetrators.

Officially the book was closed, but speculation was rife among the settlers, hunters, and trappers. After the clamor died down, and it looked as though there would be no danger of reprisals, certain frontier characters stepped forward and lay claim to having done the deed.

Wild Bill Hickok was later connected with the killings but this was made by the later writers who mixed up the "Wild Bill" soubrequets. Wild Bill Kress was the culprit.

Author's collection

Luther North, who served as Captain of Company D. in his brother's noted Pawnee Scouts, tells the following story naming the killers as Moreland and Logan:

"There were quite a few Sioux Indians camped on the Medicine and other streams at that time (fall of 1872) and with them were several Squaw men, old John Nelson, the two Cliffords, Hank & Monty, and perhaps Al Gay. Newton Moreland and a man named Logan were camped on the Medicine somewhere near the head. I guess the three Indians, Whistler, Fat Badger and Handsmeller were going to Fort McPherson and they stopped at Moreland's camp for supper — and Moreland and Logan killed them. Moreland's story was that while the Indians were eating he heard Whistler tell the other two that when they got through eating they kill the white men (Newt couldn't talk Sioux). Newt told Logan what they said and pulled his revolver, Logan did likewise. They were behind the Indians. Newt shot Whistler in the back and Logan shot one of the other two. The third one ran for his gun which was leaning against a tree but Newt killed him before he got to it."

Seemingly unable to resist spinning a good yarn, Doc Carver, noted rifle shot, told a typical dime novel tale wherein he is the "hero" and disposes of Whistler and company in the best Wild West fashion. In his version, Doc, the "Spirit Gun," dispatches the three Indians with an equal number of bullets.

In modern times detractors of James Butler Hickok have jumped to the *very* hasty conclusion that he was the "Wild Bill" mentioned by Gast. This is completely erroneous, as we shall see.

The appelative, *Wild,* was a common one on the plains, and *Wild Bills,* like *Buffalo Bills,* were quite numerous. The most likely candidate for the "Wild Bill" alluded to in the army report is Mortimer N. Kress. Anyone who examines the evidence with an unprejudiced eye can clearly see that J. B. Hickok was *not* involved. The two men were not at all alike. Hickok was never a hide-hunter, conversely, Kress pursued this "occupation" until the herds — and along with them the Indians — gave out.

Hickok was not a butcherer of buffalo, nor of men. Whistler and his companions were indeed butchered, just like so many "buffs."

How or why Kress came to be called Wild Bill is not known for sure. He seems to have distinguished himself in a fight or two, and perhaps a friend tagged him with the sobriquet.

Mortimer N. Kress was born on August 31, 1841, at Lycoming County, Pennsylvania. At maturity he was close to six feet in height, had blue eyes, fair complexion and black hair. Soon after the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted in Company E., First Regiment,

(continued on page 66)

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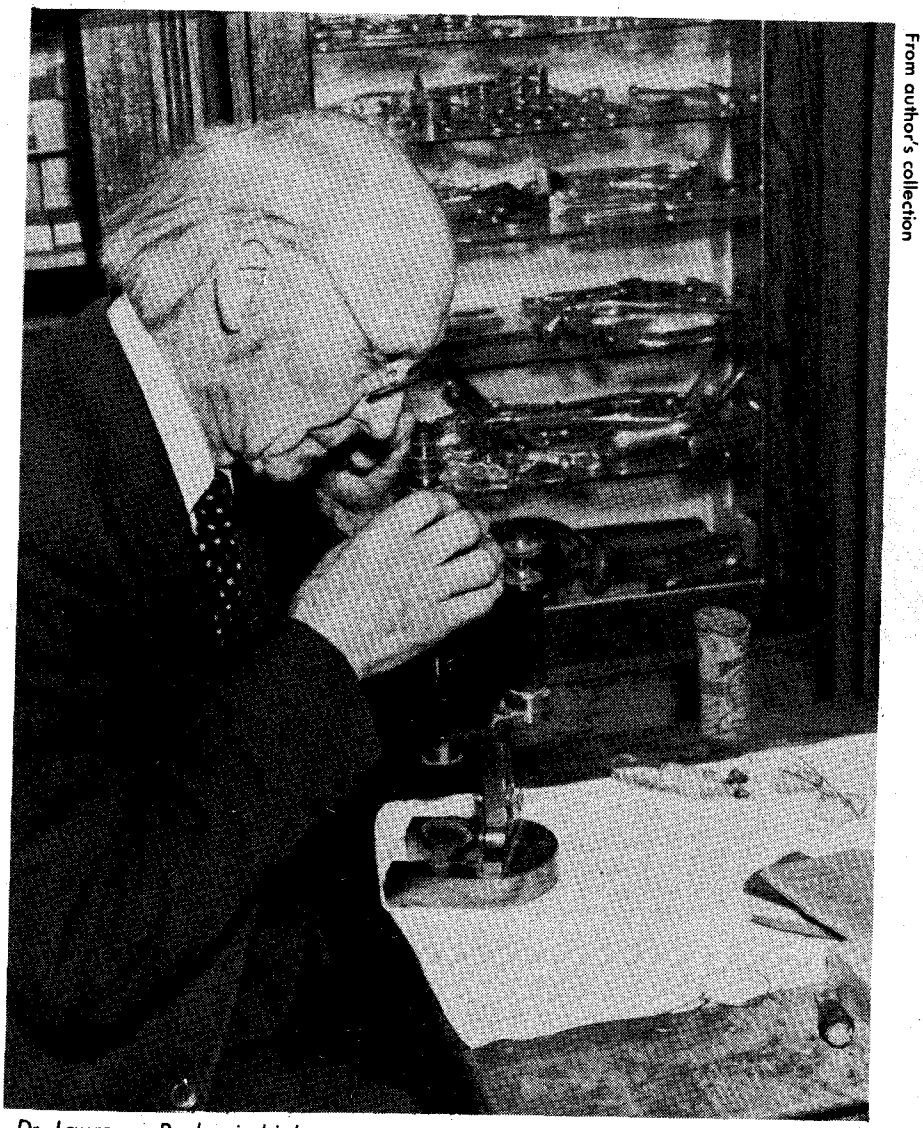
DR. LAURENCE PARKER: Wilderness Physician

By Earl V. Chapin

This is a fascinating account of one of the most colorful characters who helped turn the Western Wilderness into a civilized land. Dr. Parker, scion of a wealthy English family, gave it all up to serve his fellow man.



From author's collection

Dr. Laurence Parker in his later years. Dr. Parker was born in England and came to America for his health. He settled in northern Minnesota and for over 40 years ministered to the farm people of the area.

Dr. Laurence Parker, the great physiognomist of London, England, stood at the end of the rutted street and cursed the stars. Dr. Parker did not curse the constellation under which he was born, nor all the stars of heaven. His gaze was on the Big Dipper which hung like a great saucepan over the palpitating green flame of the aurora. It told him that he was about as far north as he could get and still be in the United States. And that, with winter coming on, Parker told himself emphatically, was a hell of a note. Parker could catch the odor of the dying forest which encroached on every side of the frontier village of Roseau, Minnesota.

It had been great fun, all this summer long, playing to capacity crowds in the Midwestern towns the railways had spawned. His troupe had grown from four to twelve entertainers: profits had fattened his purse.

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From author's collection

Main Street, Warroad, Minnesota about 1912. Dr. Parker's drug store and office is at the extreme right.

Each night, from the stage of various narrow barns called Opera Houses, Parker had delivered lectures on health care after which the audience was given the opportunity to buy Kickapoo Indian Remedy. Each day, Dr. Parker held office hours in rooms rented in the local hotel.

To the great physiognomist of London, England, came the accumulated ailments of the community, both numerous and wonderfully varied. Most of the ailments were either minor or imaginary. For such, nothing was better than a bottle of Kickapoo Remedy. Dr. Parker knew its ingredients and their attributes—a mild laxative, a drug supposed to stimulate a torpid liver, licorice for flavoring, and all this liberally laced with alcohol. The doctor was sure one claim of the patent medicine was valid. It was good for "constitutional inertia". People who wouldn't be caught dead in a saloon praised it as an incomparable tonic. Only yesterday the doctor had dismissed a Baptist minister afflicted with melancholia, with three bottles of the stuff.

It was the increasing number of patients who were really ill that troubled Dr. Parker. He was well versed in internal medicine, and he carried on his travels a good supply of drugs which he prescribed and compounded as need indicated. But his pharmacoepia could have been larger, had he stayed in one place. And after you left your patients, then what became of them?

The death of summer, so palpable in the northern air, had given the young impressario a melancholia of his own that Kickapoo Remedy could alleviate. He recalled, as he had so many times before, the parting words of his mother when he had left his ancestral home in England. "Laurie, whatever your hand findeth to do, do it with all your heart." Dr. Parker did everything with zest; but he didn't think that was exactly what his mother had meant.

These things young Parker turned over in his mind as he walked back up the street, and turned in at the hotel. In his room he was greeted by his stage manager, Bix Swain. With a sardonic grin, Bix handed him a copy of the Roseau Region, just off the press. In bold headlines it denounced Dr. Parker as a fraud and a charlatan.

The blast was no surprise to Parker. The editor of the Roseau Region was also the local druggist and he had been greatly aggrieved by the competition of the medicine show.

"The Times will be next," said Swain. The Times was published by a local lawyer. "The gruesome twosome," he added.

Parker read on. "The fulsome foursome," he commented. The druggist, the lawyer, the doctor and the banker."

"We were going to wind up the show for the season anyway."

"We are. Tomorrow night. After I've delivered my last lecture. On the leading citizen of Roseau."

"It'll be nice to get back to civilization." said Swain.

"I'm not going back."

"What?"

"I'm going to stay here. I'm going to open a drug store myself and start a medical practice. Nobody's going to shove me around."

"You're crazy!" exclaimed Swain.

Which is what a lot of other astonished people said of Dr. Parker in the years to come, as he gained fame as the Wilderness Physician.

His grandfather was James Henry Parker, Master of Arts, Fellow of the Society of Arts, and Companion of the Order of Bath. James Henry Parker wrote "The History of Rome" in fourteen volumes and was decorated by King Humbert of Italy and Pope Pious IX.

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His father, James Parker, was head of the Parker Publishing Co., of London and Oxford, author and antiquarian, and keeper of the Ashmoleum Museum of Oxford, then largest of its kind.

His sister Fannie, before her marriage, was editor of the London Penny Post. After the death of her husband, the Bishop of Chester, she took the veil in the Episcopal church, and eventually became Mother Superior in Bombay, India.

The Parkers maintained two houses. The town house was a three-story stone building which stood next to the Parker Publishing House in Oxford. The family seat was a two-and three-story manor house of about thirty rooms at nearby Fyfield, surrounded by extensive grounds and gardens, attended by a retinue of servants, and complete with a ghost.

It was the custom at Fyfield to stage theatricals in the large salon, the Parker children playing parts, and professional actors taking the leads. The first performance was for intimate friends and relatives, the second for townspeople, the third was presented for the aristocratic families of London and Oxford. Dr. Parker kept a reminder of those times, the scenario of one of the plays, leather bound at the Parker Publishing house. The photographic illustrations were by Charles Ludvig Dodson, better known to the world today as Lewis Carroll, author of "Alice In Wonderland." Sir William Gladstone was a frequent guest at the Parker home.

Young Laurence was given the best education money could buy. He was tutored as a pianist from an early age. Enrolled at King's Preparatory Medical College, Abdington, Berkshire, he looked forward to a comfortable and lucrative practice in well-appointed quarters in some English city, the best of hospitals at his command. Little did he dream that his first major operation would be performed on a kitchen table in a pioneer outpost on the other side of the Atlantic.

There are a multitude of small things that can deflect the course of a man's life, and in this instance it was a case of scarlet fever. The malady seriously impaired the boy's sight. It was saved by surgery performed by Dr. Chritchet, a noted London eye specialist.

But the youth remained in uncertain health and after many family conferences, it was decided to send him to America. The air, it was said, was better there.

Doubtless Laurence had something to do with the decision. As a boy he had reveled in tales of the American West: they appealed to his venturous spirit. So his father paid $400 to the Ford, Rathbone and Walters Colonization Company, and at eighteen Laurence emigrated to America to spend a year learning how to become a farmer. After that, he had the alternative of returning to England to complete his medical education, or becoming a "gentleman farmer", in America, the layout provided by his father's fortune.

It soon appeared that repression of high sprits was what had been ailing young Parker. Once in America, he soon recovered his health, endured the year as a farm apprentice, but afterwards followed his own bent. He was in his element amid the wide open spaces, the adventure and opportunity the Midwest presented in the 1880's.

Supported by remittances from home, Parker completed his education at a medical school in Iowa. His career was nearly interrupted when he surreptitiously obtained a cadaver with which to pursue his study of anatomy.

Succumbing again to the call of the wild, Parker answered an ad in "Variety", the show business journal, and went out selling Kickapoo Indian Remedy. But the real needs of the ailing people he met depressed him. He reorganized his medicine show to answer the nagging of his conscience.

Thus emerged Dr. Laurence Parker, "the great physiognomist of London, Eng.," with a troupe including a contortionist and slack wire artist, a trapeze artist and a Dutch and Irish character comedian. But besides selling elixir, Dr. Parker each night delivered a lecture on health care, and each day kept office hours in temporary quarters.

Financing an independent show hadn't been easy. Such a venture took considerable investment and Parker, characteristically, had run low on remittance money.

One morning an impressive-looking young man appeared at the office of the drug wholesale house of Noyes Brothers and Cutler in St. Paul. He was immaculately dressed—three button vest, stiff starched shirt bosom and collar, three gold-plated imitation diamond studs, white silk brocaded tie, tied in a sailor's knot, an imitation ruby stick pin, Prince Albert coat, silk top hat and two flashing rings on his fingers. This vision of sartorial elegance not only cut a swath among the women clerks, but it impressed the credit manager.

Dr. Laurence Parker had staked his all in a gamble to obtain credit and he made it. He not only obtained a stock of drugs but the articulated wired together skeleton which was to emerge in his personal history at times thereafter.

Dr. Parker's moment of truth at Roseau, Minnesota, came in the fall of 1895. The following June he returned, built a drug store, and settled down to practice medicine. He had living quarters at the rear of the building where he installed his wife, daughter of an English immigrant family, nee Carrie Ballard.

Parker didn't establish a practice in Roseau without having his day in court. The gruesome twosome or the fulsome foursome as the case might be, had a warrant served on the young doctor, charging that he had obtained money under false pretenses.

The prosecuting attorney was hardly one to challenge Parker's credentials. Of him another editor wrote, "The only institution Beltz ever graduated from was the Keeley Institute," (an alcoholism center). He had, three times.

In a crowded courtroom, Beltz upbraided Parker, calling him a faker, imposter and a fraud, "He even pretends to read people's faces," he added.

"That's right. I am a physiognomist," replied Parker, "I do read faces and I see before me a man who is avaricious, cowardly and abusive. One word is plainly written across his forehead-Blackguard." This kind of language delighted the frontier audience.

The judge found no witness to support the prosecution's complaint. On the other hand it was shown that indigent patients coming to Parker received consultation and medicines without charge if they brought a note from their minister. When the case was dismissed, the boisterous onlookers raised "three cheers for the doctor."

As Hamlet said of "poor Yorick," Parker was a man of infinite jest.

Thinking perhaps to ingratiate himself with the constabulary,

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Parker poured a friendly drink for Roseau County Sheriff J. W. Durham, from a bottle on his shelf labled *spiritus frumenti*.

"By Gosh," said Durham. "That's good."

Next day he came back in the doctor's absence and helped himself.

The incident was reported by the druggist.

Parker filled the bottle with cider vinegar. The sheriff came in, poured himself a stout libation and downed it. "By Gosh!" he spluttered. What was in that bottle?"

"My God, man, you didn't drink that!" Parker exclaimed.

"Yes, By Gosh."

"Gee, J. W. you're poisoned!" Doc mixed up a strong bicarbonate of soda and poured it into the sheriff. The result was spectacular. When the bicarb hit the vinegar it turned the sheriff into a human soda fountain. Foam poured out of his mouth, and two fine streams jetted out of his nostrils. You could have brushed off his eyeballs with a tennis racquet.

Foam from the sheriff cascaded onto the drug store floor. "Now J. W.," said the doctor, "you start walking and don't stop or you're liable to drop dead."

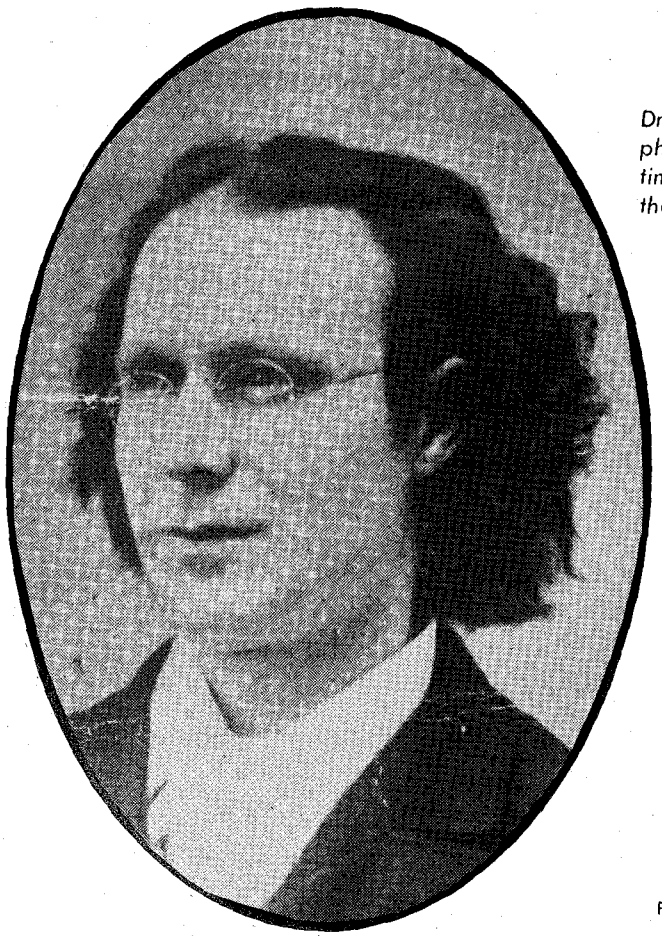
The sheriff, still erupting, obeyed the edict, certain that his life depended upon it. People he passed stood petrified and incredulous until some nervous citizen yelled, "hydrophobia!" The bystanders disappeared in frightened rout.

On another occasion Parker and some of his companions invited several Indians to come in and hear the doctor play the piano. With his flowing hair Doc looked like Franz Liszt, and he performed with as great a flourish.

The Indians came in and sat on the floor, cross-legged, arms folded, their features sternly impassive even though their eyes boggled at the sight of the skeleton set up for their special benefit.

Parker played "Beautiful Blue Danube" with such verve that the music seemed to waken memories of better days in the skeleton. It began to sway gently. One Indian was wall-eyed and was able to watch the skeleton and the pianist at the same time. Slowly and inexorably the other eyes turned to the grisly symbol of death undulating from the brass screw in its skull from which it was suspended.

Suddenly Parker changed to a lively ragtime. The skeleton began to jig. The wall-eyed Indian tried to go through the door on the side with the hinges. Another spitted himself on the newel post of the stairway. The third had no trouble at all. He simply walked through the parlor window.



Dr. Parker from a photo taken at the time he dabbled in the music publishing business.

From author's collection

West of Roseau lay an area of forest and swamp, and the wide stretch of the Lake of the Woods. One winter day an Indian came to town seeking help for a man who had frozen his legs while lost on the lake. Gangrene had set in.

Parker set out with a team of horses and an open cutter, along the "winter road". For sixteen miles only the moonlight and silence accompanied him through the snow fields and gaunt trees. Then shadows joined the moon, and the shadows were wolves. They gathered in pursuit as the rig reached the "devil's potato patch", a stretch of windfall with roots pointing skyward, through which the trail wound tortuously.

The horses became nearly unmanageable, racing with breakneck speed among the stumps and boles of fallen trees. The reflections that passed through the doctor's mind during that ride must have included a picture of that snug little practice in England he had renounced: but his plans for the future were then limited to cutting the horses loose from an overturned sleigh and climbing a tree. But the patch was threaded without mishap and the wolves dropped behind.

The patient lay in Jake Lockland's trading post on a billet of poles covered with straw and a moosehide. The only light in the room was enclosed in a broken and sooty lamp chimney. The necessary amputation was performed on the kitchen table, with the settlement's only white woman administering the anesthetic.

"I knew then," Parker told me, "that this was my destiny."

Warroad, Minnesota was to become the scene of Dr. Parker's subsequent practice, and the Lake of the Woods the setting for some of his most harrowing experiences. When the Canadian National railway was built through the little settlement at the mouth of the Warroad river, Parker moved there, in anticipation of the town that was to develop.

Parker set up his medical practice at Warroad in 1900. It was a new, raw, and impoverish country, Few had money. But he answered every call, rich or poor.

"In those days," Parker told me," a doctor didn't get much help from public funds on poor patients' bills. The doctor was a sort of revolving

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poor fund himself—he just kept going around and around. Doctors built their own hospitals, equipped their own laboratories, hired their own nurses. And in those days a bed patient's fee in my hospital was $1 a day. Sometimes I didn't collect that."

Before his death, Parker estimated that he had around $160,000 on the books. Parker's books, it appears, were never assiduously balanced. Patients who dunned themselves were told they'd get a bill sometime, but they never did.

There were two things that helped sustain the wilderness physician. One was the tradition of the English wealthy to help the poor, the other were the cash remittances he received every now and then, from home. Parker family money built Warroad's first hospital; the prospect of another remittance was always good for loan from the bank when Doc's resources ran low.

When a diphtheria epidemic struck in 1900, Parker was the only doctor in Roseau county. "I drove both night and day, with many changes of horses," he told me. "I had a light sleigh with canvas cover with enough room behind where I could sleep with a horse blanket thrown over me, as my driver continued on. When I got back to town there were cases to attend there, then I'd load my grip with medicines and gargles, take a good drink of whiskey, and off we would start. I'd go for a week with never time to take off my clothes.

"There were some deplorable conditions. In some homes children lay dead, at other places the bodies had been removed to barns or granaries. I remember one case where I found two girls, about eight and nine years old, hugged together in extremity, gasping for breath. I had to use force to get solutions into their mouth and throat. They were both far gone and died later. It was sad but I did what I was able to do. Many children died that year, many whom I could not reach.

"Antitoxin was unavailable. I would get busy with my tongue depressor and an atomizer, using Loeffler solution. We used a disinfectant of tar and Creoline. Pretty primitive, but it was all we had. I never got diphtheria. It was either the whiskey or providence."

There was a woman who had been hooked in the abdomen by a cow. It took two hours to close the wound, a farm woman administering the anesthetic. When Parker made a return call he found the wound inflamed and suppurating. The woman's eyes were sunken, her skin had a transparent look.

"I felt there was no hope," said Parker. "The husband stood by the door and the tears ran down his face. God I felt sorry for this man. Something seemed to tell me to go back and try again. My conscience said that if I was not able to save her, I may at least learn something."

Parker opened the stitches and the peritoneum seemed still healthy. He went through the laborious work of cleansing the wound and restitching. The woman recovered. The incident has the usual Parker twist.

"The husband came to the office and wanted to know his bill. He was a poor man. I said, look here, I don't want a cent for my services except the cost of medicine and materials. You know," he added, "that woman weighed 198 pounds when I operated and 92 when she recovered. I told her if she didn't quit eating so much she'd have a relapse. She stayed slim."

As Parker talked about his life as a wilderness physician he evoked images out of the past—an Indian driving him across the frozen lake in a Model T Ford, the side curtains a travesty of protection against a strong wind with temperature at 40 below ... a traveling companion breaking through the ice and rolling out with the doctor's grip still in his hand ... four children down, but we had antitoxin ... they were poor and had no money ... I paid the driver $15. There were thirteen children and all they had to eat was rutabagas. I wrote to the town clerk and told him that if he didn't get over with a food supply at once, I'd report him to the governor of the state.

A girl died after giving birth to an illegitimate daughter. Her last plea was, "Doctor, take care of my baby!" Parker arranged for the child's adoption by a well-to-do childless couple. "She blessed their home, married, and is now living out in California," the doctor concluded.

Parker's experiences would fill a book, but just one more will suffice. In January 1916, on a day when the snow squeaked, the telephone poles popped, and the smoke stood up straight, he received an emergency call to Bigsby Island in Lake of the Woods. Bigsby lay at the end of 35 miles of heartbreak over the ice and snow of the lake. The trip was attempted in a big car with one man as chauffeur and the owner, as consultant. The vehicle was loaded down with auto chains, repairs, planks for crossing cracks in the ice and, for some unknown reason, an anchor. It was an open car, there were no side curtains, and the mercury had burrowed to the bottom of the tube at 45 below.

They started at 2 p.m. At sundown the car foundered in ice reefs. The men worked all night to extricate it and the party reached Bigsby Island at dawn. The doctor tended the patient and at 11 a.m. they started back, only to stall once more in the same ice upheaval. This time they worked until dark, then, abandoning the car made, by compass and lantern, for Long Point, twelve miles away.

The snow was more than knee deep with a crust frozen so that every eight or ten steps the travelers would break through. Climbing, slipping and falling under a frost blaze of stars, the men at last gained the shore and the shelter of a settler's cabin. The doctor laid down on the floor and was unable to get up. They placed a pillow under his head and he slept for twelve hours.

An amusing sidelight on Dr. Parker and his times is provided by Capt. Fay Young of Warroad, who for some 40 years operated a boat line on Lake of the Woods.

"A man was on his way back to the Angle when he came down with influenza and died. The funeral services were held in the back of the hardware store. To perform the service we found a bibulous preacher who was hanging around to pick up a few bucks during the epidemic.

About twelve of us were there and the preacher was orating about "the host of friends who had come to pay their last respects to the dead" when he made a dramatic gesture and fell over the coffin, dead drunk.

This unexpected climax startled one of the men who jumped backward and a grindstone fell on top of him. "Lou was out colder than a jackfish. So we took him by the neck and knees and carted him around the corner and up the stairs to Parker's office. We laid him out on the floor and Doc came over and peered at Lou and said, "Tee hee! What you got there, boys?"

Doc got down on his knees and listened to Lou's chest and looked

(continued on page 67)

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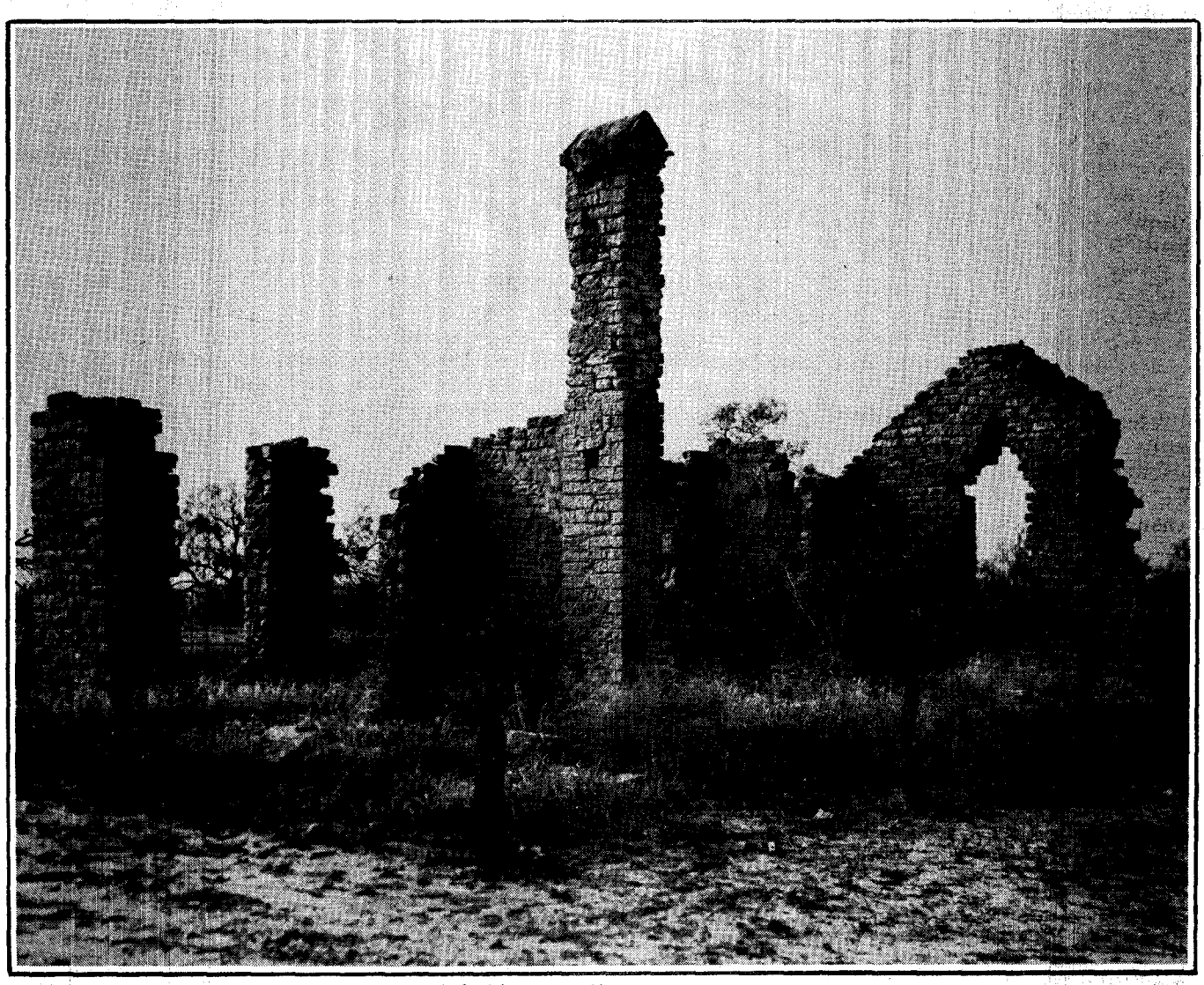
FORTS OF THE WEST

By Louise Cheney



Texas Highway Department Photo

Ruins of old Fort Griffin as it appears today.

Picturesque OLD FORT GRIFFIN

The historic account of Fort Griffin, one of the largest military installations in Texas. It was built on the Clear Fork of the Brazos River and was an essential unit in the frontier defenses from 1867 until 1881.

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Courtesy Laura Peacock

Santanta, one of the Kiowa chiefs who participated in the Warren Wagon train massacre near Fort Griffin.

On a high hill overlooking the Clear Fork of the Brazos River, fifteen miles north of Albany, Texas, stand the ruins of picturesque old Fort Griffin, once the military headquarters for the vast region of west Texas. Established in 1867 as a protection against Indians and abandoned in 1881, it illustrates perfectly the rugged story of the Old West. It was a major aid in crushing the formidable Comanche barrier, establishing civilization in that then untamed section and hastening the flow of westward migration. The site of many Indian expeditions, it is identified with Captain A. R. Chaffee, Colonel Buell and the famous General Randal McKenzie.

To visit the old fort today is to telescope the years back into the last century. Given free rein the imagination can readily conjure up scenes of stirring events that transpired when the post was at the height of its glory. Once can almost see the stark ruins become the neat orderly buildings of yesteryear and the Stars and Stripes waving proudly on the parade ground. Once can almost smell the choking dust of the cavalry, and almost hear the tramp of the soldiers on parade drill and the martial strains of the military band.

It was near Fort Griffin that General Sherman came within "an inch" of having his scalp lifted by the Kiowas. It was during the spring of one of the more serious Indian uprisings that the incident occurred—noteworthy because three Kiowa chiefs took part. A large number of young bucks simply rode away from Fort Sill and under the command of Satank, Santana and Big Three galloped into Texas. Stationed behind a hill with a clear view of the military road between Fort Griffin and Fort Richardson they waited eagerly for some white men to appear so that they might scalp them. Soon a mule drawn buckboard escorted by a squad of soldiers wheeled into sight. The young warriors made ready to attack but the chiefs restrained them. The all wise medicine man had advised them to wait for the second vehicle which he assured them would soon follow. After a couple of hours a long wagon train belonging to Henry Warren plodded through the dust of the military road. With shrill war whoops the Indians attacked savagely. By night only the burned bodies of the teamsters lashed to the wagon wheels and the ashes of the wagons remained. When the chiefs who had ordered the massacre were later arrested at Fort Sill they boasted of the incident and confessed that they would have attacked the buckboard had it not been for the advice of the medicine man. The passenger in the buckboard was none other than General Sherman who was in Texas to inspect the frontier forts and to investigate Indian depredations in the Lone Star state.

An amusing story of the raising of the flag pole on the post has been handed down through the years. It was the custom at the fort to christen each important event with bottled spirits. It was deemed that raising a flag was of sufficient significance to bring the practice into play. Bottle after bottle of whiskey and wine were pitched down the hole as the pole was set in place. Dirt was thrown in and tramped. Time marched on, the post became less and less important and finally was abandoned. The consuming efforts of time and weather took their toll of the pole and finally it rotted away leaving no trace of its location. As whiskey became scarce in the vicinity many thirsty men dug over a wide area of the old parade ground in efforts to locate the cache but to this day no one has ever succeeded in finding it. (If anyone has he has kept it absolutely quiet.)

When news of the Custer massacre in 1876 reached Washington, the army post at fort Griffin was dispatched on a 24 hour notice to the Little Big Horn to help avenge the annihilation of the Seventh Cavalry.

The post, in its heyday, was one of the largest military installations in all of Texas. Men from every state in the Union saw service there. Directly across from the fort was the Tonkawa Indian Reservation established by the U.S. government. Since the Tonks were the bitter enemies of the Comanches many of the former served as scouts for the post.

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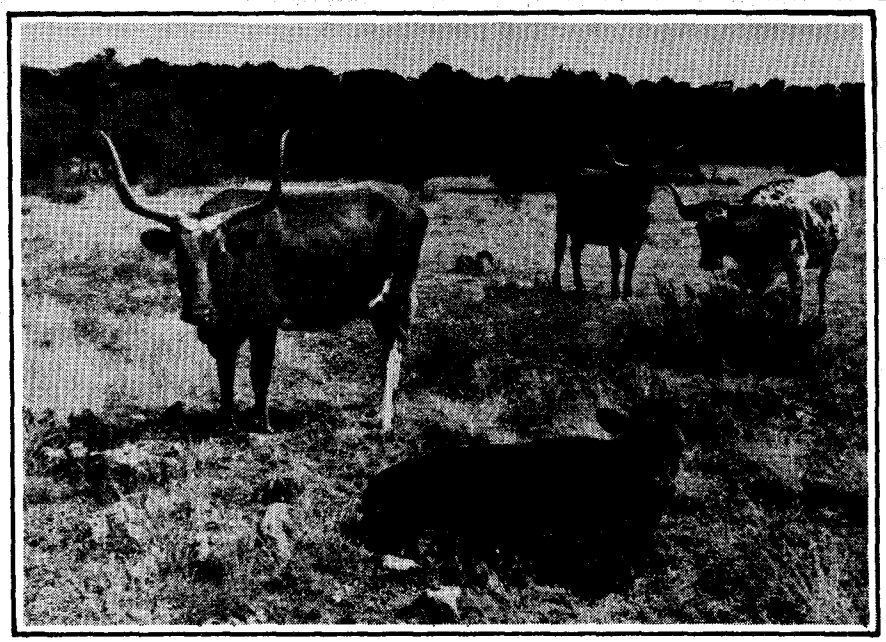

Texas Highway Department Photo

A herd of Texas longhorns such as are on the grounds of Fort Griffin State Park.

Lee Myers, well known western historian, writer and lecturer of Carlsbad, New Mexico, who collects data on many of the old forts west of the Mississippi and who devotes particular attention to the physical description of each, gives a clear and comprehensive picture of the lay out of Old Fort Griffin in his copious notes on the subject which are given herein. "At first a square fort was planned but later the plans were changed to a rectangular shape. The first buildings were frame. Later officers' quarters, a powder magazine, a bakery and sutler's store of stone were constructed. In the center of the north side flanked on the west by a row of officers' quarters and on the east side by the powder house, hospital and bakery were the headquarters and officers buildings. On the east side stood the officer's quarters and barracks of the enlisted men were on the west. The guard house, cavalry barracks and stables were in the center of the south side. A building set aside as a library was situated on the north end. Cook houses were beyond the cavalry barracks and the cabins of the laundresses were backed against the barracks of the enlisted men. In the center of the parade ground were the flag pole and sun dial."

By 1881 the fort was no longer needed as a frontier defense. The red men had ceased their depredations after learning the hard way that the white man's medicine was more powerful than their own. Docilely they bowed before the tread of civilization and made their way sadly to the reservation. Orders came in 1881 to abandon Fort Griffin so one day the gears and supplies were packed, the flag raised and saluted, then lowered again and folded away. The cavalry mounted, the infantrymen formed a line and the military rode and marched away leaving the post to become victim to time, weather and vandalism. Silence reigned where there had once been life, dreams, hopes, laughter and music.

No story of Fort Griffin is complete without the details of the town of Fort Griffin situated under the hill which came into being coincidentally with the establishment of the post. Called the "Flat" and Griffintown, it has been immortalized in song, story and poem for almost a century. Never before and never since has there been a town quite like the "Flat". Dr. Carl Coke Rister in his splendid book, FORT GRIFFIN ON THE TEXAS FRONTIER has this to say of the town, "for a few years not even Dodge City outrivaled Griffin as a border entrepot." It was the headquarters and the supply point for the shaggy haired buffalo hunters who swarmed in from all over the Southwest to hunt the great herds that roamed the nearby hills and plains. It was the stopping place for the trail herds on their way to northern markets via the famous Dodge Trail. It was the place where the soldiers of the fort could let down their hair. It was the playground of the Tonks from the nearby reservations. At the height of its boom its population numbered several thousand souls. It contained twenty saloons, six general stores, half a dozen dance halls and an indefinite number of gambling spots. Great stacks of

Courtesy Laura Peacock

***Big Tree** was another Kiowa chieftain who helped lead the raid on the Warren Wagon train.*

(continued on page 80)

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REAL WEST'S MOVIE HALL OF FAME

HOOT GIBSON

By Mario DeMarco

Action and Hoot Gibson went hand in hand, for it was a movie entitled "Action" that helped this former cowboy star on his way to fame. More movies with the same formula later skyrocketed him to the top in show business. They once referred to Hoot as a cowboy's cowboy for he was a great cowboy, rodeo star, stuntman and movie star. Although many people never knew his full name other than Hoot, it was Edward Richard Gibson. He was born in Tekamah, Nebraska on August 6, 1895. Although his birthplace was still considered wild, it was too tame for Hoot who craved action. At the age when most children would be in school, Hoot bought a horse and headed west. Although his intent was to join a circus, he wound up becoming a ranch hand. He began riding broncos and became good at the trade; so good, in fact, that whenever a rancher needed some breaking done they would call on young Hoot. At sixteen his riding skill had spread from Texas to Montana.

At 17, he was entering rodeos as a performer with the famous Miller 101 Ranch Wild West Show. In one rodeo which had one hundred seventy-five entries, some being great in the circuit, Hoot beat them all to become All-Around Cowboy Champion in the 1912 Pendleton Round Up at Oregon.

It was Tom Mix who first noticed this young daredevil cowboy and brought him to act with his western groups in his pictures. Hoot's stunts were amazing. There wasn't anything that would bring a little more excitement to the fans in the theaters that he couldn't do with a horse, jump, leap, and dive.

Incidentally, Hoot's wife was the former Helen Wenger, who made her fame in Hollywood also as Helen Gibson. She played in serials and Westerns with the same studio in which her husband was associated. When the war broke out in 1917 Hoot joined the Army and became a top kick in the tank corps. This venture kept him out of picture making for several years. After his discharge from the service in 1919, he returned to Hollywood and continued doing doubling and stunt work.

Hoot's first picture in which he was featured was entitled "Action" and it was every bit of that. He also proved to the audience that acting was not at all as "stiff-necked" as some of the other stars made it out to be. Hoot acted his natural self and with his great brand of humor he was an instant success and stardom was his. In only six years he completed forty-eight action packed movies. When talkies came in the early thirties, many of the silent stars just faded out of the business, but not Hoot, he fell into this new medium as easy as he could ride a horse.

In the late thirties he left picture making and signed up with a circus. After several years of touring he decided to retire as a performer and spend the remaining years managing his real estate business. The acting bug was too great and he returned to the movie business the following year to play in a series of pictures with Bob Steele and Ken Maynard. He made a few more pictures with Steele and Maynard but decided to call it quits again.

About 10 years later he made a comedy western entitled "The Marshal's Daughter." In it he played the father of a girl who did most of the action in this particular picture, (quite a change for Hoot). It was quite evident that his old cowboy injuries were bothering him, for in the picture he walked quite noticeably with a limp. Later on he managed to appear on television with his wife on their show. He did appear in several other pictures, "The Horse Soldiers" and "Oceans 11", but these were small roles.

Like the great Tom Mix before him, Hoot lived a fast and extravagant life. He spent money as fast as he made it and when the great stock market crash came Hoot suffered great financial losses. With the great fighting spirit he was noted for, he came back and proceeded to build a fortune again.

On August 23, 1962, Hoot who was being treated for cancer at the Motion Picture County Hospital in Woodland Hills, California, passed away. Many of the stars who were fortunate to have known him affectionately called him "the dean of cowboy stars". With his action packed background they were absolutely right!

Hoot made over 80 action-packed films in his long and glorious career. A listing of his film credits are:

SHOTGUN JONES. THE HAZARDS OF HELEN. KNIGHT OF THE RANGE. THE COWBOY GIRL. JUDGE NOT. LASS OF THE LOWRIES. TEXAS SPHINX. THE SECRET MAN. FRUSTRATED HOLDUP. SMILIN' GUNS. BURNING THE WIND. BEAR CAT. FIRE EATER. HEADIN' WEST. STEP ON IT. SURE FIRE. TRIMMED. RIDING WILD. THE GALLOPIN' KID. THE LOADED DOOR. LONE HAND. DOUBLE DEALING. GENTLEMAN FROM ARIZONA. COURTIN' CALAMITY. KINDLED COURAGE. OUT OF LUCK. THE RAMBLIN' KID. SHOOTIN' FOR LOVE. SINGLE HANDED. THE THRILL CHASER. HIT AND RUN. RIDE FOR YOUR LIFE. SAWDUST TRAIL. HOOK AND LADDER. BROADWAY OR BUST. 40 HORSES HAWKINS. THE RIDIN' KID FROM POWDER RIVER. TAMING THE WEST. SPOOK RANCH. SADDLE HAWK. HURRICANE KID. LET 'ER BUCK. CALGARY STAMPEDE. ARIZONA SWEEPSTAKES. THE PHANTOM BULLET. FLAMING FRONTIER. CHIP OF THE FLYING U. MAN IN THE SADDLE. BUCKAROO KID. KING OF THE RODEO. THE LARIAT KID. POINTS WEST. MOUNTED STRANGER. WINGED HORSEMAN. THE CACTUS KID. THE TEXAS STREAK. RED COURAGE. PAINTED PONIES. THE LAST OUTLAW. HERO ON HORSEBACK. CLEARING THE RANGE. HARD HOMBRE. WILD HORSE. COWBOY COUNSELLOR. A MAN'S LAND. SWIFTY. COURTIN' WILDCATS. TRAILING TROUBLE. ROARING RANCH. THE DENVER DUDE. HEY HEY COWBOY. SILENT RIDER. THE TEXAS STEER. POWDERSMOKE RANGE. FEUD OF THE WEST. FRONTIER JUSTICE. THE PAINTED STALLION. SONORA STAGECOACH. THE UTAH KID. MARKED TRAILS. TRIGGER LAW. WILD HORSE STAMPEDE. DEATH VALLEY RANGERS. THE MARSHAL'S DAUGHTER. THE HORSE SOLDIERS. OCEANS 11. ●RW

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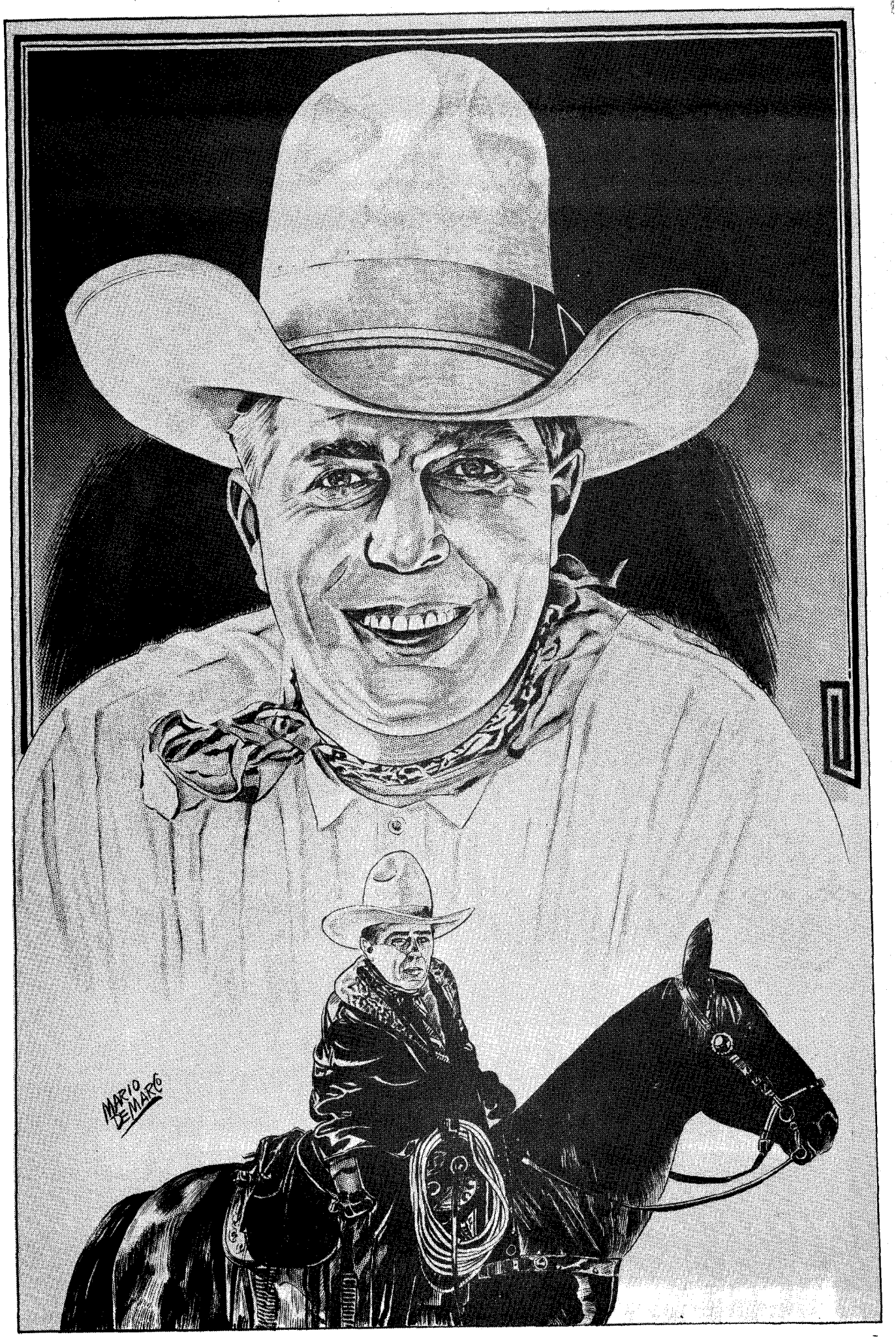

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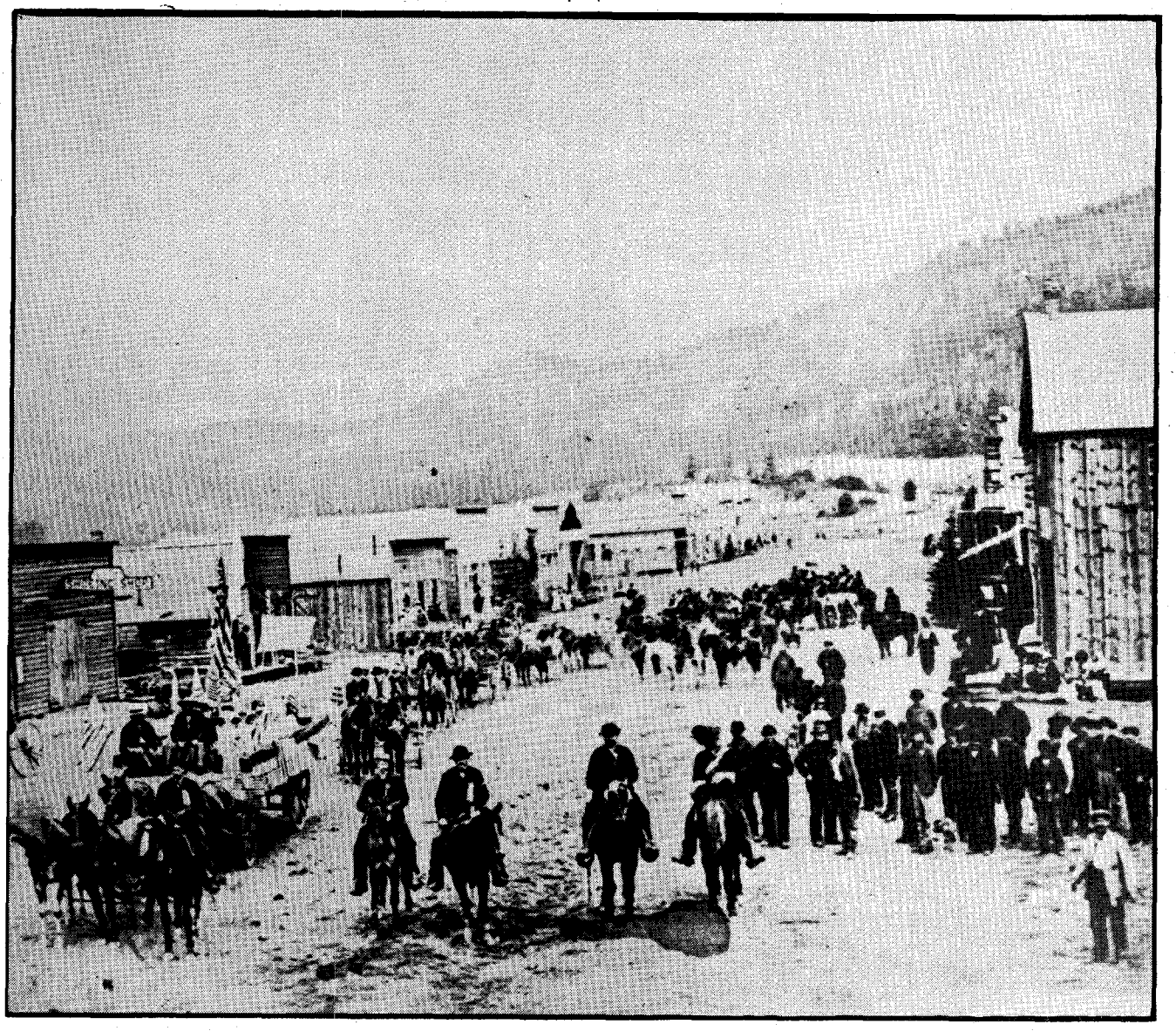
By
Stephanie C.
Shulsinger

FOURTH OF JULY

Dating back to the earliest days of the West, 4th of July celebrations have been held with noisy enthusiasm. Cannon and firearms were discharged, feasts were held, and a lot of toasts were drunk to Old Glory!



Washington State Historical Society

Fourth of July celebration at Colville, Washington in 1889. Even small towns sported a parade on Independence Day. The parade was usually followed by patriotic speeches.

If there were any Indians watching the doings at the huge wagon encampment on the Green River, July 4, 1849, they must have been amazed by what they saw. Hundreds of wagons, containing about 3,000 emigrants, had paused together by the cool banks of the river. Their tired, weary animals fed hungrily on the native bunch grass that would one day be a major attraction of the famous Wyoming range, and women took the opportunity to wash, mend, and cook, while their children romped beneath tall trees and rolled in the luxurious grass.

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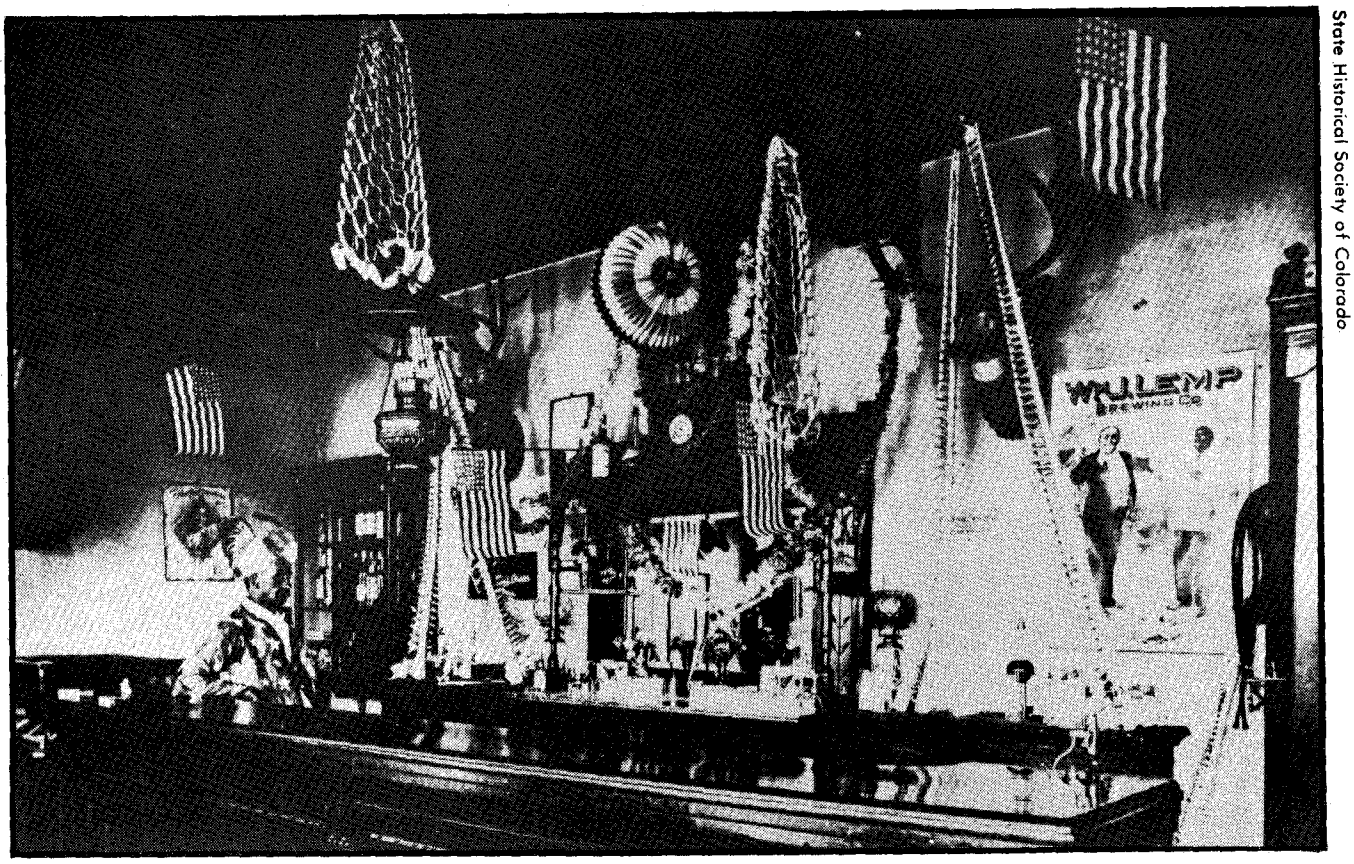
IN THE OLD WEST



State Historical Society of Colorado

The Winchester Bar at Rifle, Colorado decorated for the 4th.

But it was obvious that this was no ordinary day of rest. In one camp, a small cannon had been unloaded from a wagon, and in another, the wagons were lined up in rows, creating a long covered corridor, where dinner tables were being set up. All kinds of special cooking and baking were going on, too, and everybody was pretty dressed up for a day on the overland trail.

The great occasion, of course, was the Glorious Fourth, the happiest, brightest holiday in the frontier West. From the plains of Kansas to the gilded shores of California, the Fourth of July was the biggest holiday of the year, and nearly everybody joined in the celebration with a whole heart.

The tradition of western Fourth of July celebrations had an auspicious and early beginning, as it actually started on the great westward trek of Lewis and Clark. July 4, 1804, found Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark with their party on the Missouri River, and these remarks appear in their journal for the date:

"The morning of the 4th of July was announced by the discharge of our gun. At one mile we reached the mouth of a bayeau or creek ... To this creek, which had no name, we gave that of Fourth of July creek ... After fifteen miles sail we came to on the north a little above a creek on the southern side, about thirty yards wide, which we called Independence creek, in honour of the day, which we could celebrate only by an evening gun, and an additional gill of whiskey to the men."

While their celebration couldn't be very splendid, it contained the three basic elements of most of those to come in the West: enthusiasm, liquor, and noise.

By summer of 1806, Lewis and Clark were in the area of the rugged Bitterroot Mountains of Idaho. They had traveled a long way. Rations were short, and the country was wild and unknown, the hunting grounds of fierce Indian. But it was the Fourth of July, a day not to be forgotten:

"Friday, July 4.

"Having made sixteen miles, we halted at an early hour for the purpose of doing honour to the birth-day of our country's independence. The festival was not very splendid, for it consisted of a mush made of cows and a saddle of venison, nor had we anything to tempt us to prolong it."

Wherever Americans went, they carried their love of freedom and independence with them, and the Fourth of July, as the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, represented that spirit. Visitors from other countries were cordially invited to join in the fun, and they usually did. The only exceptions were occasional Englishmen, who viewed the whole thing as a diagreeable reminder of an ugly incident in British history. Of course, their discomfiture might have been partly caused by another Fourth of July tradition: that of roasting British leaders and policies in the heated oratory of the day.

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Kansas State Historical Society

Dodge City, Kansas celebrated the 4th in 1884 with a bull fight. Above the bull fighters pose for a pre-fight picture.

But our Canadian neighbors, and other guests from around the world, joined in with relish. So it was that, on July 4, 1835, at the trappers' rendezvous in what is now Wyoming's Wind River Valley, Captain Benjamin Bonneville of France and other voyageurs from various countries celebrated the great American holiday, to quote an early historian, "in true patriotic style."

So the pattern was set for big western Fourth of July celebrations, and it was continued with enthusiasm. Americans in those days didn't need to be told how lucky they were, and in addition, the holdiay offered a happy pause in a hard life. As one old Kansas settler put it:

"It was welcomed by the settlers and their families to break the monotony of the everyday drudgery."

Emigrants to the gold regions and the vast farmlands of the Oregon Territory always made a holiday of the Fourth, when they could. One big train paused in the Rocky Mountains in 1846, as one emigrant wrote:

"...out of respect to the birthday of our National Independence, to celebrate it in the usual manner, so far as we had the ability to do so. Mr. J. H. Reed had preserved some wines and liquors especially for this occasion - an anniversary, by the way, which in this remote and desert region crowded our memories with reminiscences of the past, pleasurable from the associations which they recalled, and painful from the position which we now occupied.

"At nine o'clock, A.M., our united parties convened in a grove near the emigrant encampment. A salute of small-arms was discharged. A procession was then formed, which marched around the corral, and returning to the grove, the Declaration of Independence was read, and an address was delivered by Col. Russell. A collation was then served up by the ladies of the encampment, at the conclusion of which, toasts suitable to the patriotic occasion were given and drunk with much enthusiasm, a discharge of musketry accompanying each sentiment. Songs were sung, patriotic and sentimental, and I thought, on the whole, that the 'glorious fourth' was celebrated here in this remote desert with more spirit and zest, than it usually is in the crowded cities in the States. The pageantry, of course, was not so imposing."

In the big encampment previously mentioned, by the Green River in 1849, the food was sumptuous at the unusual banquet served between rows of wagons. One traveler reported the menu. It was a little heavy on the starch, perhaps, but a very fine feast, under the circumstances:

"Dinner consisted of ham & beans, boiled and baked, biscuit, Johnny cake, apple pie, sweet cake, pudding, rice, pickles, vinegar, pepper sauce, mustard, coffee, sugar, and milk."

After the meal, the toasting began, with whatever spirits could be found: "Some had more or less, and some didn't have any. Those are the ones that didn't drink."

There were many traditional toasts, in honor of "Our Country - Dedicated to Freedom by the Blood of Her Fathers;" "Women - Heaven's first best gift to Man," and "The Star-Spangled Banner." These would vary from place to place or time to time, and sometimes included references to such topical notions as railroads or temperance. But there was one toast that was seldom left out of a Fourth of July celebration. It honored: "The Day We Celebrate the Birthday of Our Freedom" - the Fourth of July itself.

Of course, those who came west were the very spirit of independence; many of them had given up a great deal to see what was on the other side of the mountains, or to homestead or prospect. So it isn't very surprising that westerners

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added their own special touch to the Fourth of July, and that was the rodeo. Rodeo events, growing out of the necessary skills involved in ranch work, were a chance for young cowboys to try to impress the girls they admired, and compete with other young men for their attention. It was risky, because there was an excellent chance of being bucked off a temperamental horse, or caught on the horns of an angry steer.

At first it was all in fun, but as time went along, rodeos began to develop a series of exciting sporting events, evolving into the great spectator sport which it still is. It was on the Fourth of July in 1888, in Prescott, Arizona, that the first public trophy ever awarded to a rodeo performer was presented to a tough little rider named Juan Levias. The prize was a silver medal, and the award closed out the first Frontier Day ever held in Prescott.

At another big Fourth of July rodeo, in 1910, former President Theodore Roosevelt and Buffalo Bill rode through the streets of Cheyenne, Wyoming before thousands of cheering people. A crowd estimated at 30,000 saw a spectacular show of skill and daring. TR, who started the program by galloping onto the field on a white horse, loved every minute of it, and described it as "Bully!"

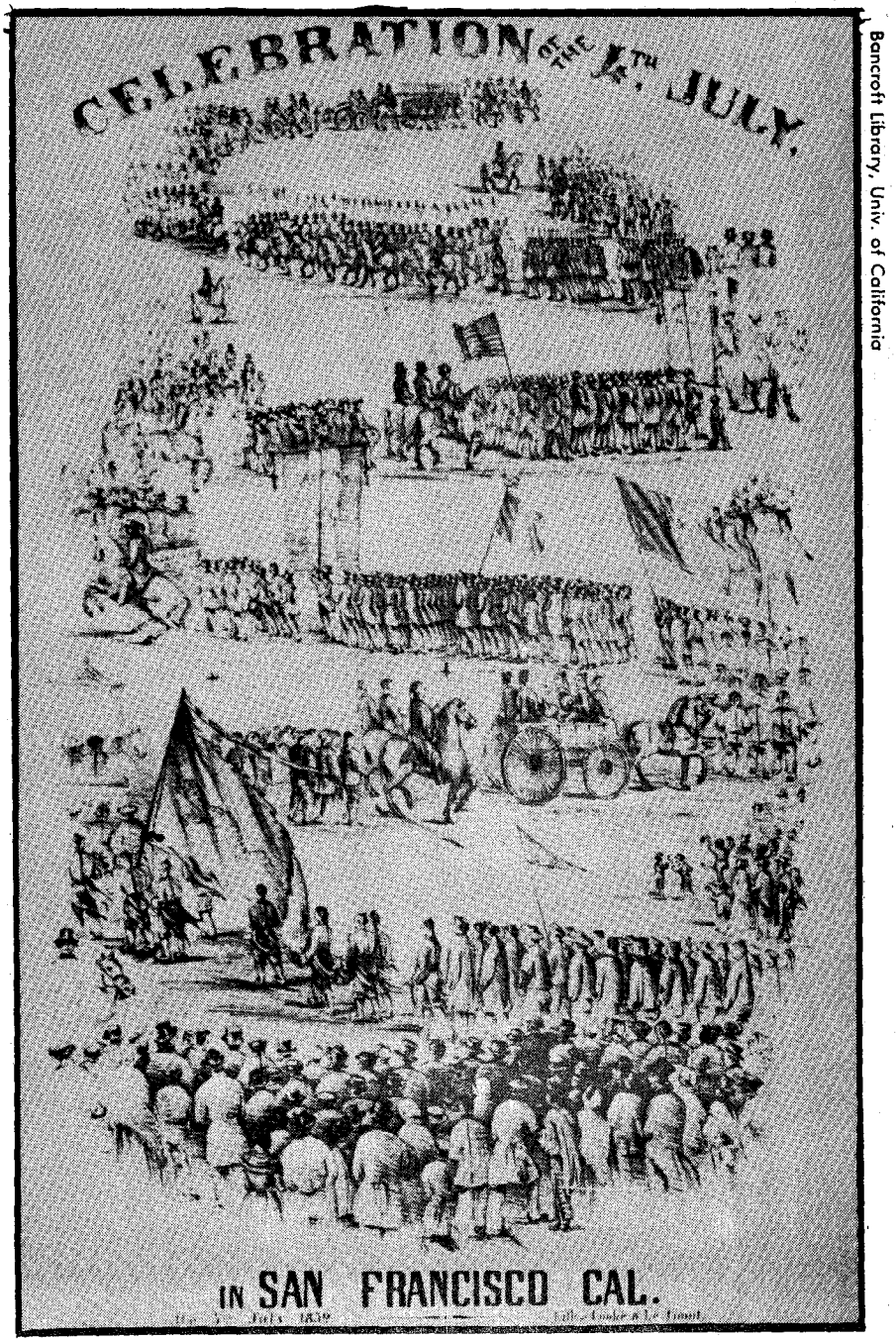
Horses actually caused the most exciting and memorable 4th of July ever in the history of Lewistown, Montana. The year was 1884, and a big celebration had been planned. According to a local stockman, " . . . people from a hundred miles in every direction had flocked to the town, to take part in the festivities."

All sorts of events had been planned, including a parade, with a young fellow dressed up as Uncle Sam, and some horse races. There was considerable lively betting on the races, but everything was nice and friendly until a couple of hard cases drifted into town, and started drinking heavily. After awhile they joined in the betting, and when they lost, proceeded to shoot up the town. The two gunmen killed one man and injured others, but were eventually shot and killed by local citizens, who had to be ready for anything in those days.

There was an immediate coroner's inquest, and that same night, vigilantes rode down on a ranch outside of town, where the owner was suspected of harboring such criminals as the late and unlamented gunmen. The ranch proprietor and an associate were taken out and hanged, rounding out a truly memorable Fourth of July, with plenty of fireworks.

On the subject of fireworks, real firecrackers, ready-made, were not always available to western celebrators, especially in the early days, but these were resourceful people, and they liked a noisy Fourth. The cannon on that 1849 wagon train was chained to a tree stump, and fired for effect by the orator of the day, to punctuate his speech. Shooting contests were regular events for the Fourth in many towns, with rifles, shotguns, or hand guns. Some enterprising individuals made firecrackers out of rolled-up paper filled with gunpowder, and legend has it that soldiers at Fort Laramie used the pages of some of Fremont's famous journals for this purpose. (This particular story is not likely to brighten the day for any collector who has tried to round up one of these rare documents in recent years.)

The noisy aspect of the Fourth of July had its symbolism, representing the boom of cannons and the crack of rifles in the Revolutionary War, but it was also a good way to let off steam, and have some harmless fun. Harris



Bancroft Library, Univ. of California

Poster announcing the 4th of July celebration in San Francisco in 1859.

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Contests of every sort made up some of the festivities to celebrate the 4th. The men above are engaged in a rock-drilling contest.

Nevada Historical Society

Newmark, an immigrant boy who became a leading citizen of Los Angeles, complained just after the turn of the 20th Century that people were getting silly about the subject. Reminiscing about the good old days, he wrote:

"In those days (when men were not afraid of noise) boys, in celebrating American Independence, made all the hullabaloo possible, untrammeled by the nonsense of a sane Fourth.' "

There was plenty of noise on July 4, 1836, in Texas. The people there were fighting a war against Santa Ana's troops, to win their independence from Mexico, driven hard by memory of the fall of the Alamo, just 4 ½ months before. And at dawn on July 4, 1849, on the overland trail, the broad prairies and brooding mountains were witness to a strange and sudden break in the stillness. One of the travelers noted it:

"The first dawn was ushered in by a noise from our six pounder, which reverberated, echoed & reechoed from hillock to hill, until the very earth itself seemed to tremble in fear at such strange noises."

Another observer noted:

"The Indians, when they heard that cannon, would not come anywhere near us."

In time, the Indians became accustomed to the noise, and even joined in the celebrations. Unfortunately, sometimes the festivities would get out of hand. It may have had something to do with the steady flow of liquid fire, but there were a few celebrations that the participants preferred to forget. On July 4, 1871, a tough railroad town on the Kansas-Pacific marked the day with a drunken brawl, attended by "the soiled dames" of the community. One spectator commented acidly:

"Strange to say, nobody was killed; this fact will be deemed a mistake by all old residents."

Another riotous Fourth was celebrated in, of all places, British Columbia, on San Juan Island, in 1859. At that moment, a hot border dispute was raging between the United States and Great Britain, regarding ownership of the island and its companions, which at that time were held and occupied by the British government.

But it happened that a group of unsuccessful prospectors returning to the States after trying their luck looking for gold in Canada's Fraser River, had wandered to San Juan Island, and liked what they saw. They were an odd lot, from various nations, but some were Americans, and on July 4, a proper festival was prepared. A blacksmith from Nova Scotia had fond memories of the occasion:

"We hoisted a fine flagpole and got a large American flag, and on the Fourth we hoisted our flag and we had a glorious time. There were fourteen of us and we passed a resolution that each one of us had to make a speech. There was a Welshman in the number. When it came to his turn he said we should not only be independent of Great Britain, but should have a government of our own on such a beautiful island as this was. So we kept up our flag for four days."

No doubt the British officials on the island took a dim view of the whole thing, but they could do nothing about it without creating an unwanted international incident that might cause them to lose the islands. Eventually, they lost them anyway-by negotiation, and not by the fight they had feared.

But fights on the fourth of July were far from uncommon. In the California mines, in a location hopefully called Rich Bar, a lady present-one of only four in the town described special arrangements for July 4, 1852, which included a fine dinner in a hotel festooned with flowers. The day passed gaily, with speeches, dining, and toasting:

"...and everything passed off at Rich Bar quite respectably. To be sure, there was a small fight in the barroom, which is situated just

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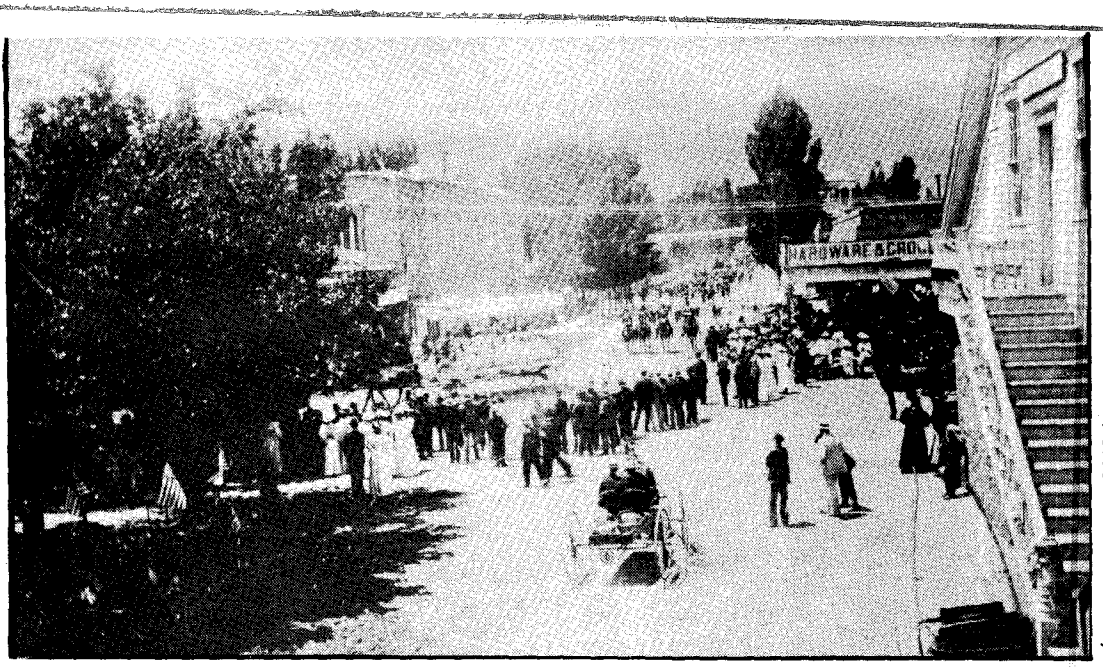

The 4th of July parade at Carson City, Nevada in 1902.

Nevada Historical Society

below the dining room, during which much speech and a little blood were spouted."

Speeches were an expected part of the day's festivities. In an established town, the speaker might be a state legislator, a candidate for some office, or a well-known attorney or businessman. On the overland trail, a respected member of the company was invited to say a few words in honor of the day. The reading of the Declaration of Independence was traditional, and even on the trail, someone had generally brought along a cherished copy, which was brought out and read to the emigrants under the vast open sky. No one in Rich Bar had a copy for the big celebration in 1852, so an original poem was read instead, by a nervous political candidate.

The speeches were sometimes long and dull, but they were always spoken with sincerity. In Washington Territory in the early 1850's, there was a gathering of recent arrivals in a field near Olympia, and one of the settlers gave the speech of the day, reminding his listeners that:

"Love of Country is a virtue; he that loves not his country loves not his God."

God and country were inseparable in the minds of most of the early pioneers, and in many respects, the Fourth of July speech was viewed as a kind of sermon-maybe a little bit boring, but good for the soul. Most people submitted to it gracefully, but some were not so reverent. One miner's wife like the speech of a local candidate for political office:

"Unlike such efforts in general, it was exceedingly fresh and new, so that, instead of its being that infliction that Fourth of July orations commonly are, it was a high pleasure to listen to him. Perhaps, where nature herself is so original, it is impossible for even thought to be hackneyed."

But elsewhere, another Fourth of July speech was described as:

"...an awfully sublime speech of 24 pages. Very tedious."

There was an unusual speaker at a special ceremony on July 5, 1906, near Tacoma, Washington. The occasion was the dedication of a marker commemorating the first Fourth of July celebration ever held on the Pacific Coast. The speaker, an old Muckleshoot Indian, was, ironically, the last survivor of those who had been present on July 4, 1841, when Captain Charles Wilkes and the members of his exploring expedition paused to do honor to the national holiday.

There were many traditional events for the Fourth of July, and among them were competitions of various kinds. Besides the aforementioned shooting contests, there were all kinds of races and games: footraces, drilling contests for miners, logging ones for lumberjacks, and after the Civil War, baseball games between the rival teams of neighboring towns. The men of various fire companies would show off their skills, and the competition was fierce, but generally good-natured.

There was something special about the Fourth, and the town or wagon or homestead was spruced up for

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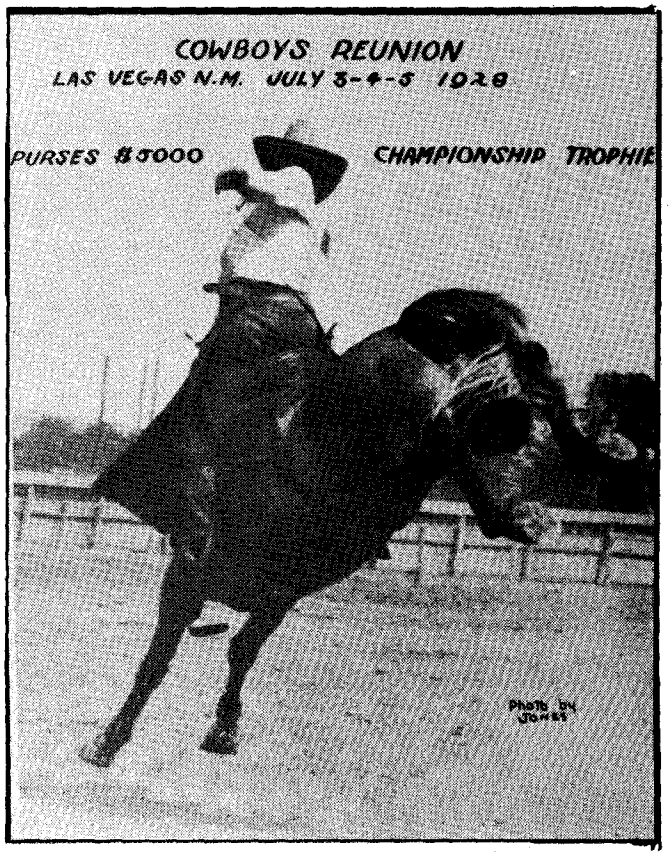
Rodeos have become a part of most Western 4th of July celebrations. The photo above is from the Las Vegas, New Mexico rodeo of 1928.



State Historical Society of Colorado

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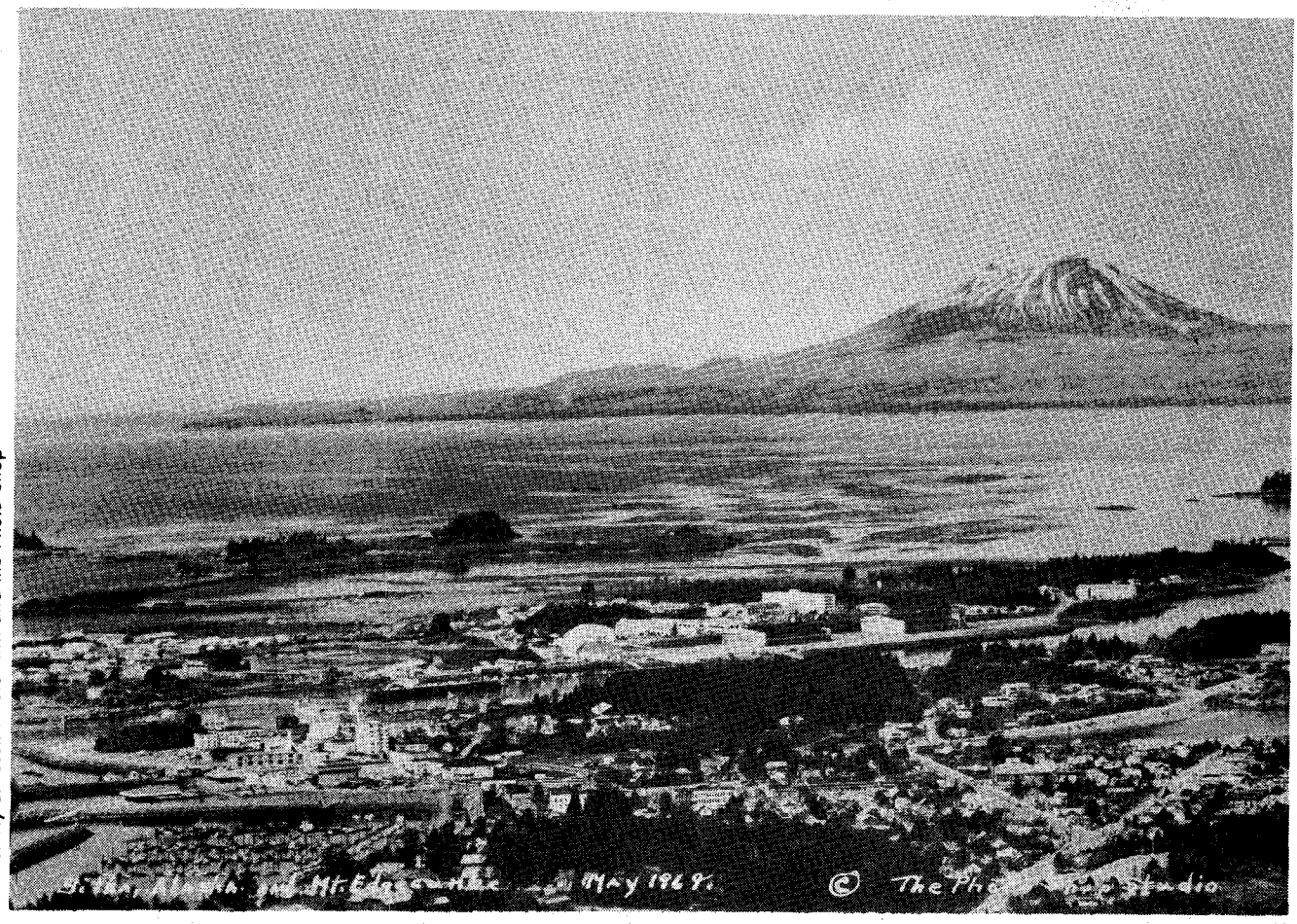
Sitka was established in 1799 by Alexander Baranof under the Russian flag. It became the "Paradise of the Pacific", the prosperous trading center for the entire Northwest. Today, it's a tranquil village on Sitka Sound.



Courtesy Lonesome Pete Arnt and the Photo Shop

Fast growing Sitka as it looks today. Mt. Edgecumbe is in the background.

Historic Sitka, land of romance and intrigue, surrounded by snow-capped mountains and waterways fingering off in every direction, was first known as New Archangel. Under the iron-handed rule of Alexander Baranof, who raised the Russian flag over it in 1799, on what was to become Castle Hill, Sitka became known as the "Paradise of the Pacific" and a trading center of importance.

On this bright August morning, as I strolled down Main Street, first known as the "Officer's Promenade", I hoped to find a pioneer who could give me first-hand information of what life was like in this once isolated wilderness of water and dense forests filled with hostile Indians. Luckily I was directed to the John Osbakken's quaint cottage facing Crescent Bay a few blocks distant on Lincoln Street.

Margaret Osbakken, a bright-eyed middle-aged lady invited me into her cheerful living room and, after introducing her husband, John, a brawny eighty-four year old, he left and Margaret gave me the highlights of what her ancestors found when they arrived in this Russian village in 1860.

PIONEERS OF HISTORIC SITKA

By Harriett Farnsworth

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Photo by author

Hospitable Margaret Osbakken and her husband, John Osbakken, at home in the land they love, Sitka, Alaska.

While gazing out the windows, facing Crescent Bay where boats of every description rocked lazily on the blue water, Margaret said: "Oh, I guess you can call me an old-timer from way back. Our sons, Edwin and Willis make the fourth generation of my folks living in Sitka. When my grandparents, Anna — then a very young girl — and William Schmakoff arrived here, Sitka was still under Russian rule and the Tlingits were hostile. Grandma said life was rugged and pioneers faced many hardships and heartaches — yet she must have thrived on such a life for she lived to be 103 years old.

"Mama was born here in 1861. Dad, John Hanlin, a native of Lowell, Mass., was serving in the U. S. Navy when his ship, the Jamestown, docked here. Dad said he liked Sitka and when discharged from the Navy, he returned in 1879 to make it his home. In time he and mama met, fell in love and were married up there in Saint Michaels Cathedral in 1894. Mama was always too busy to talk much about the old days, but she did say, as it is today with any big occasion, that weddings were one of the gala events and that festivities lasted for days.

"As I've said, life for all newcomers was hard and dad, like others, worked at numerous jobs before he became custodian of the jail. At times this was a ticklish job, especially when boats brought prisoners in from Unalaska with murderers among them, who had to be searched for dangerous instruments: razors, scissors, knives, etc. But dad, a six-footer hard as nails, was equal to the job. However, when he had to take prisoners down to the Indian River for a fresh water supply, he always took along two guards in case trouble started.

"Ours was a big family but some of the children died young, leaving five of us for mama to support when dad suddenly passed away when I was only nine. I remember him as a happy-go-lucky fellow with piercing brown eyes that looked straight through you. He took an active part in civic matters and loved to play the concertina and played for most of the local dances. He also had the honor of being the only member of the Arctic Brotherhood at that time to hold a life membership.

Now mama left with the responsibility of holding the family together, never balked at any kind of honest work, nor did she ever complain of the hard, long hours. At first she took in washing and being an excellent cook she baked delicious bread which sold to steady customers. In summer she raised a fine garden, put in a flock of chickens. She was always salting down meats and fish and canning everything that could be preserved in jars: vegetables, wild fruits and berries that grew in abundance around us. With Grandma Anna looking after us children, mama managed to hold the home together, always planning ahead. She wanted work that would bring in a steady income. That lucky day came when she started cooking over there at the Russian Mission School, oldest documented building in Alaska, still used as the home of the Orthodox Clergy. "Margaret, pointing to the nearby building, erected in 1842. She continued. "There, mama had to cook three meals a day for some fifty hungry children. Her pay only $15.00 a month.

"She put in some hard, long hours slaving over a hot cook stove at the Mission for three or four years before deciding she could do better working out by the hour. So she began doing housework and cooking for the 'fancy parties' given by Sitka's wealthy party-loving residents. Of course mama made more money but she had to put in long hard hours to do it. Mama accomplished enough in one long day's work that would stagger the housewife of today, yet she always managed time to help others.

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"Mama was considered a good doctor and fine midwife. Although we then had two Navy doctors and a hospital, mama had followers who believed in her remedies implicitly. No matter how hard her day, she was never too tired to rush to the bedside of a sick friend. If the family were able to pay a small fee for her services she accepted it gratefully; if unable to pay she worked just as hard and cheerfully. Mama delivered hundreds of babies, many of whom are respected citizens of Sitka today.

"But back to some of her reliable home remedies: 'Wax' flowers steeped in hot water cured sore throats; an effective remedy for burns was made from the powdery inside of dried seed pods of the Balm-of-Gilead tree growing in the Juneau Basin. Mama's remedy snatched one man back from the grave when an epidemic of smallpox hit Sitka. And after a fellow's doctor had given up, mama cured that patient of 'strep' throat with her 'wax' flower concoction.

"Of course she had all the old standbys for children's diseases: mumps, measles, whooping cough and the popular spring tonic of sulphur and molasses; some of her cures tasting so horrible that just to mention them we kids got well in a hurry!

"As I've said, times then were tough and we never had an extra dime to spend foolishly, yet mama reminded us that we were still rich. We were all together in a comfortable home, with plenty to eat and should thank the Lord for it. With Grandma Anna Hanlin there to look after us, we really had no complaints. Yet our home and way of life compared with homes and living today, would be considered 'primitive'. We had no electric lights, no spigots to turn on for water, no inside toilets or baths. Yet we survived with softly lighted oil lamps to be filled daily and their globes kept shining; water was brought into the house in buckets, and, regardless of rain, snow or blizzards, we followed the path out back to the Chick Sales; baths we took piece-meal Saturday nights back in the kitchen unless mama let us go over to Aunt Lube's house where we got a good Russian bath. That was a grand treat!

"There were other times we got to go to Aunt Lube's home. Mama was deathly afraid of storms, and our house stood right in the path of them when they roared in across

Photo by author

The Osbakken's quaint cottage, built by her grandmother facing picturesque Crescent Harbor at Sitka.

Crescent Bay. It was then that no matter how dark or stormy the night, mama bundled us up and we hurried over to Aunt Lube's home that was back from the bay. We kids loved these occasions. Aunt Lube bedded us down on feather-bed pallets on the floor and no matter how hard the wind blew I always felt safe there. Besides, her house had a stairway that we kids loved to play on." Margaret, gazing out the window, smiled, remembering the old days, continued:

"Although we lacked lots of things termed 'luxuries' we never missed them because we never had them. Yet we were a healthy, happy family who enjoyed to the fullest what we did have. For instance this is how mama felt about her old wood-burning cookstove. When she complained that it smoked and was not cooking as usual, dad got a bright idea. He would make life easier for mama. So he bought her a fine, 'modern' oil-burning kitchen range. Was mama happy with it? She was not! She said that 'thing' could blow up, and she didn't intend cooking us a bite on it. Poor dad was patient. He kept coaxing and showing her how to use the stove and mama finally gave up. In time she got used to the 'thing' and forgot about her old wood-burning range. And were we kids happy! Now we didn't have to keep that big woodbox filled, anymore.

"Although we had little money and certainly none to spend foolishly; nevertheless, the hard-working, fun-loving Russians loved celebrations. On these grand occasions: Christmas, Easter, weddings, christenings and later the Fourth of July commemorating America's Independence Day, the town turned out in costume to celebrate.

"Easter meant a three-day celebration: a day of special events for the men, one for the women and one for kids. Oh, how the women worked baking bread for that contest. This was a special bread baked in round tins called Koolitch. There were tense moments while judges selected the best loaf, which was to be trimmed up fancy and used for the table centerpiece, when the feast was served. What a feast on that table, groaning under the weight of baked hams, pickled herring and colorful Easter eggs served with a delicious tea poured hot from the Samovar.

"We did no dancing during Easter festivities but Christmas celebrated January 7th was different. Just like in the Old Country, everybody held open house and groups, dressed in colorful costumes, went from home to home, singing and dancing until daylight. What a tired bunch we were when Christmas was over!

"The Fourth of July of course meant most to us children. This occasion meant new clothes, if mama had an extra dollar to spare. If she didn't we got new dresses anyway. Did we care if they were made of 'bunting' that had served for last year's street decorations? We did not. We wore them just as proudly as if they'd been made of new cloth and had just as much fun in them. We loved the Fourth, the colorful and exciting parades with bands playing, the long line of floats and marchers interspersed with colorfully dressed marching units. And there was the midway, set up in

(continued on page 58)

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life. By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

EARLY INDIAN PERIODICALS

by Nono Minor

There were many periodicals printed for the early Indian, the first of these being "The Cherokee Phoenix" a weekly newspaper printed at New Echota, the capital of the Cherokee Nation. This was published in both English and Cherokee and edited by Elias Boudionte, A Cherokee Indian, from February 21, until October 1835.

A religious magazine, "The Cherokee Messenger" was edited by Evan Jones and J. Bushyhead and printed in Cherokee by the Baptist Mission Press between August 1844 and May 1846. A new series under the same title, but edited by J. Buttrick Jones was started in 1858. This was still printed by the Baptist Mission Press, Park Hill Indian Territory, but was soon discontinued.

"The Cherokee Advocate" printed in both English and Cherokee was published every Saturday morning at Tahlequah, Indian Territory starting September 26, 1844. The first of this series was discontinued September 1853 with a third series being started in 1876. Mooney said of this ".....under the auspices of the Nation, printed in both languages and distributed free at the expense of the Nation to those unable to read English, and an example without parallel in another government."

The Shawnee Indians had a periodical called "Shau-wau-nowe Kesauthwau" or "The Shawnee Sun". This was published at the Shawnee Baptist Mission Press, Indian Territory under the editorship of Johnston Lykins from March 1, 1835 until 1839. This was the first newspaper printed entirely in any Indian language.

The Seneca Indians had a small magazine called "Ne Jaguhnigoages-gwathah" or "The Mental Elevator" edited by the Reverend Asher Wright. This was printed at the Buffalo Creek and Cattaraugus reservations in New York, from November 30, 1841 until April 15, 1850.

The Dakota Indians also had many periodicals printed in their own dialects. One of these called "Tawaxitku Kin" or "The Dakota Friend" was printed at Saint Paul Minnesota starting November 1850. This was published monthly in both the Santee Dakota dialect and English until August 1852. Another newspaper "Iapi Oaye" or "The Word Carrier" was printed in the Santee and Yankton dialects. This was continued monthly under successive editors at Greenwood, South Dakota and the Santee Agency, Nebraska. In January 1878, a paper called "Anpao," or "The Day Break" was started in the Yankton Dakota dialect, this was later continued under the name of "Anpao Kin" and printed at Madison, South Dakota.

The earliest paper of the Chippewa Indians was called "Petaubun," or "Peep of Day." This was published monthly at Sarnia, Ontario by the Reverend Thomas Hulburt in both English and Chippewa, from January 1861 until the end of 1862. Another newspaper printed in English and Chippewa, "The Pipe of Peace" and edited by the Reverend E. F. Wilson, was published monthly at Shingwauk Home in Sault De Saint Marie from October 1878 until 1879. The Reverend Wilson also published a magazine called "Our Forest Children", from February 1887 until September 1890. A Chippewa newspaper printed every two weeks at Hagersville, Ontario was edited by Kahkawaquonaby, or known by the English name of Doctor Peter E. Jones, mostly in English with a few articles in Chippewa.

A periodical called "Our Monthly" printed almost entirely in the Muskogee language, was issued in 1870 until 1872. From January 1873 until October 1875 this newspaper was then published at Tullahasse, Creek Nation and edited by the Reverend W.S., and Miss. A. A. Robertson. A weekly journal was started at Muskogee Indian territory being printed in both English and Muskogee. This was called "The Indian Journal" and had its first issue in May 1876. For a time this paper was the official newspaper of the Greek Nation and the title was changed to "Our Brother in Red." It was first a monthly and later a weekly, being printed in English, Muskogee, and Choctaw, and printed from 1872 until 1889.

The official paper for the Choctaw Nation was a newspaper entitled "The Indian Champion" and published weekly at Atoka, Indian Territory from 1884 until 1885. This was written in both English and Choctaw. A paper called "The Indian Chieftain" was started at Vinita Indian Territory and devoted to the interest of the Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaws, Seminoles, Creeks and all other Indians of the Indian territory. This was published from 1882 until 1888.

The Osage Nation at Pushaska, Oklahoma published a paper called "The Indian Herald" from 1875 until 1877. Jeremiah Hubbard a native Indian published "The Indian Moccasin" a monthly at Afton, Indian Territory from January 1893 until 1894.

The Indian missions near the Pacific coast also printed magazines and newspapers for the Indians of their territory. One of these, a juvenile monthly magazine, was printed at the Puget Sound Catholic Mission and edited by Reverend J.B. Boulet. This was set in type, printed and written in part by the pupils of the Industrial Boarding School on the Tulalip reservation in Snohomish County, Washington from May 1881 until May 1886.

A little magazine in the Chinook jargon, called "The Kamloops Wawa" was written in stenographic characters reproduced by Father J. M. R. Le Jenue at Kamloops, British Columbia from May 1891 until December 1904.

A monthly paper printed for two years called "The Paper That Narrates" was published at Stuart's Lake, British Columbia in the Dene syllabic characters which had been invented by Father A. G. Morice. Another paper called "The Hagagae" was printed from June 1893 until February 1895 in the Nass Indian language and English at the Aiyansh Mission, Nass River, British Columbia.

The Indian School at Carlisle Pennsylvania published several periodicals, among them was "Eadle

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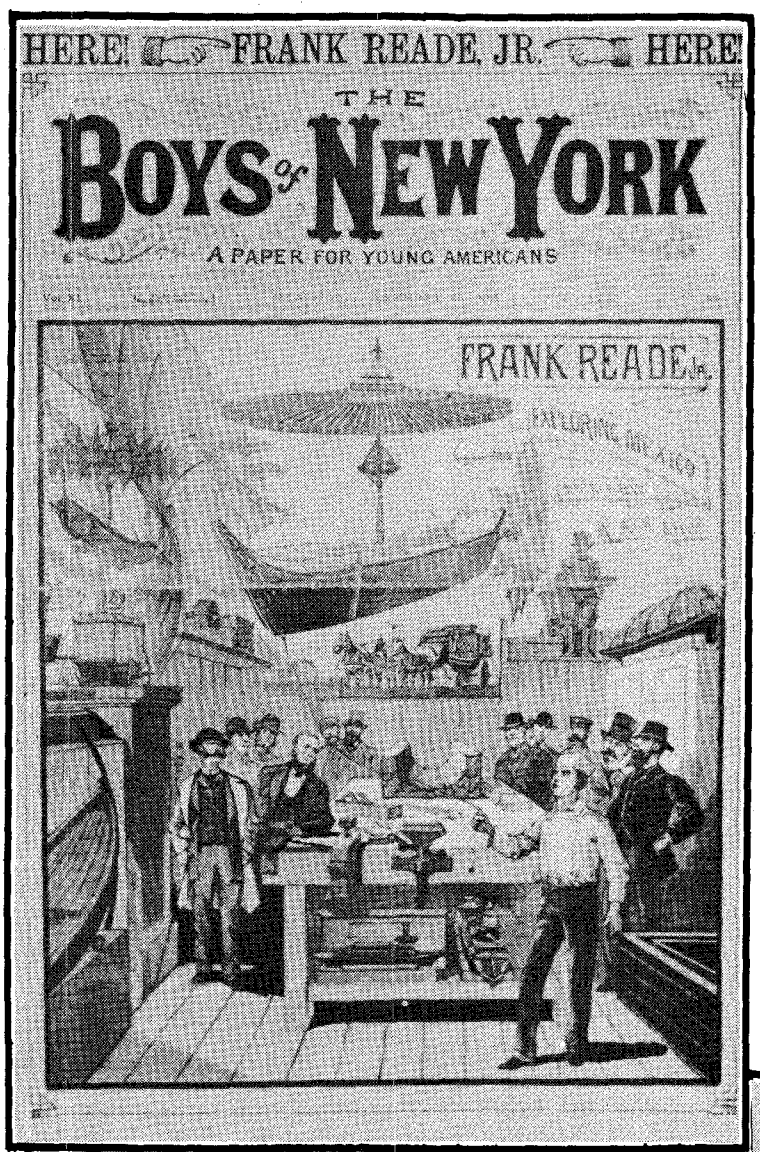

LeBlanc dime novel collection

DIME NOVELS GLORIFYING THE WEST NO. 31. FRANK READE. Frank Reade was a fictional inventor who built land rovers, airships, submarines and other devices which have since become part of our everyday living. With his inventions he roamed the West and other parts of the world seeking out renegade Indians, bandits and other evildoers. He even pursued the James gang and was defeated only in that Bob Ford shot Jesse James in the back before he had time to make the capture. The illustration shows Frank with models of his many inventions.

Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department

Gillette, Wyoming in 1892. Gillette was and still is an important cow town in northeastern Wyoming.

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PICTORIAL

Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology

REAL WEST INDIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY NO. 47. PAINTED HORSE. An Oglala Sioux photographed by Heyn and Matzen in 1900.

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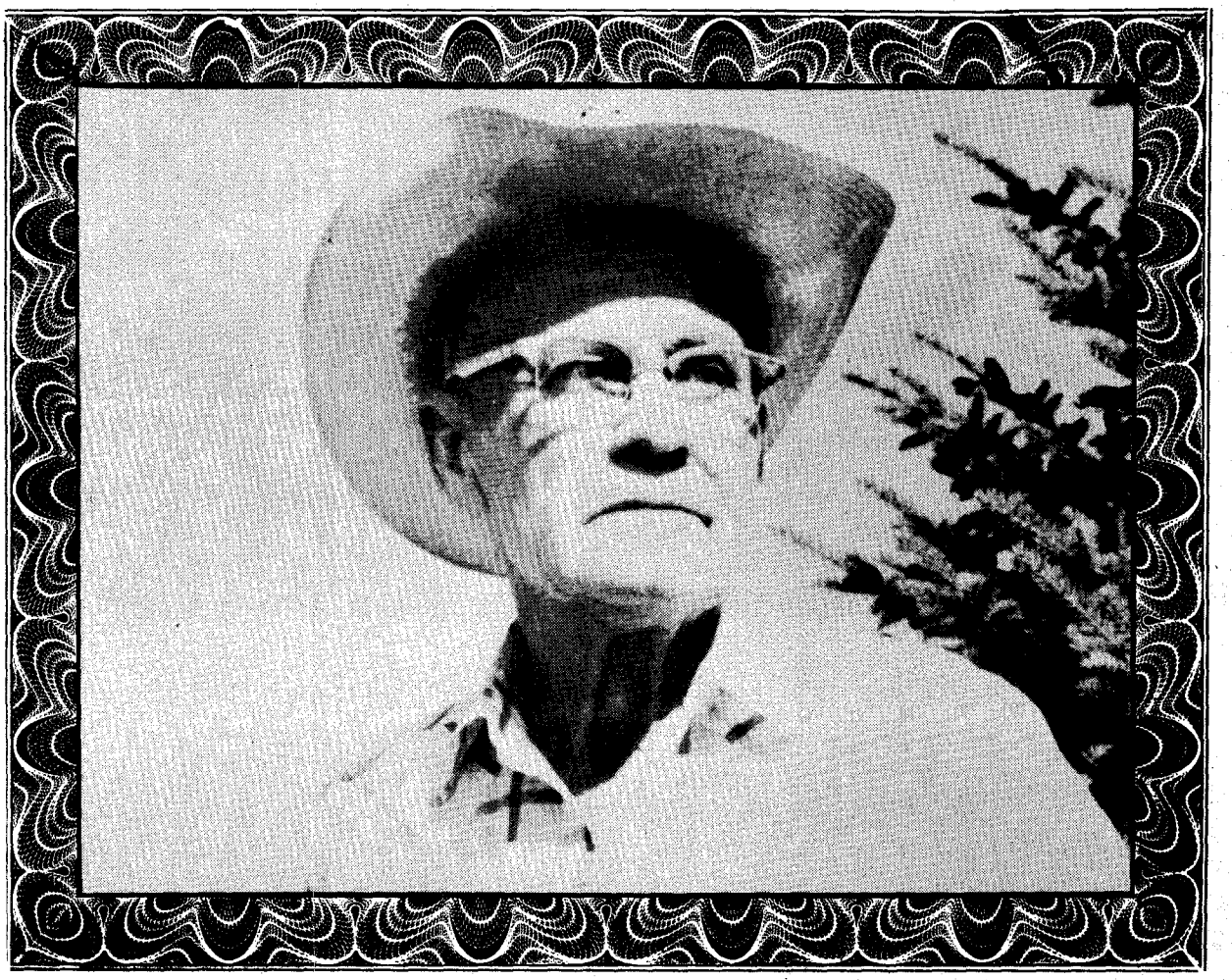
FIFTY YEARS FOLLOWING HEEL DUST

By Maurice Kildare

The half century career of a cowman who saw the free grass ranges disappear and barbed wire put up to mark off the huge ranches in Montana. H. A. "Tot" Nett killed cattle-killing grizzles, wolves, and tracked rustlers in his lifetime on the range.



H. A. Nett Collection

H. A. "Tot" Nett spent a life time raising cattle in Montana.

Tot Nett entered the leafy brush following the wounded grizzly, a very dangerous thing to do under any circumstances. But he had an overwhelming desire to finish off the stock killing beast and tossed all caution to the winds.

It was shady, almost dark in the brush under the trees on Ford River. He sat down, smelling the huge bear but unable to see it. Suddenly the brush began crashing apart near at hand as the grizzly, locating him by scent, charged in blundering rage.

When it was spotted faintly through the foliage about ten feet away there existed barely enough time to raise the .30-06 caliber high powered rifle. Fortunately Tot finished it off with one well placed bullet.

That spring when grizzlies began coming down out of the Rockies into cattle range this one killed two yearling heifers, eating no part of them. Finding tracks at the scene of the kills he traced them across open range to the stand of close growing timber. As he dismounted and moved towards the edge, rifle held at ready, the grizzly disclosed its hiding place by rearing upward on hind feet, fangs bared and growling. A quick aim at the heart sent a bullet into the ferocious beast that only wounded it. The hurt monster dived back into the brush. Knowing better, Tot followed. That one bear was costing his outfit hundreds of dollars in slain cattle.

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This incident, in all his years riding after cattle, was the closest shave with death that he ever faced.

Like many other men of the glamorous west whose entire lifetime business was solely cattle, H. A. "Tot" Nett started in it when reaching man-size. In old Montana that was about twelve years of age.

Even before then he was handling livestock working in his father's Augusta livery stable. The odor of tanbark tanned leather, the smell of greased harness and sweaty horses fairly fascinated young Tot.

His father owned cattle and horses on a nearby ranch when he was born in Augusta January 15, 1899. He began riding when a small boy. When his father sold out he started working school vacation summers for the LF ranch owned by the J. B. Long Cattle Company a few miles west of town.

He began in 1912 and in 1916 became a regular hand for $30 per month. Thus began fifty years of following cattle, associated with one outfit until his retirement in 1966.

As a cowboy and cowman he saw the free grass ranges disappear and barbed wire fences come into existence. Nearly all of the big cattle companies controlling many tens of thousands of acres of range in the Sun River country were replaced by smaller outfits.

Soon after starting to work for the LF on a permanent basis he was drawing a top hand's wages, and on July 1, 1940 became general manager. Before then a lot of winter snow had sifted down and water flowed through the coulees and creeks into the rivers, not to mention somehow surviving the ghastly winters of fierce blizzards and below zero temperatures.

It took an experienced cow man with plenty of know-how to profitably raise cattle in western Montana of yesterday. Yet the handsome, genial and now graying Tot possessed what it required. Perhaps more than most he appreciated the beautiful land of his nativity, the wonderful land of individual freedom despite the many handicaps.

The still operating great LF is one of the most famous of cattle ranches in the Sun River country. The wide, lush coulee in which the headquarters ranch stands where Smith Creek enters Ford River (formerly designated as a creek) was originally occupied by Samuel S. Ford from Fort Benton in the early 1860's. He ran cattle in the great coulees and on the prairie ranges despite Indian raids and the often terrible winters when the largest animals froze to death.

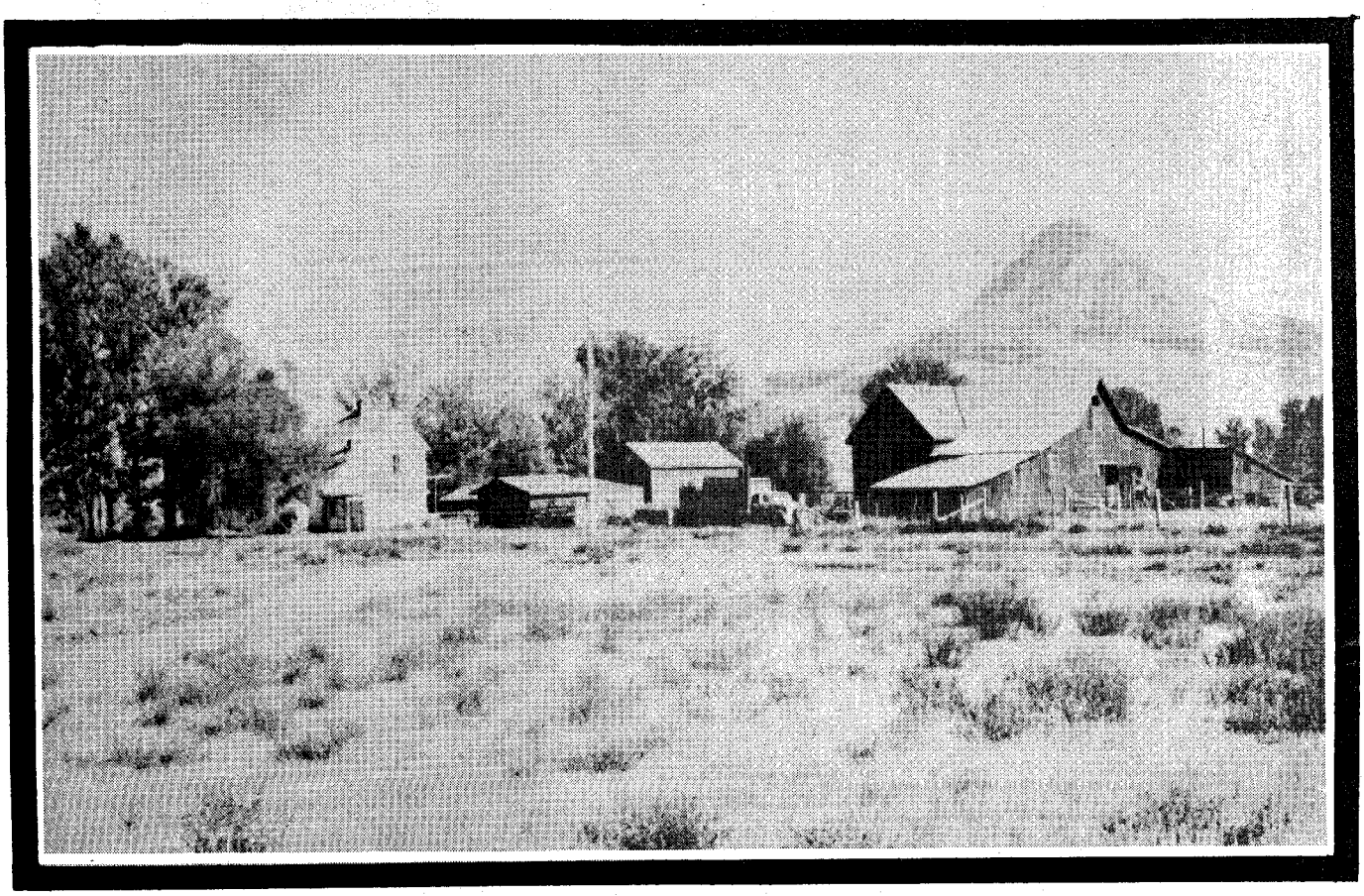
In 1898 Ford sold 5,000 head of cattle and 7,000 acres of deeded land to E. Beach for $100,000. Ford, who had pioneered that region before any other cattlemen arrived, then moved to Great Falls.

Beach gathered and sold $90,000 worth of rough cattle. Ford had kept all kinds of stray breeds, some of them worthless. Beach brought in 5,000 head of slab-sided two and three year old steers to range fatten for market. The most famous picture of all cattle land was made when this herd was turned loose to graze in the coulee. It was printed in Germany.

The several Ford and Beach brands were bought in 1910 by J.B. Long who vented them all into the LF iron.

At the time Tot advanced to the status of top hand Alex Swanson was manager of the LF. The outfit was having plenty of trouble over thefts by the Blackfeet Indians on their northern range (free grass) southwest of old Choteau.

Tot was sent there as boss of a small crew to try stopping the losses cutting deeply into the company's profits. He solved the situation by calling a meeting of the tribal leaders. From then on everytime the Blackfeet held a celebration or ceremony, and especially on Thanksgiving and Christmas, he gave them one or more beeves. This immediately halted the indiscriminate stealing.



H. A. Nett Collection

The LF ranch with Haystack Butte in the background.

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This off-shoot ranch north of Sun River was then known as the Willow Creek (big) section. He went there in 1922. Two years later the company decided to pull out of that area except for the small ranch that is still operating on the south side of Sun River. Tot with his wagon crew gathered 3,000 head of cattle and brought them down to the main LF ranch then running about 2,500.

At this time Hereford cows were being bred to Angus bulls. But the heifer calves were spayed and fattened, sold along with the steers as beef critters. This cross supposedly produced a heavier meat animal, being short legged and less topping out feeding required. After several years experimenting this method of breeding was dispensed with and the LF returned solely to producing blooded Hereford cattle.

At first the outfit dipped twice a year but as the range became eradicated with ticks, only once a year became necessary.

Thefts on the range were never large but there was always some going on. As in all cattle land wherever a four footed animal walked some derelict always tried to figure out a sure way to steal it for personal profit.

Many big weaner calves were rustled. Beefing on the range was a common practice, sales being easy to other ranches, settlers and even butcher shops in the small towns.

A good many thieves were caught and convicted in county court down at Helena, which stopped depredations in some measure. Tot being a first rate cow man took few chances. It was his responsibility to produce cattle for the company at a profit. Therefore the ranges under his control were circled often by riders, especially in the fall when thieves were most active. They caught sign of their activity if any were working.

There were also petty thieves of another stripe. One stole a horse and riding equipment, including a pair of chaps from the saddle shed and a rifle, in the middle of the night. The theft was discovered the next morning when the crew went forth to do the pre-dawn chores. Taking two men Tot went over the thief's tracks. He was captured, brought back, convicted and got a mere six months sentence in the county jail.

One stormy night a stranger walked in. He was hospitably given supper and a bunk in the crews shack. The next morning after breakfast he started hiking in the direction of Augusta. Bad weather turned him around and he was back around sundown. Again he was provided accommodations.

Before daylight the stranger disappeared along with a horse and saddle from the shed. It was a snowy, very cold day but the small, bow-legged cowboy who lost the saddle was badly put out. On another horse and borrowed saddle he took after the crummy thief who had abused a guest's privileges at the LF where no one was ever turned away.

For six weeks despite inclement weather and sometimes losing the trail briefly he kept after the thief. Finally he closed in, capturing his man.

Two months after going to work for the LF Tot was raised to $40 a month. When Manager Barley Buck took over from Swanson he was paid $150 as top hand and foreman. Later when he became manager Tot says that his troubles acquired by greater responsibilities really began.

There were no shootings, no killings anywhere on the extensive ranch that had 100 miles of drift fence necessary to ride and maintain. But thieves, wild animals and the climate became the bane of his existence.

While the stealing was being handled the haying had to go on during July and August. When severe winters hurled down, cattle had to be fed in the storm protected coulees. The hay was cut and stacked on the feeding grounds surrounded by protective fences.

Likely as not the very first storm

H. A. Nett Collection

Tot Nett in 1916 when he first went to work for the J. B. Long Cattle Company.

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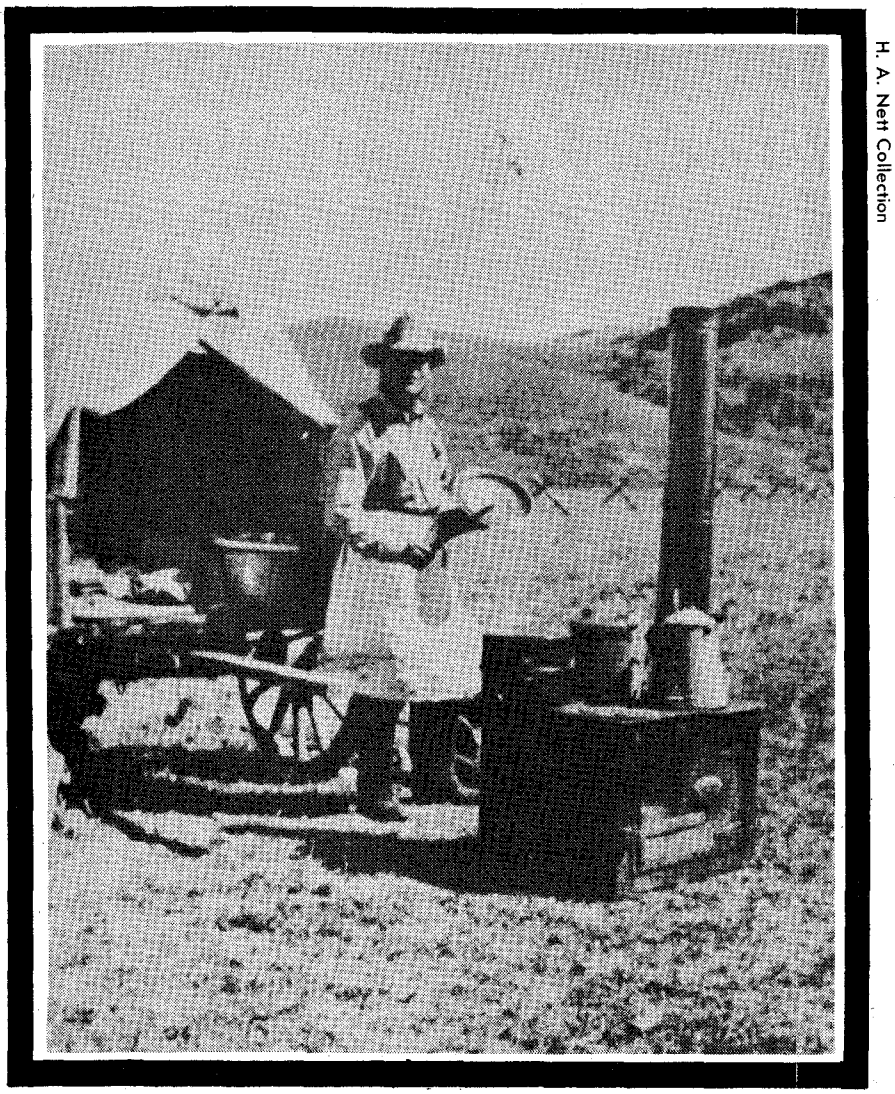
would drive down 2,000 to 3,000 head of elk from the Lewis and Clark range of the Rockies. Breaking through any kind of fence, these wild animals would eat a big hay stack before a cow critter ever got to it. They had to be driven out for in a single night they could, and did, destroy several stacks. This went on until the state established an elk patrol of riders at base of the Rockies to spread elk on range away from cattle country.

Grub to feed the LF was brought in by the wagon (and truck) load twice a year. Tot could figure on being snowed in for at least five months with the varying temperatures mostly below zero. The only relief would be a chinook. Cattle had to be looked after in the coulees where they had been brought from distant ranges.

At the main ranch house sometimes there was also a few difficulties. One year the charming Mrs. Nett ran out of dry yeast cake to make bread. This particular spring happened to be a long one blowing in. Baking powder to make biscuits also became in short supply.

But surprisingly, there remained plenty of smoking and chewing tobacco on the storeroom shelves. None of the crew would face a ride through the deep snow and icy wind to Augusta for yeast cake. Before long Mrs. Nett was getting weary of producing nothing but biscuits'



H. A. Nett Collection

Cook and chuck wagon at a cow camp on LF range.

H. A. Nett Collection

Five thousand steers turned loose on the LF ranch.

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H. A. Nett Collection

New born calf being hauled in by Tot Nett before it could freeze to death in the severe Montana winters.

three times a day the hard way.

Very soon Tot and the cowboys discovered they were surprisingly and alarmingly running out of tobacco.

With only a few sacks of Bull Durham and Golden Wheat smoking, and a couple of plugs of eating tobacco left, of course some one volunteered to ride into town for a new supply. Naturally he could also bring back two little wooden boxes of dry Yeast Foam cakes.

This was done and once more Mrs. Nett produced loaves of bread and fluffy biscuits. Thereafter the sacks of tobacco and chewing began reappearing on the storeroom shelves beside the cartons recently brought from town.

When Tot relates this story Mrs. Nett only smiles demurely.

Late spring storms were always costly to the calf crop. When icy winds lowered the temperature to around zero and often below, the mother cows had to be watched day and night.

The new born calf would freeze to death in a few minutes unless taken to the sheds immediately. This was accomplished by hauling the little critter on a sled, or a piece of flint cowhide that slid over frozen grounds or through the snow. This was done with a saddle rope attached to either device. The mother cow always followed her off-spring into the shed where both were bedded in straw. But sometimes the mother through protective instinct would attack the rider enroute.

During the winter months the far ranging wolves killed calves and yearlings. Cowboys were furnished rifles to shoot all encountered, including black bear when they came out of hibernation in the spring.

For several years inroads of carnivore became so serious that the youngest and weak cattle had to be corraled at night. Despite all precaution some losses were still sustained.

Of course the most wanton, bloodiest of wild killers was the grizzly of which Montana seemed to have more than its share. One cold spring another big grizzly tore through the corral fence and killed six coming yearlings within a few minutes.

Aroused by the commotion, cowboys rushed from the bunkhouse with ready rifles. But the grizzly escaped the corral and disappeared into the night before they got there.

A government hunter was called in. From an airplane he followed tracks in the deep snow, located the grizzly and killed it.

On a night in 1916 a pack of wolves got inside the corral where weaned calves were kept and killed sixteen. Tracks were followed by hunters and several shot. Poison bait was then placed in strategic places where wolves ran on the range. For the time being the packs preying on the LF were wiped out. That was a long, hard winter, the worst in thirty years and ten percent of LF cattle froze to death.

Even hunters gave the LF a bad time raising cattle. Plain cows, big and broad and surely unmistakable were often shot, some times in daylight. In one instance Tot found one shot right between the eyes, which caused him to think maybe the hunter had done so in falling dusk.

A hornless white faced Hereford mistaken for a deer or elk? Hardly likely. That hunter was likely provoked after an unsuccessful hunt, had a grudge against the LF or a mighty bad case of buck fever.

Cooks on the LF and with the wagon roundup crews were an unusual set of characters. Mrs. Nett did the cooking at LF headquarters when the crew cut down to a few men. When spring opened up the vast range country fourteen to twenty riders were needed and a cook was hired. Always one, and maybe a second for an extra crew. With each wagon there were always representatives from other ranches who were also fed.

The best cook that ever worked for the LF, Tot says, was Roy Moore.

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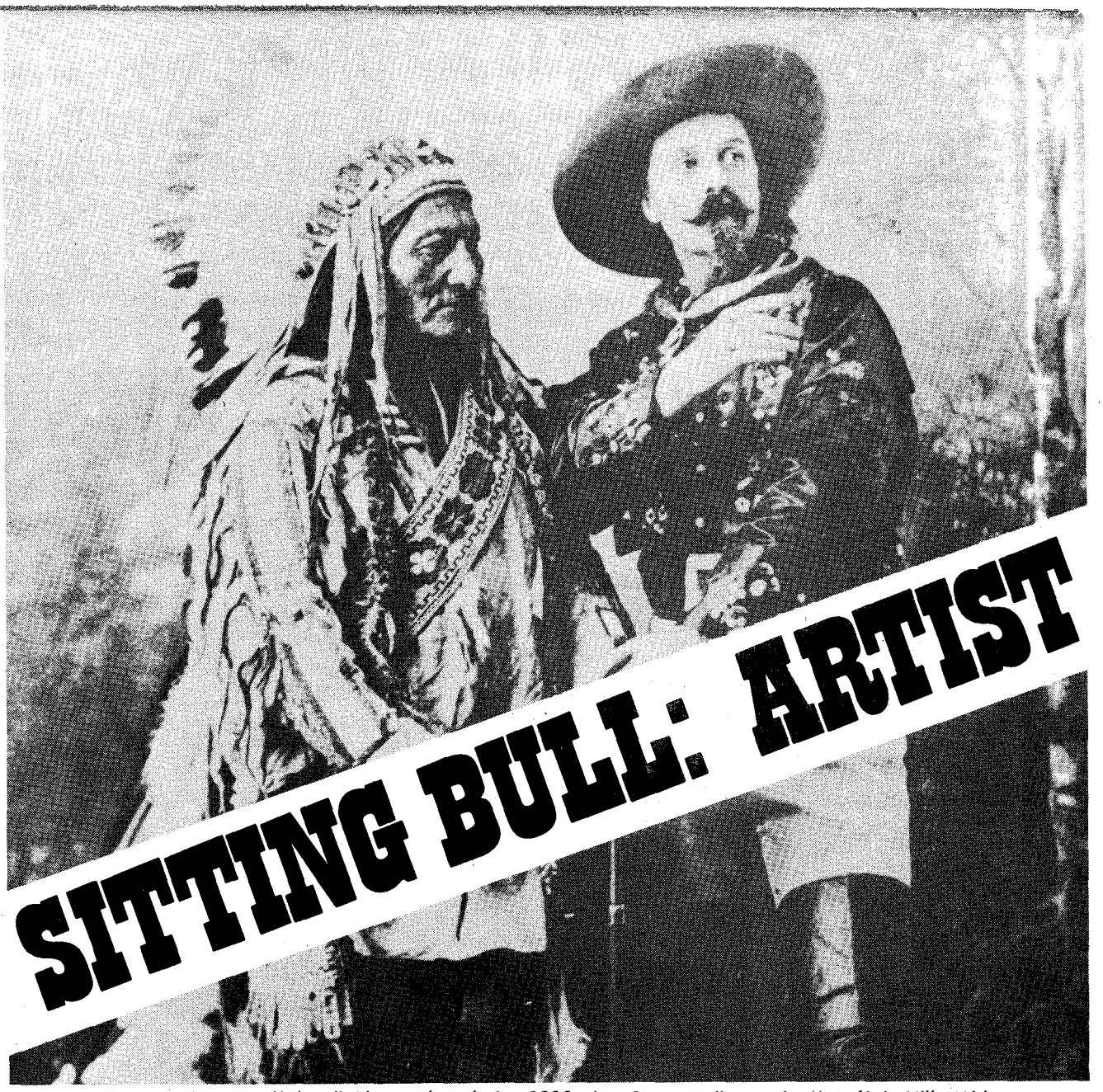

Smithsonian Institution National Anthropological Archives, Bureau of American Ethnology Collection

SITTING BULL: ARTIST

Sitting Bull with Buffalo Bill. Photo taken during 1885 when Sitting Bull toured with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.

Unprincipled, cynical newspapermen and government representatives deliberately accused the fine old chief of the Hunkpapa Sioux of the murder of Lt. Col. George Armstrong Custer. The fact that Sitting Bull was far from the battleground, ill from old wounds, didn't prevent the liars from besmirching the old warrior's name.

by Norman B. Wiltsey

Few students of Western Americana know that Sitting Bull, medicine man and famed head chief of the Hunkpapa division of the Sioux Nation, left a pictorial record of his early life. Fewer still realize that these unusual pictures have been in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington since 1915, where for some reason or none they have been withheld from public display. Most surprising of all is the excellent artistic quality of these drawings and the fact that they played a considerable role in the depicting of Sitting Bull as the "Red Butcher of the Plains," the "Savage Destroyer of the gallant Custer and his Seventh Cavalry at the Little Big Horn," etc., etc.

The depiction was utterly false, stemming from the harsh prejudice of the Indian-hating public. The fact was that Sitting Bull, suffering from the effects of old wounds and fatigue from a rigorous Sun Dance ritual of a week before the brief battle of the Little Big Horn, took no active part in the Custer fight. The allied tribes of Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes were brilliantly led by Crazy Horse and Gall of the Oglala Sioux, and Two Moons of the Cheyennes. The tough professional fighting men of the U.S. Army were well aware that the dashing Custer was solely responsible for the annihilation of himself and 264 men of the Seventh. The glory-hunting Lieutenant-Colonel, envisioning a Presidency in his future if he won a smashing victory over the Indians, had rashly attacked a superior force in curiously hesitant and bungling fashion and been wiped out. President Grant, old soldier that he was, put the blame squarely where it belonged — on the shoulders of the flamboyant cavalry leader.

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Writing in the *Army and Navy Journal*, Grant stated with his characteristic bluntness: "I regard Custer's massacre as a sacrifice of troops, brought on by himself, that was wholly unnecessary. He was not to have made the attack but effect the juncture with Terry and Gibbon. He was notified to meet them on the 26th (of June), but instead of marching slowly as his orders required in order to effect the juncture on the 26th, he entered on a forced march of 83 miles in 24 hours, and thus had to meet the Indians alone on the 25th." (June 25th, 1876)

General Terry, leader of one of the columns with which Custer had been ordered to unite before attacking the Sioux, grimly called the sanguinary affray a "sad and terrible blunder."

In short, the villification of Sitting Bull in the public mind came *after* the battle of the Little Big Horn. One prominent factor in the smear campaign was the chief's pictorial autobiography and the bloodthirsty interpretation placed upon it by a sensation seeking reporter on the *New York Herald*. In the cynical newspaper parlance of this day, it was a typical "snow job" and it worked only too well on the gullible public.

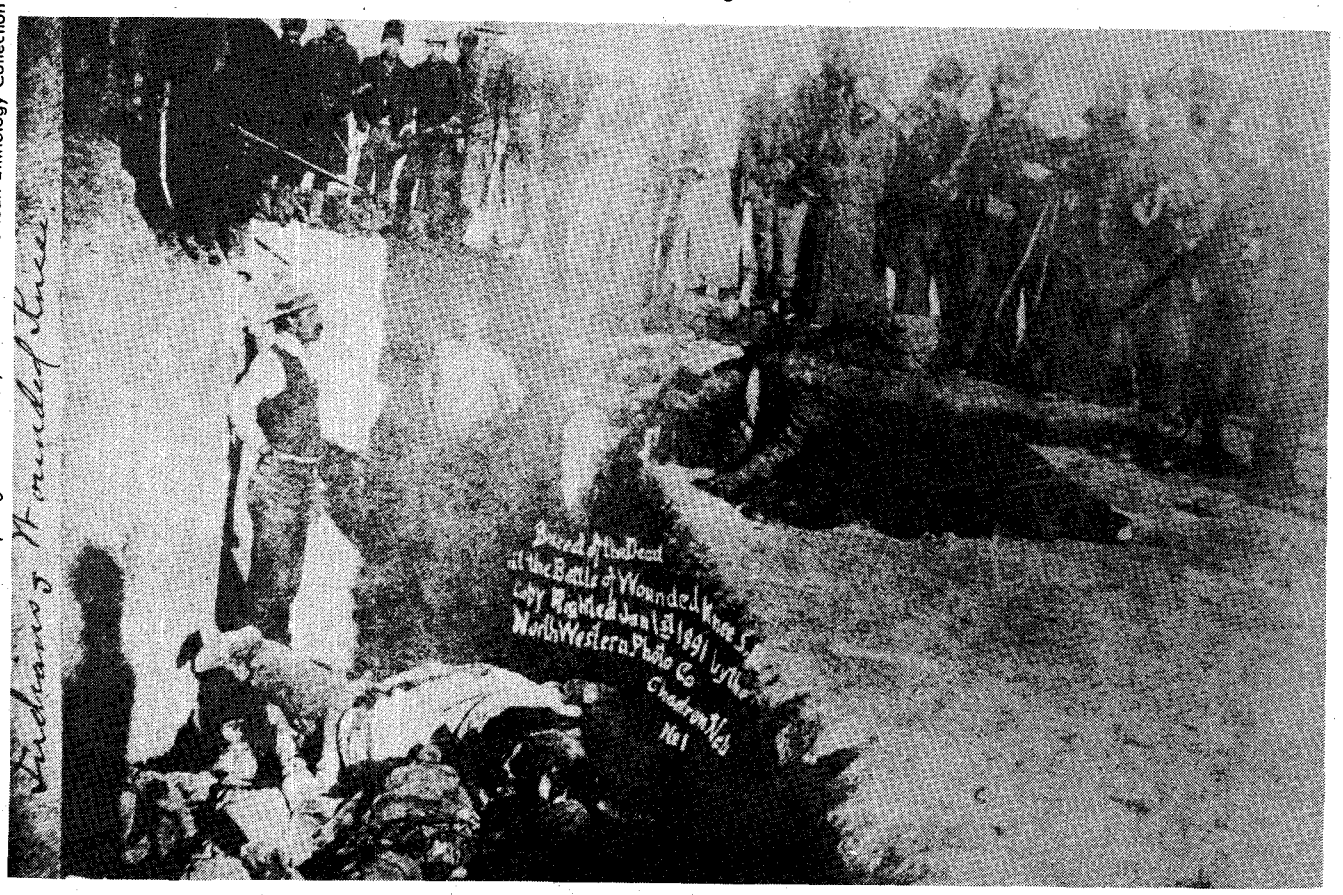
Sitting Bull had begun the sketches in the summer of 1870 when he had, as yet, suffered little contact with the proliferating white invaders of his country. He had completed only those sketches covering his early life by the fall of that year, when they were stolen from his lodge by a larcenous Yankton Sioux and taken to Fort Buford on the Missouri River for possible sale to the many Army officers there.

The drawings — or technically, pictographs — were outlined in ink and meticulously shaded with colored paints in brown, blue, and red. In the corner of each picture was Sitting Bull's "totem" or personal signature, a buffalo bull sitting on his haunches. It has been stated by art critics that the flat style of the pictographs, with their simple design and bright colors, somewhat resembles the work of the noted French painter Henri Matisse. The Army officers at Fort Buford were not interested in the unusual quality of the primitive paints but in the fact that the artist had made the sketches on the backs of muster sheets from an old roll-book of the 31st Infantry Regiment.

Obviously the Sioux had captured a supply wagon of the 31st containing the book. All the scenes depicted Sitting Bull counting *coup* in some manner over his enemies. The first sketch, for example, showed him as a young brave in his first battle, a fight with the Crows. In this pictograph, Sitting Bull charges his enemy and strikes him with his coup-stick. Pictographs 4 and 5 of the unfinished set of 19 shows him lancing, respectively, a Crow woman and a Crow brave. Not until pictograph 11 does the young artist-warrior get into action against the white men, when he is shown killing a soldier. In number 12 Sitting Bull strikes a white man with his coup-stick; in number 13 he shoots a soldier with an arrow and is in turn wounded in the hip when the soldier turns in his saddle and fires upon him. Numbers 14 through 19 show Sitting Bull counting coup on white men by striking them with his bow.

In the Sioux battle code, it was a far braver exploit to count coup on an enemy than to kill him, so if Sitting Bull was recording facts, and there is no reason to believe that he was not he was a valiant young warrior.

The thieving Yankton readily admitted that he had stolen the pictures from Sitting Bull, but blandly disclaimed any knowledge of a supply wagon taken by his tribesmen. Tired of grilling him, the Army officers gave the thief a dollar and a half's worth of provisions in exchange for the pictographs and sent them on to Washington. There a bored custodian at the Army Medical Museum received them, filed them away and forgot them.



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Burial of the dead on the battlefield at Wounded Knee, 1891.

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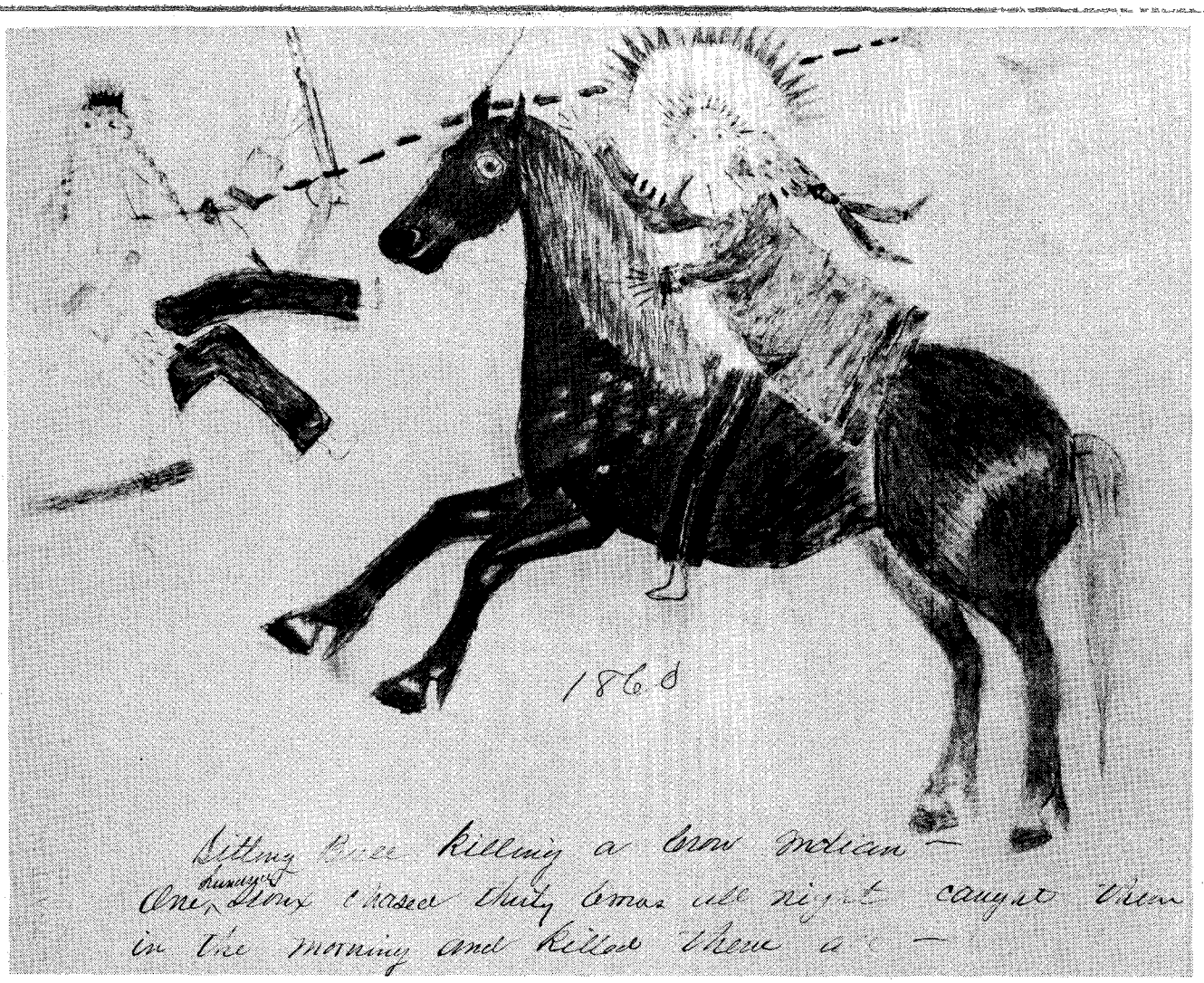

Smithsonian Institution National Anthropological Archives, Bureau of American Ethnology Collection

Drawing No. 2 from the Sitting Bull pictographic autobiography.

When the incredible news of the destruction of Custer and nearly half of his regiment at the Little Big Horn reached the shocked and outraged East, an enterprising *New York Herald* reporter remembered Sitting Bull's drawings in the Army Medical Museum in Washington. Sensing a story, he wangled official permission to examine the pictographs. Sure enough they were full of killings. One of them number 4 actually showed the fiendish red devil lancing a woman! Happily, the reporter sat down and wrote a lurid story of this savage red-skinned brute who boasted of his murders in sketches for all the world to see. The story hit the headlines, won the reporter a raise from $12 to $18 a week, and started the dark legend of Sitting Bull, the "Red Butcher of the Plains." The chief's sinister reputation was to grow more infamous with each passing year.

Back from a five-year sojourn in Canada after the Custer battle, Sitting Bull with 186 tattered, weary followers, surrendered to Major Brotherton, Commanding Officer at Fort Buford, on July 19, 1881. The newspaper correspondent at the Fort reported that the chief cried out dramatically as he handed over his Winchester rifle: "Let it be recorded in the white man's newspapers that I was the last member of the Sioux to lay down his gun!"

Actually the harried leader of the Sioux was too exhausted to speak at all when he surrendered. All the Sioux but Sitting Bull were taken to Standing Rock Reservation in North Dakota, but the chief was removed to Fort Randall and not permitted to join his people at Standing Rock until May 10, 1883.

Sitting Bull got along well with the soldiers at Fort Randall, who felt nothing but respect for a valiant ex-enemy. While at Randall the chief was questioned about the set of sketches stolen from him in 1870. Still fearing belated reprisal for the Custer battle, Sitting Bull refused to commit himself until he saw the actual paintings. After much palaver, the paintings were finally brought out from Washington for the chief's inspection. He identified the sketches as his and carefully explained each scene except the ones showing the killing of white men. "Now that the fighting is over, it is bad medicine to stir up old hatreds," he explained through an interpreter. He also expressed surprise at the white man's shock at the sketch depicting him lancing a Crow woman. "The women of the Crows often fought beside their men in battle," he stated. "If *I* had not killed *her*, she certainly would have killed *me!*"

Remembering the numerous Sioux women and children ruthlessly shot down by the soldiers in many raids on Sioux villages, Sitting Bull must have found their squeamishness over the slain Crow woman ironic indeed. He did, however, accept an Army officer's offer to provide paints, brushes, and paper needed to complete his pictorial autobiography.

During the two years of his detention at Fort Randall, Sitting Bull made two more sets of sketches: one series of 23 and another of 13. The set of 23 he gave to Lieutenant Wallace Tear, who had befriended the lonely warrior exiled from his family and tribesmen. The chief presented the

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smaller set to Daniel Pratt, the post trader at Fort Randall. Both sets traveled by devious routes through the years to the Smithsonian Institution, where they remain today.

Some interesting changes were noticeable in the later series of pictographs. The 1870 sketches were drawn in a flat, primitive, two-dimensional style; the work done in the early 1880's was three-dimensional. In two of the paintings presented to Pratt, the chief made a creditable attempt to show people full-face rather than in profile, which was all he could manage in 1870. Also, in the set presented to Lieutenant Tear, he scrawled his name in English. The twin mysteries were explained when it was disclosed that a German artist named Rudolf Cronau had visited Sitting Bull at Fort Randall and given him some rudimentary lessons in technique. An American trader named Gus Hedderick had taught the chief to write his own name during the Sioux's long stay near Wood Mountain in Canada.

The nation-wide hatred of Sitting Bull flared to new heights of anger and insult in 1884 when the chief made the grievous error of accepting the invitation of one Colonel Alvaren Allen to make a public appearance of 15 cities of the United States. Colonel Allen, after getting an official okay from Washington to take the chief on tour, promised Sitting Bull that he would have an opportunity to talk to the President in Washington about the many grave problems of his people. This specious pledge was the only reason Sitting Bull agreed to make the arduous tour.

Predictably, the chief was never given the opportunity to meet President Arthur. Allen carted him around the country solely to exhibit him as "the fiendish slayer of General Custer." Sitting Bull could speak no English, and whenever he greeted his hostile but curious audiences in Sioux, Allen or one of his barkers interpreted his friendly words as a ghastly description of how the Sioux had destroyed the soldiers at the Little Big Horn.

The same callous formula was followed the next year when Sitting Bull toured with Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West Show. Cody's sideshow barkers threw in added colorful touches by bawling that the chief planned to go on the war-path again and "wipe all the palefaces from the face of the earth!" The naive crowds of that long-gone day believed each fiery statement implicitly and cursed the chief and spat upon him. Five minutes after each hectic performance they were eagerly buying autographed photographs of Sitting Bull at one dollar apiece. Annie Oakley, the famed woman sharpshooter who also was on tour and became one of the chief's few friends, stated that Sitting Bull gave away his photograph money to ragged small boys as quickly as he received it. "The chief couldn't understand the contrast of wealth and poverty he saw on all sides in every city we played," explained Annie. "In the Indian society everything was share and share alike down to the last pound of meat, and Sitting Bull was depressed and saddened by this added evidence of the white man's greed."

The chief traveled with the show for several months, in the United States, Canada, and England. His treatment by the American crowds was in striking contrast to that he received in Canada and England. With cold and silent dignity, Sitting Bull endured the boos and curses of the hot-headed Americans, not deigning to reply even when spat upon. In Washington, he shook hands with the President but still was not granted an audience with him.

North of the border and in London, Sitting Bull was acclaimed as "the illustrious Indian general and statesman . . . the *beau ideal* of a straight-forward and honest Indian."

"In the northern land of the Grandmother Queen (Victoria) I am a hero, while in the land of the Great Father I am a villain," mused Sitting Bull. "Yet in both places I am the same man, and in both places the land was stolen from the Indian. It is all very strange!"

Showman Cody, far from being annoyed at the chief's popularity in Canada and England, was delighted. It made great business for the show, and that was all that mattered to the colonel. At the end of the season, he showed his appreciation with a gift of a trained gray circus horse and a big white Stetson hat matching his own.

Sitting Bull never again went on the road after his 1885 trip with Buffalo Bill. Returning to the reservation that fall, the chief engaged in a five-year power struggle with the Indian Agent Major James McLaughlin to preserve his position as head chief and leader of the Sioux.

The years between 1886 and 1890 at Standing Rock Agency were marked by intrigue and counter-intrigue between Sitting Bull and McLaughlin. The Agent's puppet chiefs — now four in number — did their best to undermine Sitting Bull's widespread influence. Of McLaughlin himself the chief said wearily, "Once I had a jealous woman in my lodge named Snow-on-Her. This Agent reminds me of that jealous woman." That remark was carried to McLaughlin by one of his faithful followers, and the rift between chief and agent widened.

In 1888 Sitting Bull neatly blocked the Government in its effort to buy 11,000,000 acres of Sioux lands at the outrageous price of fity centy an acre. After a solid month of fruitless councils, the exasperated commissioners gave up and returned to Washington.

In 1889 the Government tried again to acquire the coveted Sioux lands. This time, despite Sitting Bull's strong opposition, the deal went through — the coalition against him was too powerful. The chief returned to his cabin with the bitter remark: "There are no Indians left but me!"

Sitting Bull's decline as the powerful leader of the Sioux began with his defeat at the 1889 council. He prophesied that *Wakan Tanka* would turn his face away from His children as a punishment for their selling their ancestral birthplace in *Maka*, the Mother Earth. The puppet chiefs laughed at the grim warning, and Major McLaughlin called it "pagan nonsense." But, in the stark winter of 1889-90, Sitting Bull's prophecy came true.

Drouth had made farming impossible the summer before; the Indians could not make a crop. Starvation and disease stalked each cabin and tipi on the Dakota reservation; the thin, high wailing of women mourning their dead sounded in the desolate camps day and night. Misery was everywhere. Medicines and emergency rations were not forthcoming from Washington. The sad times were ripe for a miracle, and at this opportune moment the Ghost Dance came to the Northern Plains.

Much that is erroneous has been written about the Ghost Dance religion. It was not a pagan religion at all, but simply the Indian's primitive interpretation of Christianity. A young Paiute

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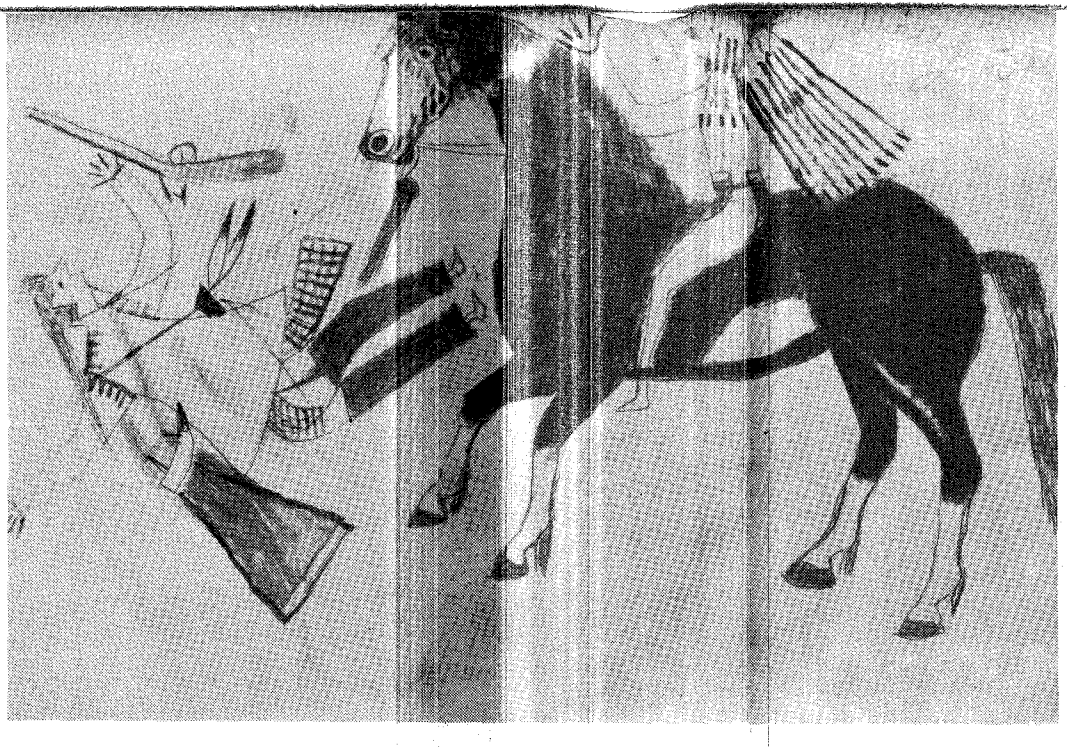

Drawing No. 1 from a pictographic autobiography of Sitting Bull. By Sitting Bull at Fort Randall, South Dakota, 1882.

Smithsonian Institution National Anthropological Archives, Bureau of American Ethnology Collection

named Wovoka started it in Nevada by claiming to be the Indian Messiah sent from heaven to deliver His people from the whites. In their dire extremity, the thought of a Red Messiah was irresistible to the despairing Sioux. All the Sioux, even Sitting Bull, danced the sacred dances and sang the sacred songs while praying for the deliverer to come. Newsmen, totally misunderstanding the fervent dancing and singing, sent dispatches East that the Sioux were dancing to go on the warpath, led by "that bloody monster, Sitting Bull." In response to a wired request from Agent McLaughlin, official word came from Washington to arrest the chief.

On the bleak dawn of December 15, 1890, 43 Indian Police —scornfully called "Metal Breasts" by Sitting Bull's loyal followers in reference to their badges — made the attempt to arrest the great leader of the Sioux. In the savage fight that followed, Sitting Bull, his 17-year-old son Crowfoot, and six of the chief's personal bodyguard were killed. Six of the police were also killed. Sitting Bull's mangled and mutilated body was dumped into a wagon and taken to Fort Yates for hurried burial in a corner of the Post Cemetery; buried in quicklime like the foulest of criminals. At Standing Rock, Agent McLaughlin declared: "The shot that killed him (Sitting Bull) put a stop forever to the domination of the ancient regime among the Sioux of the Standing Rock Reservation."

In that statement, at least, McLaughlin spoke truth of the assassinated chieftain. For assassinated he surely was, a fact that was recognized and publicized by the newspapers of the day. The *New York Herald* of December 17, 1890, contained this illuminating dispatch from its correspondent at Standing Rock Agency:

"It is stated today that there was a quiet understanding between the officers of the Indian and military departments that it would be impossible to bring Sitting Bull to Standing Rock alive, and if brought in, nobody would know precisely what to do with him. He would, though under arrest, still be a source of great annoyance, and his followers would continue their dances and threats against neighboring settlers. There was, therefore, cruel as it may seem, a complete understanding from the Commanding Officer to the Indian Police that the slightest attempt to rescue the old medicine-man should be a signal to send Sitting Bull to the happy hunting ground."

Needless to add, there were no "threats against neighboring settlers;" indeed the nearest white settler to the bleak Sioux reservation was a good 50 miles distant.

The end came quickly for the forlorn Sioux; the murder of Sitting Bull, their great leader, broke the spirit of the boldest among them. The terrible tragedy of Wounded Knee, in which the Seventh Cavalry avenged Custer's defeat and death of fourteen years before by killing 300 men, women and children of Chief Big Foot's command, followed in the last dark days of December.

Buffalo Bill Cody, who had come out from Chicago to "rescue my ol' pal Sitting Bull," and had his errand of mercy rejected by Major McLaughlin, wept at the chief's death and again at the frightful massacre at Wounded Knee. "If they'd let me go to his cabin alone, I could have brought in the ol' Bull and saved all this killin'" mourned Cody, assuaging his grief with a bottle of redeye whiskey. "And if it hadn't been for them damn pitchers bein' played up in the newspapers, none of this trouble would have started."

True enough, Sitting Bull's graphic pictographs helped to launch the gory legend that led to his violent death — but the yapping of Buffalo Bill's side-show barkers built it up in the public mind. But Cody preferred not to think of that.

●RW

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Conversation with Randy Steffen, Western artist, historian and writer, descendant of Crazy Horse, great leader of the Oglala Sioux.

SITTING BULL, by Stanley Vestal

I FOUGHT WITH CUSTER, by Charles Windolph

GLORY HUNTER, by F. F. Van de Wateter

Contemporary issues of the New York Herald and the Billings, Montana Daily Gazette

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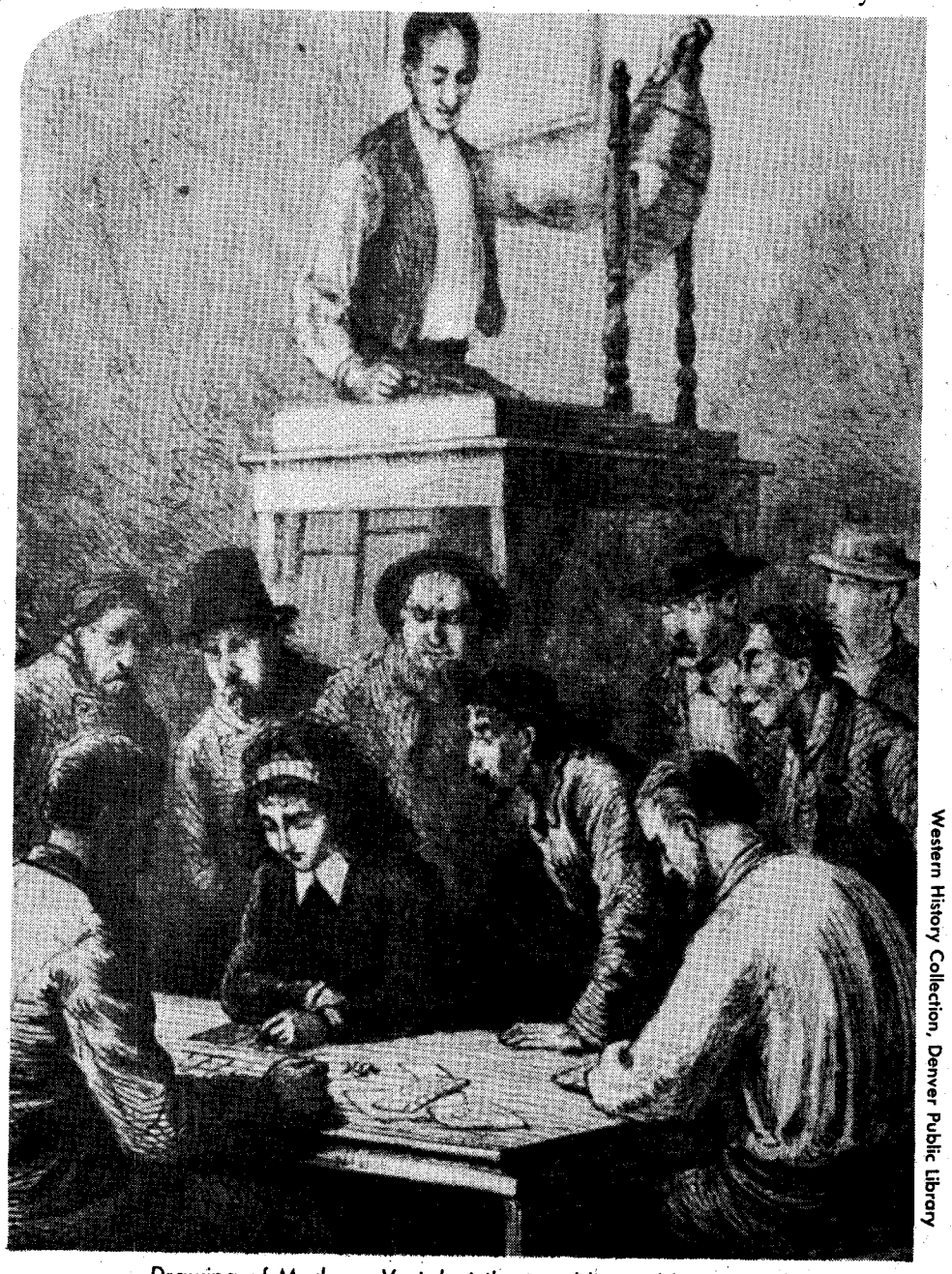
DEADWOOD'S GAMBLING LADY

By Louise Auer



Western History Collection, Denver Public Library

Drawing of Madame Vestal at the gambling table in 1873.

Known variously as Madame Vestal and Lurline Monte Verde, Belle Siddons had one of the most incredible lives any woman ever had. She was a society belle until the Civil War began, when she became a spy, was jailed for it, escaped, and became one of the best gambling women in the West.

During the winning of the west in the last century, a goodly number of lady gamblers treked toward the setting sun in search of the elusive siren, gold, via the games of chance. The most widely acclaimed were, of course, cigar

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smoking Poker Alice who began her career, of necessity, in Lake City, Colorado and Madame Moustache who swept upon the scene in Nevada City, California. But there was another who needs mention, — yes another gambling lady, more beautiful and glamorous than either cool, blonde Alice and dark flamboyant Madame Moustache. For some strange reason she has been all but omitted by historians in the chronicles of the old west. Certainly she had a far more illustrious past. In fact only one other woman of the frontier matched her in that respect but more of that later in this story.

Her name while in Deadwood, (1876-1878) was Lurline Monte Verde. Although she did not start her career in Deadwood and quite a few other frontier towns knew her talents before she made her appearance in South Dakota, she is more closely identified with that city than any other in the west for it was there that she found her greatest happiness and experienced her greatest tragedy and it was there that her ultimate destiny was shaped.

In some ways the life of Monte Verde ran a close parallel with that of Madame Moustache and Poker Alice for like those two while she was lucky at the games of chances she was unlucky in love. And like Madame Moustache when tragedy overtook her she sought solace in the bottle. And like Madame Moustache she died an alcoholic.

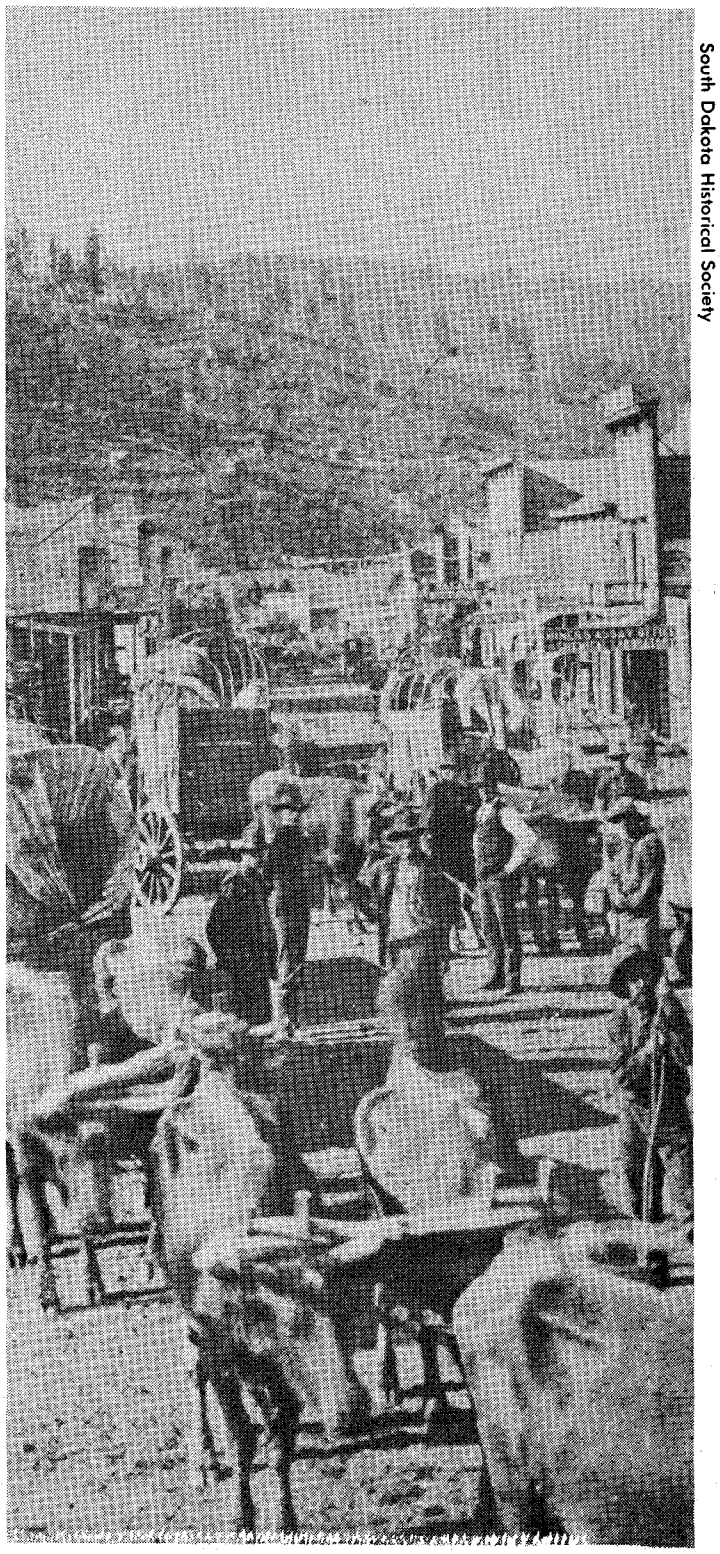
By far the most complete and comprehensive account of Monte Verde's life is contained in the fine book, THE WILDEST OF THE WEST, by Forbes Parhill. In it is a whole chapter devoted to her under the title, MADAME VESTAL. (It was under that name that she operated a gambling house in Denver for a spell. Mr. Parkhill makes note of the fact that she harbored a predilection for changing her name as she changed locations). It is to the above mentioned book that this writer is in a large part indebted for the story of Deadwood's gambling lady as herein presented.

Monte Verde was in her early thirties when she began her gambling career on the western frontier. She was fastidious, and possessed of an ethereal beauty, being dainty with great liquid brown eyes and hair as black as the wing of a crow. Her figure was contoured perfectly with curves where there should be curves. Mr. Parkhill wrote that her smile was of a Mona Lisa quality.

She was born in Jefferson City, Missouri and her true name was Belle Siddons. She was destined to play an important role in the Civil War as a spy for the Confederacy. Evidently her family was prosperous for she was educated in the Female University of Lexington where she learned all the social graces. One of her relatives was the last governor of Missouri before the Civil War.

Came 1861 and the war clouds gathered over the nation. Missouri elected to remain with the Union when the north and South came to an open split. The Union Department of the Mississippi was located in St. Louis and it was in 1861 that General Halleck came to take charge of the department. Mr. Parkhill noted in his book, THE WILDEST OF THE WEST, that even though the Union Headquarters were in St. Louis, the city harbored a great many Southern sympathizers. He also noted that many ladies high in society were included in that number. In fact they became so open and so flagrant in their belief that Halleck issued a manifesto against what he termed the "rebel rousers". But in spite of this some persisted in defying Union authority and boldly helped the enemy, the Confederacy, whenever the opportunity afforded. Of course many were apprehended and when this happened they were forced to flee Missouri.

Belle Siddons was a society belle in St. Louis before the war. She was definitely on the side of the gray. So gracious, so charming and so alluring was she that the Union officers whom she met at social functions threw caution aside and spilled vital Union secrets into her pretty ears. They cared not what the cost might be so long as they might have the pleasure of her charming company. Belle, with her enigmatic smile listened as the officers exposed military plans, cached it all in her memory and straightway informed the Confederates.



South Dakota Historical Society

Main Street in Deadwood. Here Belle Siddons, alias, Madame Vestal and Lurline Monte Verde, ran a gambling house. She fell in love with Archie Cummings, a stage coach robber, and after he was caught and hanged she took to drink and ended her days in San Francisco as a derelict.

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Belle concealed her activities well and operated in St. Louis as a successful spy for a year but in 1862 her subversive role was uncovered and she was arrested upon orders of General Curtis. Belle learned that orders were out for her arrest and made a wild dash on horseback to escape but near St. Genevieve Union officers caught up with her and took her into custody. Written proof of her disloyalty to the Union was discovered upon her person and she was escorted under federal guard to St. Louis. Once in court, with documented proof against her, she had no alternative but to admit that the charges against her were true. As a matter of fact she actually boasted of her treachery, telling the court that she had kept the Confederate generals Nathan B. Forrest and Sterling Price informed of many of the Union movements. She also bragged that it was she who had given Forrest the information which enabled him to frustrate Grant's troops by his raid on the Mobile & Memphis Railway.

She was found guilty and speedily dispatched to the Grand Street Rebel Prison where she was incarcerated. But not for long for she turned the full force of her charms on the provost marshal and he succumbed to them to the extent that after four months he set her free but on the condition that she absent herself from Missouri. This she did and remained away from her home state until after the war.

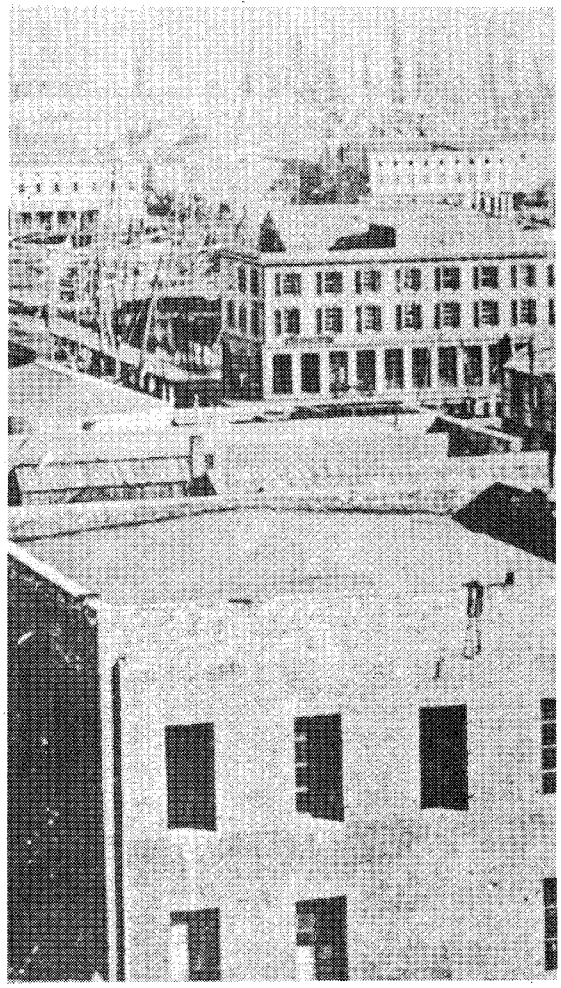
When hostilities between the North and South ended with the Union victorious, Belle returned to Jefferson City and became a lobbyist. She was a huge success. She became acquainted with a Dr. Newt Halleck, an army, surgeon and in a short time married him. The couple decided to try their luck in Texas and moved there where the doctor set up a practice. Belle had a liking for his work so she became his assistant and he taught her about treatment of the ill and also about dissection. She learned fast and helped him greatly. The couple was ideally happy until Dr. Halleck contracted yellow fever and speedily expired of the deadly disease. Belle, out on her own and alone, secured work as a teacher in the Red Cloud Agency. An old Deadwood newspaper advises that she met a gambler and married him and learned that "profession" also. He lived but a short time and after his death began a career as a 21 dealer. Soon she was one of the most expert 21 dealers in the West. She began dealing in a gambling house in Wichita. She speedily acquired a stake and branched out on her own and owned gambling halls in Ellsworth, Fort Hays and Cheyenne. In the winter of 75-76 she moved to Denver where she set up business in a big tent under the name of Madame Vestal. Her place became instantly popular. She had no "soiled doves" to entice the male population. She served free drinks and operated a fair and square place. Huge crowds flocked to her establishment as she was respected and liked by her customers.

Madame Vestal prospered in her tent in Denver until gold was discovered in the Black Hills of South Dakota. Like all previous gold strikes in the west the event triggered the rush of a gold crazed mass of humanity to the promised land, in that case Dakota Territory. The boomer population went on a sharp decline and business began to fall off at Madam Vestal's establishment. Then her help caught the gold fever and left Madame Vestal high and dry.

Madame Vestal straightway made up her mind to trek to the Black Hills and speedily made preparations for the move. First she purchased a large freight wagon and loaded her gambling equipment on it. For her transportation she bought an omnibus. But when she had finished with it it was like no other omnibus of its time. She made it a home on wheels by furnishing it with all the comforts a lady needed such as frilly curtains, a luxurious couch, satin pillows and a cook stove. As a matter of fact it was a crude predecessor of the modern, streamlined mobile home of today. In its day and time it was the ultimate in luxury.

When all was in readiness for her departure Madame Vestal boarded her home on the road and started gaily for Deadwood, S. D. Her route lay via the Cheyenne-Deadwood coach trail. It was dusty and rough but Madame Vestal in whose veins the spirit of adventure flowed like quick-silver enjoyed every mile of the laborious journey.

After eating dust, for mile after mile and being jolted from her head to her heels a triumphant Madame Vestal rode down the dusty, noisy main thoroughfare of Deadwood. Only she came not as Madame Vestal for enroute she had decided upon the romantic name of Lurline Monte Verde.



Courtesy The Bancroft Library

The news of her arrival spread with the swiftness of a prairie fire. The rough miners went wild at the sight of the dainty and lovely lady gambler. Her arrival called for a celebration and what a celebration was staged in her honor! The old newspapers recount that the joyous men lifted her down from her palace on wheels and carried her up and down Deadwood's dusty main street shouting joyously. The newspapers gave her much space praising her beauty and welcoming her to the town. One reporter made note of the fact that she was a "flawlessly groomed beauty, artfully jeweled and gowned." The same writer also mentioned that she was at that time "a total abstainer."

Monte Verde lost no time in getting established on the Deadwood main street. From the first, men flocked to her place to try their luck with the goddess of chance. Her customers were a heterogenous crowd, professional gamblers, legitimate business men, soldiers from the Indian fighting forts, the lawless and the law abiding and the guardians of the

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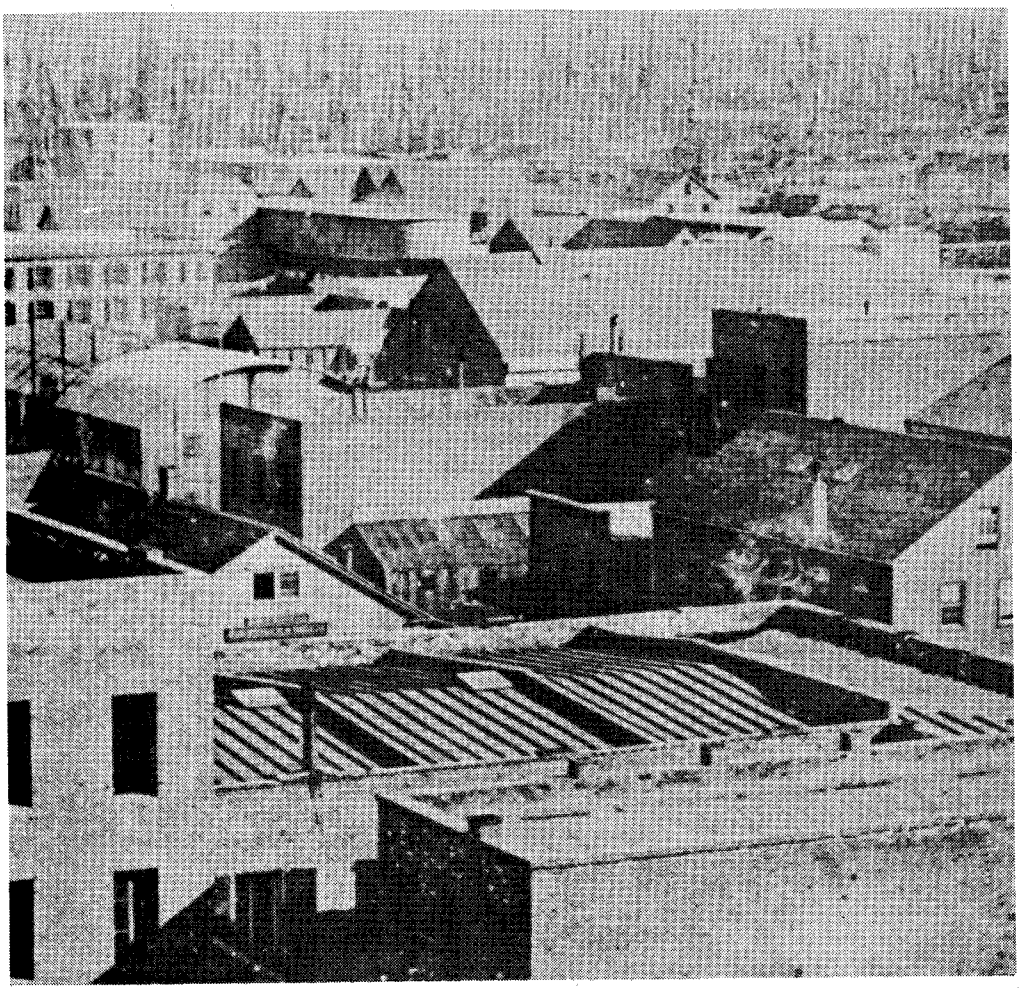

Old San Francisco. Belle Siddons ended her days in San Francisco, a hopeless alcoholic.

law. All those who had come to the Black Hills in search of the precious ore made it to Monte Verde's gay and busy establishment at one time or another. Her place was ever full and there was ever the sound of rolling dice, the slap, slap of the paste boards and the whirring of the wheels of the games of chance. And also there was the sound of laughter and the tinkling of glasses. Among Monte Verde's customers was the famous Wild Bill Hickok and it was while she resided in Deadwood that he was shot in the back by Jack McCall. Monte Verde was making money and she was respected and happy. But her happiness was destined to be short lived and she was soon to encounter the greatest tragedy of her eventful life, a tragedy that was to ruin her career.

Since the death of her doctor husband Monte Verde had shown no interest in men. She was friendly to all but she was strictly business in all her dealings with the opposite sex. The saying that opposites attract certainly holds true of what happened to Monte Verde one night when a big rough man with bold roving eyes strutted into her place. The man was cocky and burly. The petite and dainty Monte Verde gazed into his bold, roving eyes and was lost in the split second that she gazed upon him, for she fell madly in love with him. Arrogantly he started gambling but bad luck was his lot for in no time he was flat broke. As he shrugged his shoulders and started to make his way out Monte Verde stopped him and offered to stake him to the next morning's breakfast. She could not stop herself for it was as if she was hypnotized by the arrogant stranger. His eyes roved over her in appreciation and he introduced himself as Archie Cummings and told her he'd accept the money as a loan but that no woman would pay for his food. Just as McArthur said in the Second World War, so did Archie Cummings vow to come back.

And return he did, just a week later. His pockets bulged with gold. Actually Archie was an outlaw and the money had come from a stage holdup he had maneuvered. Monte Verde's eyes betrayed wild happiness at the sight of him as she made no bones of the fact that she had fallen head over heels in love with him and that he was her man.

Archie did not try to conceal his identity or his "profession". His real name was Archie McLaughlin and he had been associated with the infamous Quantrill in the latter's bloody depredations in Kansas during the Civil War. After the war like many another of the Quantrill henchmen Archie had taken to the Owl Hoot trail rather than honest work. Stage holdups were his specialty and he waxed fat on them. Although this "specialty" was well known in Deadwood no one took any measures to prevent his crimes so consequently Archie went his merry way.

As has been pointed out Monte Verde fell dead in love with Archie at first sight. Of course then she had no way of knowing his line of work, and it is doubtful that it would have made any difference if she had. Certainly it did not when she learned the truth about her lover for her ardor cooled not a bit. Gladly she kept her ears open about stage shipments and gave vital information in this line to her lover. She was in a position to aid him quite a bit for talk flowed loose and fast in her establishment and many stage drivers frequented it.

Archie was no chicken feed hood. He was chiefly concerned with the big gold shipments which went out with a fair regularity on the famed Deadwood Stage Line. And he learned plenty about them from Monte Verde and as a result acted on the tips she gave him.

But finally the law began to take an interest in Archie so flagrant did he become. Boone May, the great lawman of Deadwood, once a stage driver often visited Monte Verde's place in the hopes he would learn something of Archie's depredations and his hunch paid off for one day Monte Verde let slip to him that Archie and his gang planned to hold up a gold freighted stage in Whoop-Up Canyon on the run between Rapid City and Deadwood. Boone immediately made plans to thwart the robbery and capture the gang. He placed special deputies heavily armed inside the stage. Boone was determined to end the coach robberies for all time.

When the stage was enroute to Rapid City, Archie, Billy Mansfield, (one of his henchmen) and others of his gang chopped down a cottonwood tree and let it

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fall across the road. Of course the stage was forced to stop when it came to the blockade. When the snorting horses came to an abrupt halt, Archie and his cohorts ran forward expecting an easy and profitable haul. Alexander Casswell, one of the gang ordered the driver and messengers to hold up their hands. Archie and the other gang members were all around the stage. Instead of meekly handing over the treasure the driver did nothing. Suddenly the guns of the officers inside blazed forth and the air was filled with gun smoke and the whine and whistle of bullets. A bullet hit Casswell in the head killing him instantly. Another bullet smacked into the abdomen of John H. Brown, another of the robber gang. Archie was wounded slightly and Billy Mansfield and another outlaw, Jack Smith escaped injury altogether. The outlaws raced to their horses and left in a flurry of hooves with Brown holding on to his saddle horn. They found a deserted cabin in the woods near Deadwood and holed up.

Brown was gravely wounded. He suffered agony for ten days and his wound became infected and festered. Archie was afraid to call a doctor. Then he remembered that Monte Verde had been married to a doctor and knew medicine and dissection. He sent Billy Mansfield to contact her. Billy sent word to her to meet him in an opium den. She kept the appointment and when Mansfield told her that Archie needed her she followed him to the cabin in the woods. Her lover needed her and she went willingly.

When she reached the cabin and saw Brown suffering she immediately set about helping him. She had no instruments but fashioned a probe from a wire and extracted the bullet. There is a story to the effect that when she had finished her act of mercy the outlaws wanted to kill her to insure her silence but that Archie drew his gun and held the robbers at bay until she escaped the cabin. She made her way back to Deadwood safely.

Thanks to Monte Verde's attention Brown recovered in a short time. He was arrested shortly after and turned state's evidence confessing the full plot and naming Archie, Smith and Mansfield as his partners. So now the law had definite evidence against Archie Cummings. He was a wanted man.

News of Brown's treachery reached Archie and he, Smith and Mansfield eluded the officers and quit the vicinity of Deadwood post haste. They made their way to Cheyenne and Archie sent word to Belle to meet him in San Francisco. But – before the three could get out of Cheyenne they were arrested. It was on the night of November 3, 1878 that they boarded a stage in irons and in the custody of officers to stand trial in Deadwood. But enroute the stage was held up by five masked vigilantes who got the drop on the officers guarding the outlaws and took the prisoners off the coach. The coach was then ordered to proceed which it did in haste as the driver wanted no part of the vigilantes. The outlaws were taken to a cottonwood grove and hanged. There is a story that Billy Mansfield cried and begged for his life but that Archie was defiant to the end, telling the vigilantes that he would never reveal where he had buried his loot from the various holdups he had staged on the Deadwood Coach Line. According to the story the vigilantes hanged him then and there. But there is another story that he was promised a fair trial in a court of law if he would show the vigilantes where his cache lay hidden. He agreed and led them to where his treasure was buried. The vigilantes went back on their word and hanged him anyway. Whatever transpired there the truth of the matter is that Archie Cummings died ignominiously at the end of a rope swung from a cottonwood tree.

When the news of her lover's death reached Belle she was so torn by grief that she swallowed poison hoping to end her life and thus join him in death. Her efforts failed and she recovered. But she no longer cared what happened to her and took to the bottle in an effort to drown her sorrow. She also took opium. She could no longer endure the memories of her happier days in Deadwood and sold out her lucrative business. She pushed on to Cheyenne but she was unhappy and soon left.

Belle became a wanderer on the face of the earth ever seeking forgetfulness but to no avail. She showed up in Leadville in 1879 and for a brief spell ran a successful dance hall. But she was destined to stay in no one place for long so unhappy was she. She drifted on to Las Vegas, New Mexico and after a short stay there pushed on to Tombstone and eventually landed in San Francisco. She was never short of money for she was phenomenally lucky in that she won far more than she lost as no matter how much she drank she never lost her skill as one of the most expert twenty-one dealers in the west. Most of her money slipped through her fingers for liquor in which to steep her grief.

And then she made the newspapers in San Francisco for she was arrested and jailed in 1881. The papers pointed out that although she was well supplied with funds that she was at death's door from alcoholism. She grew so ill that she was taken to a hospital and there she met a chaplain and told him the story of her life.

Whether she survived her illness is not known for there was no more news of her in the papers. It seemed that she had simply vanished from the face of the earth for she was seen no more in her old haunts. And so ended the story of Belle Siddons, alias Madame Vestal, alias Monte Verde. No other woman in the West had as illustrious a past save Pauline Cushman, known as the Scout of the Cumberland during the Civil War when she served the Union as a spy. Although in the last years of her life Pauline had fallen upon evil days and died from an overdose of morphine, the Grand Army of the Republic had not forgotten her and saw that she had a military funeral. She was laid to rest in a blaze of glory as federal rifles clattered out a salute in honor of her services to her country. Where and how poor Belle was buried is not known and probably never will be known.

Belle Siddons, the gambling lady who brought honest pleasure to the miners of the gold and silver camps was of the stuff of which pioneers were made in the old West. Unafraid she met the rough frontier on its own terms and helped push it back. She was also of the stuff of which heroines are made for she risked her life time after time to serve a cause she believed in during the Civil War. All in all the dainty petite Belle was a lot of woman. Certainly she belongs in the galaxy of true pioneer women of the west.

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REFERENCE SOURCES:

THE WILDEST OF THE WEST
by Forbes Parkhill
THE BLACK HILLS PIONEER, DEADWOOD, S. C. June 8, 1876

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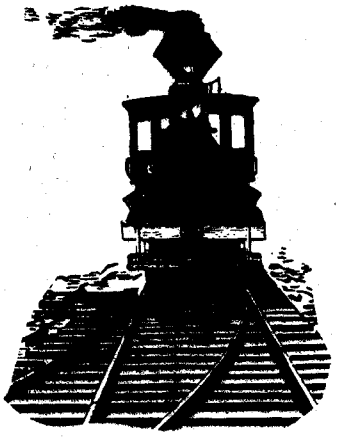

JESSE JAMES And The WINSTON TRAIN ROBBERY

By Carl W. Breihan

Any time a bank or train was held up during the heyday of Jesse James, the blame was always put on the famous outlaw and his brother, Frank James. But the Winston train robbery on July 15, 1881, was probably perpetrated by the James Gang.

From the collection of the author

Jesse James

The end of March, 1881 brought a lot of heavy rains to Missouri, giving the arm-chair historians and cracker-barrel philosophers ample time to discuss the happenings of the day. The favorite topic of the day was the game of guessing who had participated in the holdup of the United States paymaster at Muscle Shoals, Bluewater, Alabama. Three men had been involved, and it was the concensus of opinion that Jesse and Frank James and "Whiskey-Head" Ryan had maneuvered the daring robbery, getting away with $5,500. The robbery took place on March 11.

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1881 as Paymaster Alexander G. Smith rode leisurely alongside the Muscle Shoals Canal, several miles from Florence, Alabama and toward his camp at Bluewater.

It took most Missourians less than a week to guess who the bold robbers had been, but nothing was even proven against the Jameses, even though Frank James later was tried at Huntsville, Alabama for his alleged part in the crime, only to be acquitted in short order.

Now other things were happening to put a different complexion on the table of conversation. A different kind of crime occurred miles away from the "Show-Me State" ... another of those atrocious exploits that stain the pages of modern civilization and bring the blush of shame to every cheek.

America from Cape Cod to the Golden Gate and from the mountains to the sea, was in the throes of a great sorrow. In the midst of general and wide-spread prosperity, the whole land was suddenly convulsed with a great horror at the dastardly attempt of an assassin named Charles Jules Guiteau to take the life of President James A. Garfield. On July 2nd in the very heart of a smiling summer, this murderer fired three shots at the President. The assassin stated the death of the President was necessary for the good of the country. Those shots resounded through the length and width of this great republic. The pages of history have no record to parallel the great agony of grief that America and subsequently the whole civilized world felt and manifested for the President of the United States. Day by day and hour by hour the bulletins were awaited and watched for with the most intense anxiety. Just as relief came in the approaching convalescence of the wounded President; Western America was again startled and alarmed by the news of another daring robbery. This occurred on July 11, 1881, at the bank of Davis & Sexton, in Riverton, Iowa, a small town situated in the extreme southwestern corner of the stage. On the 10th of July two "cattle traders" appeared in the area and called on the Burks & Parsley Farm to examine some thoroughbred horses.

During the night two of the best horses disappeared from the Burks & Parsley stables, and the next morning the cattle traders rode into Riverton on fine animals. After carefully surveying the town and the bank building, the two men rode to the farm of a man named McKissick, where they ate dinner and had their horses attended.

Monday, July 11th was a hot and dismal day; business was slow, and Cashier Sexton was sitting alone in the bank when these two cattlemen rode up to the bank. They hitched their horses in the rear of the building and, entering via the front door, one of the two men asked Sexton to change a five dollar bill to silver change. As the cashier turned to comply with the request he heard a strange noise, and, looking up, found himself staring into the barrel of a wicked-looking Dragoon pistol. Sexton was ordered to "throw up his hands"; which he did with great speed, still clutching the five dollar bill.

The second robber went behind the counter and swept into a leather pouch all the cash he found in the bank. Then the two bandits walked toward the rear door, forcing Sexton to accompany them, his hands still raised high in the air. Reaching the door, they hastily bade him *good afternoon, sprang into their saddles* and with a parting salute from their pistols, rode rapidly away toward the timber in the direction of the Kansas-Missouri line. Sexton quickly raised an alarm and soon a well-mounted and well-armed band of determined citizens was on the trail of the daring robbers. Even though the pursuit was an eager one, the possemen never saw anything of the fugitives except their tracks. The two cattlebuyers left

From the collection of the author

William Westfall, brutally shot and killed by the James Gang in their robbery of theChicago, Rock Island and Pacific train at Winston, Missouri.

Riverton with $5,000 of the bank's money, less the five dollar bill Mr. Sexton retained and kept as a grim souvenir of that eventful day.

Who were the Riverton robbers? Of course everyone shouted it had been Jesse and Frank James, no doubt of it. Yet they were wrong. The two bandits were Missourians, however, Charles Knox Polk Wells and another whose name is lost to history. The name of Polk Wells, as he was generally called, posed a curious question to this writer so more research was done. It was learned that Polk Wells was arrested for his part in the Riverton robbery and admitted to the Iowa State Penitentiary April 1, 1882 from Fremont County for Grand Larceny, to serve a sentence of 10 years. He escaped May 1, 1882 and was returned May 4th. He was sentenced May 19, 1882 from Lee County to serve a life sentence for murder, as convict #3561, his original number having been #3523. The murder referred to was the killing of John Elder, age 73, night attendant at the prison hospital, whom they chloroformed to such an extent that he expired. It is claimed that while on escape Wells killed a man at Fort Madison, Iowa as well. Wells was transferred from the Fort Madison State Penitentiary to Anamosa Reformatory on August 26, 1896, age 45; at the time he was received at Anamosa he was insane, and died September 11, 1896, convict #3404.

Other startling news flashed over the wires to whet the excitement appetite of the Missouri admirers of Jesse James and his band. The news that Billy the Kid had been slain by Pat Garrett was just beginning to become controversial conversation when another event occurred in Missouri which overshadowed even such gripping news.

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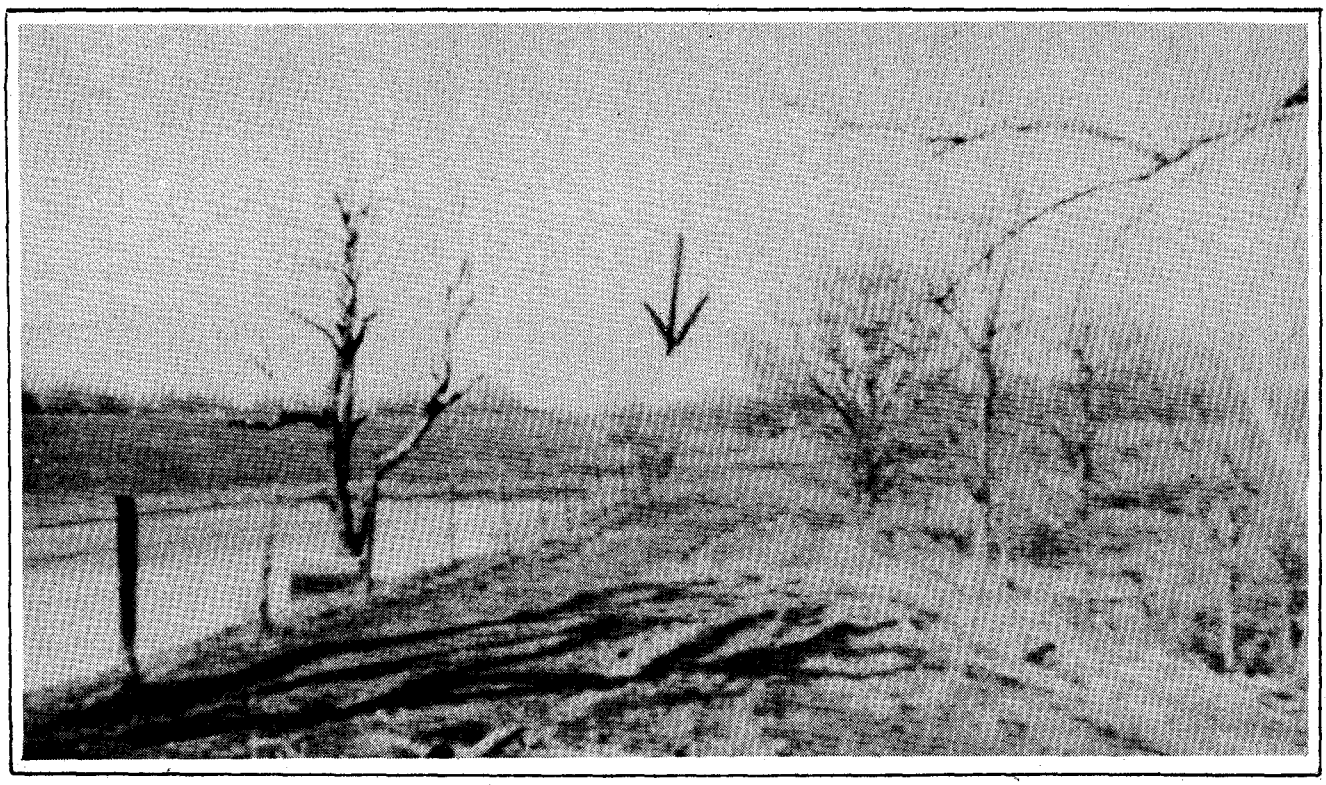

Rich Lee Mack Collection

Site where the train was robbed at Winston, Missouri. The track ran where the arrow is.

On Friday evening, July 15, 1881, the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific train left Kansas City, with its usual complement of passengers, but with a lighter treasure than usual, both in freight and bullion. In fact, there was not more than $2,000 in currency and a few bars of silver, which naturally would be too heavy for anyone to carry off if in a hurry. The express agent was Charles H. Murray, the conductor was William H. Westfall, Mr. Wolcott was the engineer, and Frank Stamper was the baggageman.

It was said that the chief motive of robbing this particular train was vengeance on Westfall. It was reported that Westfall was a conductor on the Hannibal & St. Joe line some years before when the James gang attacked a train, and that, when the Pinkerton detectives went in vain pursuit of the robbers, Westfall was the conductor of the train and acted in the capacity of guide for the officers. It was also stated that Westfall had been the conductor who piloted Pinkerton agents to the Samuel home when the murderous bomb was thrown into the Samuel home, killing Jesse's half-brother and maiming his mother. However, it has been denied that Westfall had any connection with that diabolical night's work.

The train proceeded as far as Cameron, where four passengers boarded the cars. At 9:30 o'clock the train reached Winston, the next station east, where three more passengers boarded her, together with several stone-masons, one of whom was Frank McMillan, also referred to as John McCulloch in some reports. These stonemasons were in the employ of the railroad, and it was their function to repair and build piers along the creeks and gulleys. It was not unusual for them to board the train at any point for a ride to another point of work.

It was now dark, and the train had not gone far out of Winston when the murderous work began. The seven men who had boarded the train at the last two stops were well stationed . . . three of them rode in the smoking car; two were on the rear platform of the baggage car; the other two took their stand on the front platform of the baggage car, keeping an eye on the fireman and the engineer. The bell connected to the engine was pulled, presumably by some frightened passenger; the fireman guessing the real trouble, said to the engineer, "give her hell". The engineer suddenly turned around and became aware of two masked men with drawn revolvers, seemingly rising from the pile of coal in the tender. Suddenly the fireman and the engineer leaped from the train onto the cowcatcher of the engine, where they hung on for dear life as the bandits fired at them. Finally they escaped into the nearby woods.

William Westfall, the conductor, was collecting tickets in the cars when a masked man, believed to have been Frank James, dressed in a linen duster and wearing a straw hat, followed by two others, came into the car, yelling, "You are my prisoner, you are the man I want!" Westfall was at once shot in the shoulder, and when he turned to flee, the same man fired again but missed. Then another of the robbers fired the shot that killed Westfall as he staggered out to the platform and rolled off the train to the ground.

Frank McMillan, the stonemason, was coming to the door of the smoking car at the same time, and was shot dead by one of the stray shots. Some of the passengers stated that McMillan was shot deliberately as he tried to get out of the baggage car, and his body pushed off the train. Frank McMillan was buried in his home town of Wilton Junction, Iowa. The remains of William Westfall were borne to his home at Plattsburg, Clinton County, Missouri, and there buried on July 17th, amid the mourning of his wife and three children, as well as a large crowd from the neighboring towns. When he died William H. Westfall was only 39 years old.

When Charles Murray, in charge of the express company's safe,

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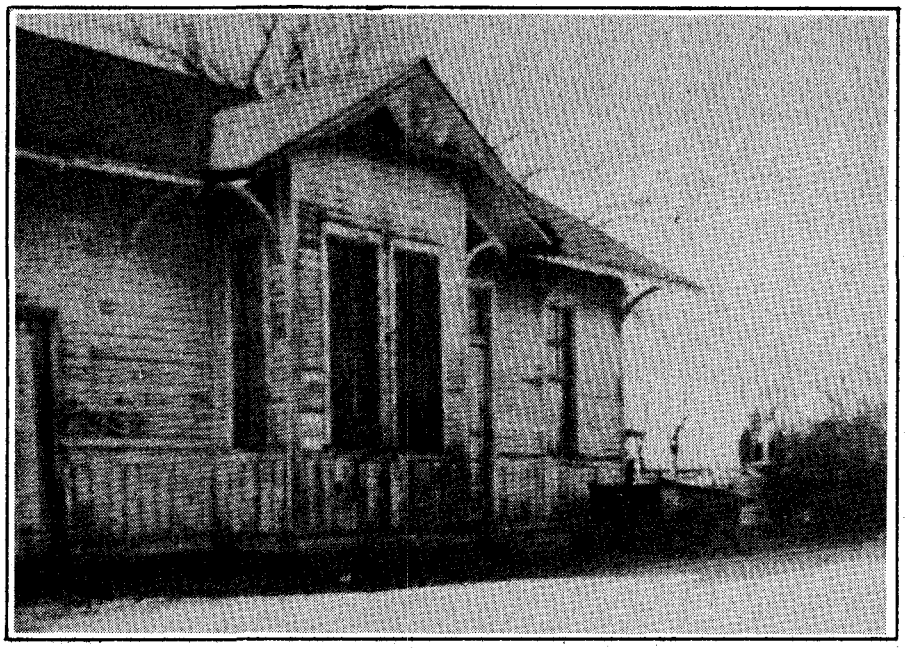

Depot at Winston, Missouri near where the James Gang robbed the Rock Island train.

heard the shooting he guessed the cause of it. He hurried to close the door which had been left open a little for the sake of ventilation, but he was suddenly grabbed by the legs by one of the four masked men who commanded him to come out of the car. Murray was forced to give the outlaws the key to the safe while they held him and Stamper under their guns. They stuffed the money into an old grain sack, but grumbled in disappointment at finding only a small sum.

"Is this all you got?" demanded the apparent leader of the band.

"You've got it all except the silver bricks," replied Murray.

"Damn you and your silver bricks," retorted the bandit, as he struck Murray a blow with his pistol.

The bandits had not intended to rob the passengers so the night's work netted them very little indeed. About a mile from Winston the robbers stopped the train, got off and hurried into the woods. They then hastily mounted their hidden horses, not delaying to untie the leather straps which had held them. The remains of the cut reins were later found on tree trunks and kept as souvenirs of the Winston robbery.

Also, in the underbrush near Sibley's Landing on Big Dog Creek, a short distance from the scene, a crumpled piece of paper was found. This proved to have been dropped by one of the robbers, for it read:

Kansas City,
July 12, 1881

Charley:

I got your letter today, and was glad to hear you had got everything ready in time for the 15th. We will be on hand at the time. Bill will be with me. We will be on the train. Don't fear. We will be in the smoker at Winston. Have the horse and boys in good fix for fast work. We will make this joust on the night of the 16th. All is right here. Frank will meet us at Cameron. Look sharp and be well fixed. Have the horses well gaunted. We may have some running to do. Don't get excited, but keep cool till the right time. Wilcox or Wilcott will be on the engine. I think it best to send this to Kidder. Yours till and through death.

Slick

The law enforcement officers were able to draw the following descriptions from people who had seen the strangers near Winston about sun down on the day of the robbery, as well as from train passengers:

1. Big bay gelding, heavy mane and tail, about sixteen hands high. (John Samuel, Jesse's half-brother) owned this animal and stated later that Jesse had been riding him that summer.) Rider was tall, heavy, erect, high cheekbones and broad face, darkish whiskers over his face, dark hair, good talker. Was this Jesse James?

2. A little bay gelding (the one stolen by Frank James and Dick Liddil in Ray County, Wood Hite's horse). Rider was about thirty, average height, stoop-shouldered, light-complexioned, inclined to heavy build, not much whiskers, very slouchy, said little. Was this Wood Hite?

3. A sorrel gelding, about fifteen and a half hands high, ordinary mane and tail, collar marks, no blaze in face (Lamartine Hudspeth's horse, ridden by Dick Liddil). Rider was about thirty, dark-complexioned, dark hair, dark whiskers, short and round face, average build and height. Was this Dick Liddil?

4. A tall sorrel, stolen from a man named Matthews, most noticeable of all, blaze face, light mane and tail, white hind feet, sixteen hands high (Clarence Hite's horse). Rider was tall, slender, light-complexioned, about twenty years old, front teeth bold and prominent, fuzzy whiskers. Was this Clarence Hite?

5. A light little bay mare, stolen by Frank James and Liddil in Ray County, shod by blacksmith Potts at Liberty, and identified while in possession of Sheriff Timberlake. Rider described as slender man thirty-five to forty, light-complexioned, with light burnsides whiskers, intelligent, good talker, neat in dress. Talked about Ingersoll and quoted Shakespeare. Was this Frank James?

The first news of the robbery led to the impression that of course the James boys had been in on this last outrage. The whole affair bore their private trademark. Further evidence provided no other reasonable conclusion.

Marcus A. Lowe, attorney for the railroad and Sheriff Brown Crosby of Daviess County declared unhesitatingly that they had every sound reason to believe members of the band had been: Frank and Jesse James, Polk Wells, Jim Cummins, Allen Parmer, brother-in-law of the James boys, Jim or Ed Miller, a brother of Clell, who had been killed at Northfield, and John Samuel, step-brother of the Jameses. Subsequent events, however, tended to show that at least the Jameses, Dick Liddil, and the Hite brothers had been part of the bold robbery gang.

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Charles Dunne

To Mr. G. C. Murphy, Roxbury, Mass. Your question (which we could not answer) concerned the original markings on Billy Clanton's tombstone. Through the kindness of Jane Short of Phoenix, Ariz. we have an answer. Miss Short's uncle lived in Tombstone from 1876 to 1882 and was on the scene. A quote from his diary says: "It reads: 'Billy Clanton - Frank McLowry - Tom McLowry. Murdered at O. K. Corral Oct. 26, 1881. Rest In Peace.' They weren't murdered at O. K. Corral - it was in a vacant lot. Besides, they got Tom and Frank's name spelled wrong."

On the other hand, we have a letter from Al Hansen, Daly City, Calif., which says in part: "I quote from WYATT EARP, THE MAN AND THE MYTH, by Ed Bartholemew - 'In the boot hill of today their graves appear differently than was described in the TUCSON STAR. The visiting reporter described the neat fence of rustic design around young Billy's grave, and which showed it was being kept up as late as 14 years after Billy's death. The tombstone read: 'Sacred to the memory of William Clanton who was murdered Oct. 26, 1881, aged 19 years.'

The discrepancy between the two markings might be accounted for by the fact that there were, in time, two different tombstones or markers.

Q. Reading about the great mortality inflicted upon the buffalo by the Indians after they had secured horses, and by the white man with his buffalo gun, I wonder were there any natural hazards to the beast before all this? L. Berrigan, Topeka, Kansas.

A. Yes, indeed. Quicksand was one. An observer in 1867 reported seeing a herd of 4000 engulfed in a stretch of quicksand on the Platte River. He wrote: "The number of buffalo lying on the beach . . . passes all imagination. They form one continuous line and emit a horrible stench." Another observer counted upon one occasion 7360 drowned buffalo. Prairie fires were another deadly hazard to the buffalo. Also blizzards.

Q. I've heard that Tex Rickard, the famous fight promoter, and Wyatt Earp, the gunman, were both in Alaska at the same time. Right? V. Lippitt, Springfield, Ill.

A. They were both in Alaska around 1899-1900, but in different places. Rickard arrived at the gold town of St. Michael with $21.00 in his pocket, talked his way into a supply of whisky, then went to Nome where he opened up a saloon and gambling business. It was later that they were both in Nome, where Earp also ran a saloon and gambling business. The name of Earp's establishment was the Dexter Bar.

Q. An old Indian friend of mine speaks highly of white pine as a medicine. Was it used extensively, as he says? C. Cadiss, Grand Island, Neb.

A. It is generally agreed that it was of some value. The Indians used the boiled bark as a plaster for burns and scalds, and the moss, boiled in spring water, was used on stab wounds. The bark was also used in a poultice for piles and ulcerations; the roots were made into a drawing plaster by boiling. The Ojibways crushed the needles for use in headache; for backache they inhaled the fumes of the heated needles. The Mohegans steeped the bark and drank the liquid for colds. The Potawatomis used the resin as a base for a salve. There were many, many more medicinal uses.

Q. Where can one see the buffalo - not the scraggly one of two in city zoos - but healthy, and in his natural habitat? M. Veronique, Memphis, Tenn.

A. Several places: the National Bison Range in the Flathead Valley in western Montana; Yellowstone National Park between the Yellowstone and Lamar rivers; Wood Buffalo National Park near the Great Slave Lake in northwestern Canada (largest herd in existence, 16,000); the Black Hills of South Dakota (1300 in Custer State Park and about 370 in the adjoining Wind Cave National Park); and the Wichita Mountains Wildlife Refuge in Oklahoma. There are new parks and refuges being created. Suggest you contact travel information bureaus of the various states.

Q. What were the "coureurs de bois"? B. Benoit, Oshkosh, Wisc.

A. Frenchmen, largely of the middle and late 1700's who, on their own, and without official sanction, made venturesome explorations beyond the frontier. They lived with the Indians, became more Indian than white in their culture, and raised families of half-breed children. They retained their French tongue but it became violent and explosive with a wild metallic tang in its nasal sounds and was called the "Coyotie" French of Dakota, Montana and the Canadian plains.

Q. I would like to find out all I can about a gunfighter named Claude Mills. D. Yell, Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo.

A. We have looked in vain through all our reference books and can find no mention of such a gunfighter. No doubt he existed but obviously did not achieve the fame of a Wyatt Earp, etc. As always, our readers are invited to contribute any information they may possess.

Q. Could you tell me anything about the story of the Apache who escaped from the train that was taking Geronimo and his followers to Florida. Also please recommend some books on the subject. R. Ford, Launceton, Tasmania.

A. It was the Apache chief Mangus. I quote from THE GERONIMO CAMPAIGN: " . . . then, even though under guard by a wide-awake sentry, he smashed through the plate glass window of the train, which was moving at thirty-five miles an hour. The train was stopped, and Clay rushed outside to find that Mangus had been stunned by his fall and thus was unable to make good his escape." The GERONIMO CAMPAIGN, an authority in its field, was written by Odie B. Faulk, and published by the Oxford University Press, New York, in 1969. The book contains an extensive bibliography from which you can obtain many other books pertaining thereto.

Q. You've talked about other Western movie stars; how about one of the greatest of them all, Jack Hoxie? V. Leonard, Lawton, Okla.

A. Happy to oblige. Jack Hoxie was born on January 24, 1890 in Oklahoma. The family, while he was still young, moved to Iowa. Young Jack worked as a farmhand, rode extensively, and competed in rodeos, winning at least a dozen trophies before he was eighteen. In 1914 he won the title of National Riding Champion and joined a Wild West show which toured the U. S. A., ending up in California where he got a job as stunt man in the early movies in 1917. Success followed success until he was one of the leading cowboy stars along with Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson, Peter Morrison and Neal Hart. The advent of talkies signaled the end of his career as it was generally agreed that he was unsuitable for talking pictures, especially in the areas of dialogue and handling scripts. He died in Oklahoma in 1965. ●RW

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(continued from page 34)

town, a kid's dream of good things to eat, including pink cotton candy. There were games and contests for different age groups: swimming, bicycle and foot races, the winner's prize was $3.00 in cash. The foot races were made more difficult because we had to run with either a spoon or an egg in our mouths. Even so, we kids took home quite a few extra dollars to show mama. How rich we felt to have money of our very own to spend as we wished.

"Sitka was and still is great on celebrations. Now we celebrate Salmon Derby Day in June; the All-Alaskan Logging Championship, a two-day event previous to the Fourth of July celebration; Alaska Day high-lighting the Sitka Story with lavish parades and pageants; the Governor's Tea serving Russian Smorgasbord, and the Tlingit's Day with feasting and dancing on October 8th, celebrations that seem endless.

"Anyway, we had some good times along with the bad times. And we always marveled at how mama, with so little, ever gave us kids any kind of an education. Somehow, she managed to get us all through grade school and I was the only one that got through high school. Then when I was twelve, mama sent me to Ohio to attend a school run by the Episcopal Sisters, and there I spent the loneliest years of my life.

"Ohio was another world to me. To be in a strange town with strange people was terrible. I cried through the whole first year. During any school celebration I sat back in a corner trying to hold back the tears. But I couldn't disappoint mama so I stuck it out until I graduated, then taught a year to help pay my tuition."

In answer to my question about Indian trouble in the early days, Margaret thought a moment before answering:

"Oh, Grandma Schmakoff spoke often of those fearsome times. Although the Kukoor later Castle Hill was heavily guarded day and night, its guns were constantly aimed at the Indian village below. And so were the guns in three blockhouses between the settlement and the village. Russians still feared for their lives, and never did they dare to venture far from the Kukoor even in small groups.

"How did the Russians feel when America took over?" I asked. "Were they resentful or glad?"

"Well," she replied slowly. "After sixty-three years of Russian rule it was a sad changeover. Old ways are hard to break; hopes and ideals die slowly. Mama attended the ceremonies on Castle Hill when Alaska was officially transferred to the United States, October 18, 1867, and again when the 49-er star flag was raised over Alaska in 1959. Mama said the ceremonies were simple but impressive.

"When Prince Maksoutoff Governor of Russian-America gave the order, Russian and American troops marched stiffly up Castle hill, pausing near the flagpole. There at 3:30 P. M. Capt. Pestchouroff gave the order and colorfully dress troops presented arms, the double-eagle ensign of Czarist Russia was lowered, the Stars-and-Stripes went up amid the deafening roar of alternate 21-gun salutes fired by a U. S. ship and those at the Russian battery.

"Mama said everywhere she looked the Russians were crying even big, strong men. She didn't shed a tear because Mama thought this a joyous day and hoped things would be better. At least, under U. S. administration, we'd have a military base to enforce law and order. And Sitka began growing. The population increased, the town seething with a new kind of activity as boats came in bringing adventurers; speculators, gamblers and riff-raff all hoping to make quick fortunes from the west coast frontier towns. Between 1867 and 1869 some seventy major vessels docked at Sitka. And the Indians, formerly forbidden to visit town, could now do so. So Sitka was active and felt safer until the U. S. troops sailed away and that was another story.

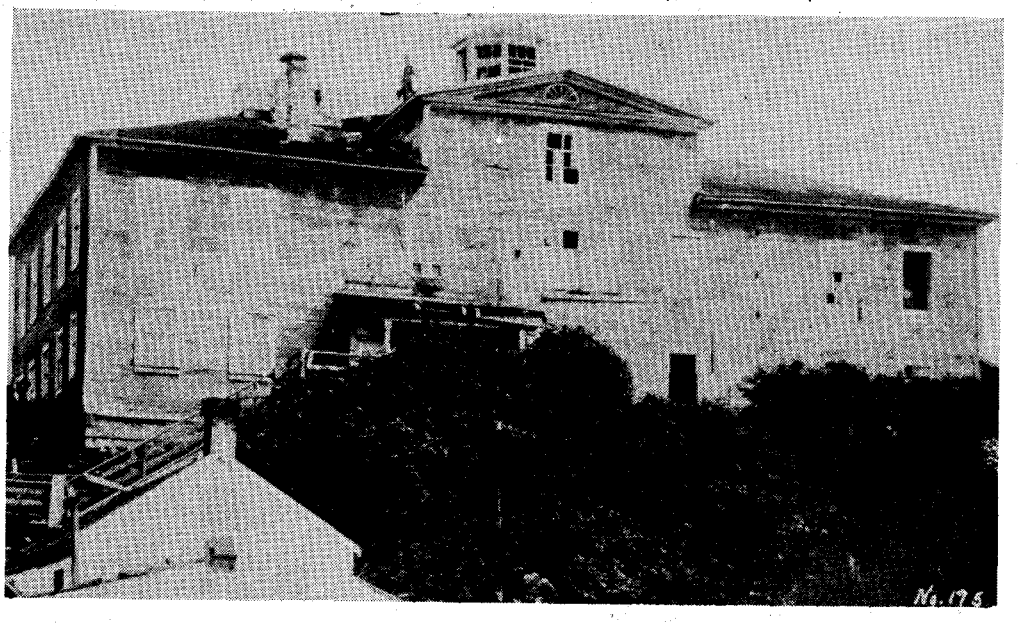
"Although numbers of the Tlingits had become Christian converts, and the Russians had built them a church in the walls of the stockade, the majority still resented white man's intrusion into their free land of plenty. So now that they were free of the troopers, the Indians took advantage of the opportunity and a massacre was averted only when responsible Indians took over. After that excitement died down a few trusted Indians were given 'special' permission to come into town to swap meats, furs, etc., for American trade goods. And it was during that disturbing period that mama, who was deathly afraid of Indians, had an experience with one.

"She was pregnant at the time and very nervous. So when she hurried to answer the knock at the back door one morning and faced a big, gaunt Indian, she didn't ask what he wanted. Mama just knew he'd come to scalp her and crumpled to the floor in a dead faint.

"Well, even after we learned that

Baranof Castle, planned by Alexander Baranof who left Three Saints Bay for Sitka in 1802. Here "elegant and lavish" parties were given as long as the Russian-American Company existed. The famous castle was destroyed by fire.

Courtesy The Photo Shop, Sitka



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poor old Indian wanted only food, when the incident was mentioned, mama would go into a fainting spell. But times changed and eventually the white man and the Indian learned to get along together, and it was through the Church that mama lost her fear of them.

"She was a firm believer in the Orthodox faith and an ardent member of Saint Michaels Cathedral. So were a great number of the Indians. They liked Mama and she felt honored when an Indian couple asked her to 'stand-up' with them at their weddings, or be God-mother at christenings. Many of those children are respected citizens of Sitka today.

"We children, of course, loved the colorful church ceremonies. Then everyone wore 'fancy' clothes and brought gifts: canned fruits, or fruits in season, cakes, cookies and candies, everything kids loved, and did we eat!

"In the 1880's, Sitka, then an outpost in a vast and sparsely settled wilderness, thrived on the fur sealing trade in the Pribilof Islands; again when gold was discovered at nearby Silver Bay though it never was commercially developed. The gold strike on Chichagof Island stimulated further activity. In 1897 hordes of miners heading for the Klondike goldrush with money to spend chose Sitka as a supply base. This kept ships funneling through her harbors with travelers and merchandise, promising steady new growth.

"So like Sitka with her boom days and declines, pioneer children somehow managed to grow up, marry and raise families. I met John who took the long way 'round getting here. Born in Mosjoun, Norway, in 1883, he traveled around the world three times before he landed in San Francisco on a three-masted schooner. In 1928, John arrived in Sitka and took up commercial fishing. We met, fell in love and married in 1932. John says he's retired but he is still fishing.

"Sitka still has its fishing industry, its wealth in timber feeding the most modern pulp mills in the world day and night; its increasing tourist trade and now with the talk of an oil boom, Sitka is definitely set for steady growth. It makes us old-timers wonder what effect all this new activity will have on the land we've loved and called home for so many generations."

Margaret, gazing wistfully at the boats rocking in the Bay, ended: "So these are some of the highlights of my growing up in Sitka, much of which still looks as it did in the old days. Unfortunately, the famous Castle on the Hill burned down, as did Saint Michaels Cathedral.

John and Margaret Osbakken, standing side by side on the porch of their quaint cottage, smiled as I wandered back up town. Pausing now and then I pondered on well preserved landmarks, wondering what Vitus (Vaters) Bering, the Dane sent over from Russia in 1741 to "appropriate Alaska", might think of his "white elephant" if he could see fabulous Sitka today.

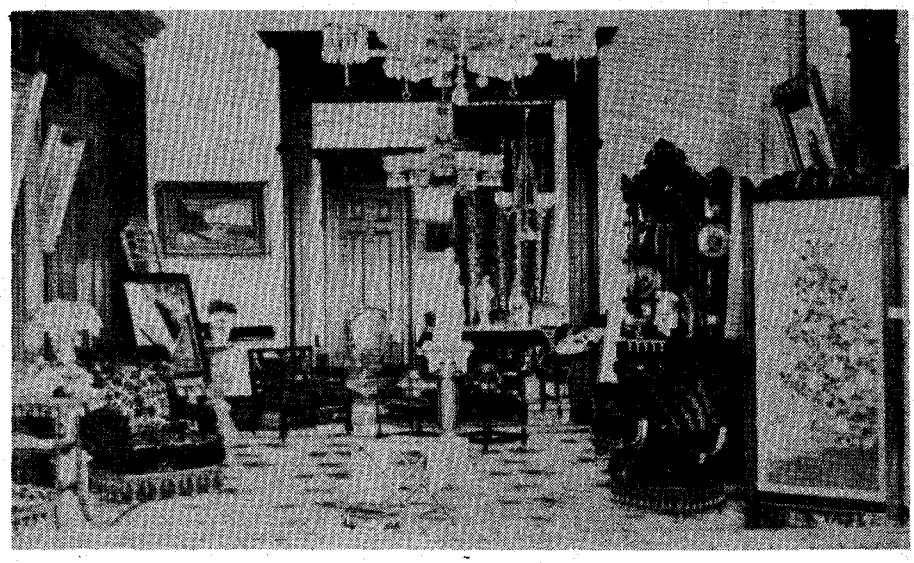
Regardless of changes taking place in Sitka, its snow-capped mountains, its waterways fingering off in all directions, and the friendliness and hospitality of its warm-hearted people had not changed.

●RW

Postscript: John Osbakken passed away soon after my visit to Sitka.

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Interview with Margaret Osbakken.
THE LURE OF ALASKA, by Harry A. Frank.



Courtesy The Photo Shop, Sitka

An elegantly furnished reception room in the Castle.

Photo by author

The Officer's Quarters on what was once called The Officer's Promenade, now busy Main Street, are well preserved and in use today.

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HEEL DUST

(continued from page 42)

A man of uncertain age, he had a wooden leg.

In those days pies were made from dried fruits. But Moore had an odd aversion about making pies for the crew working from barest sun until after dark. He considered such cooking pampering grown men; mere folderol.

Despite Tot's demands that the crew be fed something besides bread, beef, sometimes beans (montanans did not like to eat beans), sow belly and occasionally eggs when available, with black coffee, Moore steadfastly refused to cook a single pie. The situation caused much grumbling and became an issue.

Every night before rolling into soogans under the chuck wagon Moore unstrapped his pegleg. One morning before daylight when called by the wrangler he roused up preparing to start breakfast and found his leg gone.

Smouldering in wrath and swearing he hobbled around with a makeshift crutch cooking breakfast. He was then informed that when he baked some pies the pegleg would be restored. From then on the LF crew didn't have any trouble getting all the pie they could eat.

On Sundays Mrs. Nett often brought chocolate and coconut cakes out to the roundup crews, which was just another working day to the men gathering cattle.

Wild game was plentiful all over the range. For a change from beef, deer or elk were sometimes killed, until state game laws were established. When too much game meat was on hand it was jerked. It could then be prepared by boiling or pounded fine to cook with flour gravy.

Most of the LF cooks were invariably a sorry lot, few like Moore, but they were usually clean, personally and with their cooking. There was one who was extremely particular about maintaining a clean chuck wagon camp.

Cowboys were accustomed to running their horses into camp before setting them down. Consequently this raised clouds of dust. When he came on the job this cook gave specific instructions concerning chuck wagon conduct. The remuda was kept well away. The riders were to leave their mounts and *walk* into camp to eat and without dragging their feet.

When some of them carelessly did so, or a new hand raced his horse directly in, the cook wrapped a long handled shovel around his neck. He had a fifty gallon wooden barrel cut half in two. One contained lye water in which each cowboy washed eating utensils, all metal, and then dropped them into the other half filled with fresh water.

He kept everything, even on the range immaculately clean. Tot was sorry to see him go. But chuck wagon and ranch cooks were invariably a roving lot, always moving on to see what was on the other side of the mountain.

All the LF cooks sometime or other threw together a huge pot of SOB stew.

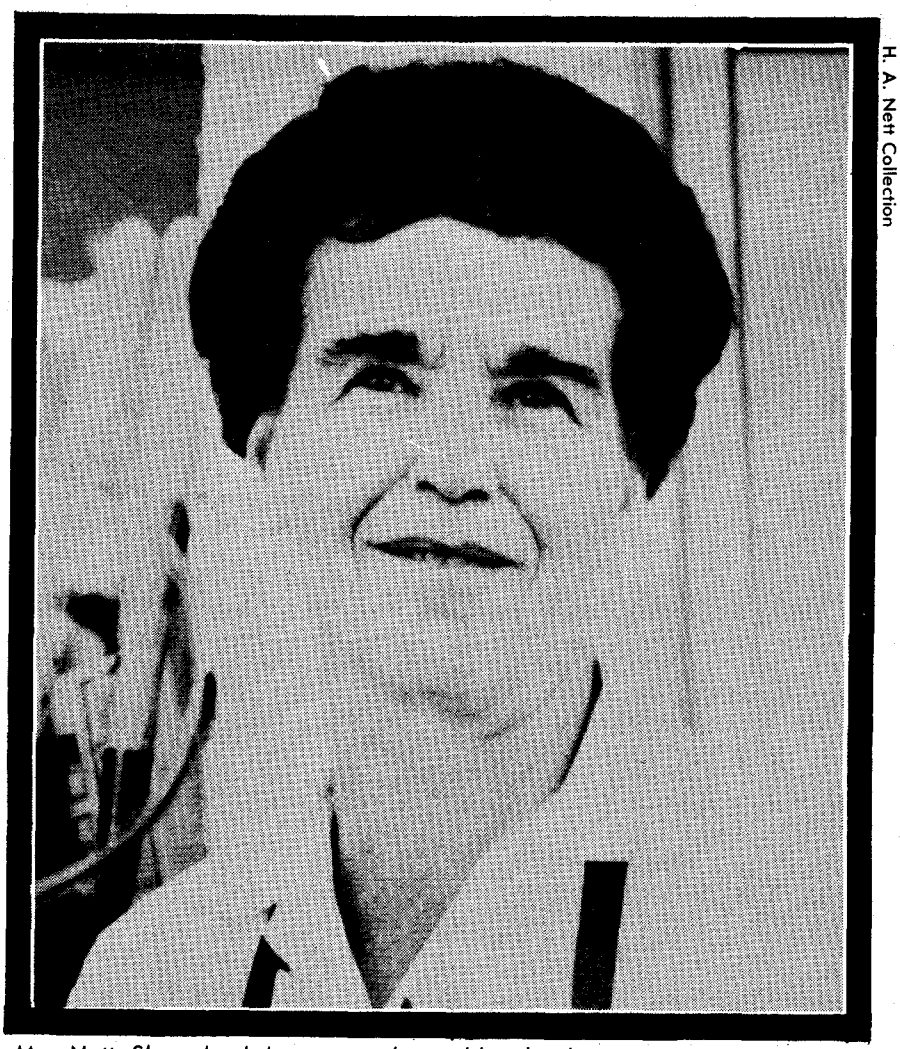
When asked what was used in it the Montana way Tot exclaimed, "I sure haven't the least idea. Probably every scrap of whatever left in camp but it sure tasted good!"

There was definitely animal brains, sweet breads, chopped innards of other kinds, marrow gut and other scraps of meat, seasoned and boiled all afternoon.

Very early as a cowboy Tot wanted to be a bronc rider at the rodeos, but after a few spills he concluded stomping the mean ones was hardly his forte. His brother, Arthur C. Nett, two years older and owning his own cattle company, became interested in team roping.

The Nett brothers became partners in this rodeo contest, making the annual affairs held at Augusta, Browning, Great Falls, Fort Benton, Helena, Dillon, Boulder and a few lesser towns.

They won contest money wherever competing, against top opposition from Montana, the Dakotas, Idaho, Oregon and Utah. One year at Fort Benton the brothers won two day monies and then the finals while Tot took top money in the calf tying event.



H. A. Nett Collection

Mrs. Nett. She solved the yeast cake problem by depriving the cow hands of their tobacco.

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H. A. Nett Collection

Calf branding on the range - 1945.

Tot had another specialty, wild cow milking. For this event he used other partners instead of his brother. Pete Cummings and Alzum Walt were his side-kickers over the longest period of years. They always won money wherever contesting.

The brothers are now 74 and 72 years of age and do not do much roping anymore. But they are still experts, far better than most in this skilled rodeo event.

Their last big winning, more than $1,000 a side, was at Browning in 1947. It was a matched roping contest and they tied five steers in record time.

They are well known throughout the north central states and famous for their skilled team roping. But they never competed in the big time organized rodeos, like the Calgary Stampede, at Cheyenne, Pendleton or Madison Square Garden. They could not take the time off from their business of raising cattle to attend them. If they had been able to do so they probably would have become world champions.

Roping horses requires special training of an intelligent animal. Tot trained all his horses and one that dwells fondly in his memory of the days gone beyond recall was Sea Biscuit.

This famous roping horse was half Cayuse-Morgan, chunky, dark red, fast as a quarter horse which is a necessary requisite and unusually intelligent. With Sea Biscuit was a constant companion, the Labrador dog Peter.

Peter was trained to stay with and hold Sea Biscuit when left alone anywhere. Furthermore, Peter taking his task seriously always refused to let anyone else except Tot get anywhere near Sea Biscuit. The two animals were close companions. Time, the common leveller of all, finally cut down both remarkable animals.

Of several fancied and fancy horses, and Tot had good ones, he once owned a blue and white pinto (a paint to Texans) that he always liked to ride after cattle.

But this pinto had one unbreakable idiosyncrasy. It would not stand for being saddled and mounted, having to be roped and thrown every time. From then on it was tractable and gentle as well as having other desirable traits. Still, to be ridden it always had to be thrown first.

The pinto probably had considerable Spanish mustang ancestry. It would travel all day long, farther and faster than an ordinary horse without giving out, and was also a fast runner. Except for that one bad characteristic the pinto might have made an excellent roping horse.

After fifty years of eating trail dust, facing icy winds and burning suns, Tot and Mrs. Nett live quietly in Augusta. The bronzed veteran of the great ranges and big skies still fancies good horses, and wistfully admires cattle. But his retirement has been well earned and he enjoys it, now and then taking a postman's holiday by helping out on some friend's ranch. He still has saddles, and horses hauled in a pickup.

While on the LF that half century Tot was unusual for the average horny handed, rope burned fingered cow man. He read voraciously, newspapers, magazines and books when there was time. His retentive memory is filled with all the lore and history of

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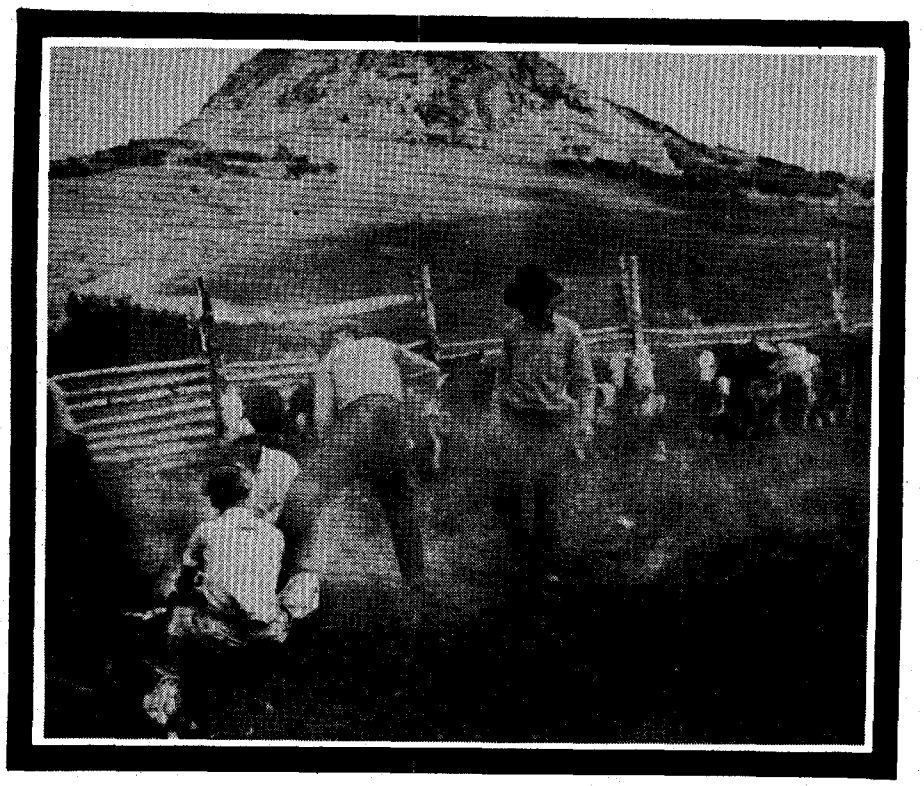
H. A. Nett Collection

Sea Biscuit, Nett's famous horse and the Labrador dog, Peter who was a constant companion.



H. A. Nett Collection

Calf branding at the LF headquarters ranch.

the Sun River country. And, again most surprisingly, he has boxes and albums full of pictures depicting cattle handling life in his own time and places.

His pictures are an historical treasure collection. There are two in particular, a large one of the 5,000 head of steers being turned loose on LF range and one of Tot hauling in a new born calf on rope drawn sled to keep it from freezing to death.

Sadly, but true, the old range days of hardy cow men is passing. There won't be any more like Tot who fought thieves, ferocious wild animals and the howling winter blizzards to raise cattle putting beef on other peoples tables. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Several extended interviews with H. A. Nett in his home, Augusta, Montana, August, 1971, and with Mrs. Nett. Both have been known to me for about fifteen years. Maybe longer. I interviewed him as

(continued on page 68)

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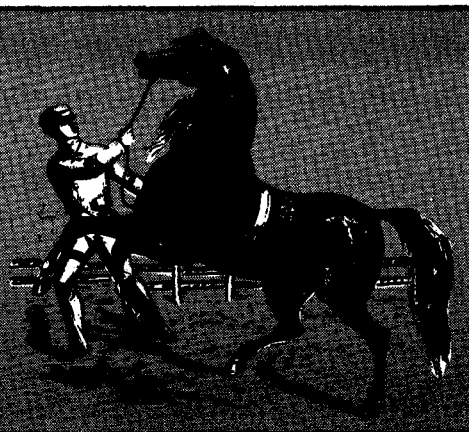
THE EDITOR'S CORRAL



I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

SAN FRANCISCO IN 1872

San Francisco offers a premium of ten dollars for everybody recovered from the Bay. When times are hard that is sufficient cause for murder.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
June 15, 1872

VIRGINIA CITY UNDERGROUND??

One-half the population of Virginia City, Nevada is below the ground in the mines.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
June 29, 1872

TEXAS SPEED

They do business with dispatch in Texas. A man in a certain neighborhood, who had lost a valuable mare, received the following telegraph: "Mare here, Come get her. Thief hung."

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
July 20, 1872

SILVER DISCOVERED ON THE MADISON RIVER

A new silver district is discovered on the Madison River, within 45 miles of the proposed line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which promises the richest results of any discovery in the Rocky Mountains.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
August 24, 1872

CATTLE ON THE WAY NORTH

Vast droves of Texan cattle now line the great trail northward into Kansas between Red River and the Arkansas.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
August 24, 1872

BISMUTH DISCOVERED IN UTAH

Among the remarkable mineral discoveries recently made in Utah is that of a bismuth mine – the only one, so far as known, in the country. It has heretofore been almost exclusively found in Saxony, and its production has been held as a monopoly by the Saxon Government.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
September 28, 1872

LOUIS RIEL ELECTIONEERING IN MANITOBA

Louis Riel, who caused so much trouble in the Red River Region of Canada some time ago, is now electioneering in the Provenche district of Manitoba, and is likely to be sent as a member of the Dominion Parliament.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 5, 1872

FIRST WOMAN TO VISIT HOT SPRINGS ON THE YELLOWSTONE

Mrs. Stone of Bozeman City, Oregon, is the first white woman who ever visited the hot springs on the Yellowstone.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 26, 1872

GENERAL GRANT VISITS MONTANA AND COLORADO

General Grant arrived at Omaha November 1, on his way East, having last week visited the sunny regions of Montana and Colorado. He was everywhere received with enthusiasm. President Hayes has invited General Grant to be his guest when he visits Washington.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
November 15, 1879

UTES TO BE PUNISHED

Chief Ouray has consented to the punishment of the offending Utes and the appointment of commission of investigation has been recommended.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
November 15, 1879

NAMING WESTERN STATES

There is a good deal in names, in spite of what somebody has said. The House Committee on Territories know it, and they wisely insist that if the northern half of Dakota comes into the Union it shall be not as "North Dakota" but as "Pembina"; and that if "Washington" organizes it must drop its already much-appropriated name and take "Tacoma", "Yakima", or Wallula", well-known aboriginal designations. There is no reason why new states should bear

(continued on next page)

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names worn threadbare, or why one should be called "North" or "West" something or other. It argues a poverty of language. All new States ought to be compelled to bear melodious Indian names, as most of the old ones do.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, January 14, 1888

WILD CAMEL HERDS IN ARIZONA

Teamsters along the Gila River, Arizona complain of the large herds of wild camels that have of late taken possession of the main roads, to the consternation of horses and mules.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, November 15, 1879

INDIAN BATTLE IN CHIHUAHUA

A fight took place, November 15 in the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, between 200 Indians and fifty men from New Mexico, in which thirty-two of the New Mexicans were killed and eighteen wounded. It is said these Indians have killed 200 persons within the last seven weeks.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, November 29, 1879

GOOSE RANCHES IN TEXAS

A new occupation for the young men who are filling up Western Texas, seeking their fortunes, is to start "goose ranches". One ranch has 3,000 geese, whose feathers are plucked every two months. Each goose averages a pound and a half a year, the feathers being worth 50 cents a pound.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Novermber 29, 1879

LEADVILLE JUSTICE

Two thieves were hung (sic) at Leadville, Colorado last week, by order of "Judge Lynch".

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, December 6, 1879

UTE SCARE IN COLORADO AND UTAH

A *special* from Meeker, dated September 1, says that a conference between Governor Adams and General Crook resulted in Crook agreeing to place two companies of Government troops on the line between Uintah Reservation and Colorado for the protection of settlers, and hereafter to keep the Utes out of Colorado. The Utes are to have their horses returned, and will receive payment out of the surplus of their own annuity for such stock as has been lost.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, September 10, 1887

VIOLATION OF PROHIBITION LAWS IN KANSAS COSTLY

A clerk in a drug store at Wichita, Kansas has been sentenced to seventeen years and four months in the county jail and fined $20,800 with costs of prosecution for violation of the prohibition law.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, October 1, 1887

READYING FOR POSSIBLE INDIAN WARFARE

General Miles has inaugurated a series of movements among the troops in Arizona for the purpose of keeping them in readiness for Indian outbreaks, and giving them a thorough knowledge of the country and methods of Indian warfare.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, October 1, 1887 ●RW

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THE OUTLAW WAS NO LADY

by M. P. Lehman

Flora Quick was the daughter of a well-to-do Holden, Missouri, rancher named Daniel Quick. She had grown up a tom-boy helping her father's cowboys herd cattle, and was wild and untamed when her father decided to make a lady of her. He sent her to Holden College where she was exposed to refinement. But it didn't take. She remained at the school only a short time where she couldn't adjust to the confinement and routine of the classroom. She went back to the ranch and to herding cattle and running wild.

Shortly after she left the school her father died. He left considerable property and money to be divided among nine children. Flora took her share and left. She married, or perhaps just took-up with, a no good drifter named Ora Mundis. The two of them went to Guthrie, Oklahoma Territory, where they soon ran through Flora's inheritance in the saloons and gambling halls. When her money ran out, so did Mundis.

After Mundis left her Flora made the acquaintance of a prostitute named Jessie Whitewings who taught her all the tricks of the trade. She soon had her own establishment where she traded for money or horses. She did a flourishing business until she swore out a warrant for a man who crossed her. While the man did not remain to fight the charge, Flora's "business" was ruined. She closed her establishment and began stealing horses instead of trading for them.

While she did a flourishing business it was occasionally interrupted by short "vacations" in territorial jails. While she was a prisoner in the Oklahoma City jail Flora made the acquaintance of another prisoner, a killer named Ernest Lewis. With Flora's help the two escaped and became partners. They stole two horses and headed for the Creek Nation. Lewis won Flora over with his accounts of the money shipped by rail and how easy it would be to rob a train.

For their first caper as train robbers Flora enlisted the services of a none-too-bright acquaintance of hers by the name of Manvel. Manvel sneaked aboard a train at Wharton and hid in the smoking car. He was decked out in a bizarre outfit with a Winchester under his coat and a lodge sword strapped to his waist. He also carried two revolvers in his pockets and several sticks of dynamite with fuses attached. As the train neared where Flora and Ernest were waiting Manvel went into action. He sprang from his hiding place and covered the conductor with his rifle. He ordered him to signal the engineer to stop the train.

The pseudo bad man followed the conductor off the train and while doing so met his Waterloo. He tripped on his sword and while he was hors-de-combat the conductor knocked him down then some of the passengers got into the act. They helped the conductor bind their prisoner. He was taken to Wichita and from there to the insane asylum at Bloomington, Illinois.

This fiasco broke up the partnership of Flora and Lewis. Lewis met his end in a gun fight with a lawman in Bartlesville, Oklahoma. Flora's end is uncertain. One account states that she quit the outlaw life, got married and settled down. Another account has her being killed in a hold-up in a border town between Arizona and Mexico. She was dressed as a man and was using the name Tom King but had the same measurements and other identifying marks as Flora Quick.

Flora Quick, or Tom King, was adept at "trading" her way out of jails while she operated in Oklahoma. Once when Chris Madsen was escorting her to jail she asked him what the jailer's name was where he was taking her.

Chris wanted to know why she asked.

Her reply, "Every jailer in Oklahoma has his price, if I know which one this is, I'll know his price." ●RW

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WHISTLER

(continued from page 15)

Pennsylvania Cavalry Volunteers. He saw action at Brandy Station, Virginia, and was there wounded on June 9, 1863.

The *Biographical and Historical Memoirs of Adams, Clay, Hall and Hamilton Counties, Nebraska,* giving Kress as its source says:

" .... (Kress) was injured at Brandy Station, receiving a sabre wound in the shoulder. He remained with his company, and during the day was taken prisoner, and escaped three times. The sabre wound proved to be serious, but he still continued with the company until he received his discharge, in December (September), 1864. He offered to remain with the reorganized company, but exposure and hard fighting had so militated against his health that he was not received."

Kress' service record merely states he was wounded in the neck *slightly*. No mention is made of him being taken prisoner, escaping etc.

The biographical volume has the following to say about the death of Whistler:

"In the early spring of 1873 the country was aroused by the report that the Indians were coming down to take the life of Wild Bill, who was then at his claim in Little Blue Township, for the shooting of Whistler, the chief of the Sioux. The inhabitants of the county were much alarmed, and some of them threatened to hang Bill if they could find him. All this time Bill was on friendly terms with the Indians, and was in no danger, although circumstances did point rather strongly against him. The story in effect is as follows: In the spring of 1873 (fall of 1872), Bill was camped on the Republican River trapping, when he fell in with one named Jack Ralston. The latter was a man of good education, and had been on the successful side of life at one time; but becoming too familiar with the bottle, he had chosen to remove to the wild west to reform. Bill took him in and shared his gains with him. One day about the latter part of March (November), Bill and his companion crossed the river, and while hunting in the timber came upon a dead mule. Shortly after two Indian ponies were found, which they took with them over the river to camp.

A few days later, the weather being cold and wet and the two companions having just finished their evening meal, three Indians came into their camp, and asked for food and lodging. Bill offered them the remains of the supper, pancakes, cold meat and coffee. But Ralston being of a somewhat kind nature, wanted to entertain them more royally and give them a hot supper. Bill knew that the supply of coffee and sugar and salt would not last but a few days, and not wishing to run short, differed from him. The difficulty ended in Ralston being kicked out of the camp. He took one of the ponies and went to some of the small trading places in the upper part of the county, and there traded the pony for a plug of tobacco, a square meal and a half gallon of good old whiskey, which was too freely imbibed, with the result that he told a very nice story about Bill and himself killing the three Indians who had come into their camp. At about this time Whistler was killed, and one of the ponies proved to be his. Suspicion was naturally attached to Mr. Kress. Ralston could not be found. Kress was not arrested, and the Indians did not make any attempt to kill him. In fact, Snow Flake, who took Whistler's place, thanked him for the favor he supposed he had done him."

It is interesting to note that Kress' account is rather obscure and he does not make an outright denial of his involvement or knowledge of the killings. Instead, he prefers to leave the impression that Ralston invented it all while on a toot.

In any event, the mention in the official army report of Jack Ralston, Wild Bill's Outfit, and E. A. Cress unquestionably ties Mortimer N. Kress in with the murders. It is a fair speculation that the incident was provoked by Whistler discovering one of the "found" ponies to be his.

At the very least Kress was an important link in this frontier mystery. Whatever else he knew he took to his death with him on July 4, 1919, at Hastings, Nebraska, when he succumbed to "heart block contributory to old age." ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

George Hart Western Americana Collection.
National Archives.

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DR. LAURENCE PARKER

(continued from page 20)

under his eyelids. He went to his medicine cabinet and poured into a glass a little of this and that including a dose of strychnine. Presently he went back to the strychnine bottle, looked at it and poured in another measure. "Tee, hee!" he said, "Kill or cure!"

He went over and slapped Lou on the cheeks, lifted up his head and poured the concoction into him. In a couple of minutes Lou was up and going good as ever."

The influenza epidemic of 1917 was Dr. Parker's Gethsemane. His wife contracted pneumonia which was complicated by a heart condition. Though he called a doctor in from Roseau for assistance, she died. Grief stricken and overcome with self-reproach, he quit his practice. He went to Flin Flon, Manitoba to be with his wife's brother, but it was not long before he answered the call of his profession, and joined the staff of the hospital there. When he returned to Warroad a year later he was met by a deputation of citizens who successfully petitioned him to resume his practice. In 1928 Parker remarried.

The "fire fiend" which appeared so frequently in newspaper reports of those days was Dr. Parker's constant companion. A 13-room sanitarium with drug store, laboratory and offices, burned before it was opened. His 14-bed Warroad hospital was destroyed also, and with it his library, surgical instruments and "everything but the post office address."

Not content with building hospitals and serving as physician to a scattered wilderness population, Parker once launched into the music publishing business, producing a number of his own compositions. He also had a pheasant farm which underwent a number of vicissitudes and resulted in a net loss of $2,000 when the "fire fiend" had made his last subtraction.

Among Parker's idiosyncrasies was a deep distaste of being confined to a hospital himself. Taken to one for the first time when he was 80, he requested that his wife be allowed to stay with him overnight. Told that this was against the regulations he protested that "There was an old woman who slept on the cot in my room all last night!" The woman proved to be the nurse.

Parker waited until he was alone, put on his clothes and walked home.

Parker never regretted leaving England. He had made his peace with his destiny. "Whatever my hand found, I did it with all my heart." He seldom talked about the family mansion of his childhood, though a picture of the Parker manor hung in his simple home.

He mentioned to me once that "grandfather wrote the history of Rome in fourteen volumes. He spent two fortunes at it and dug up all the ruins in the country." Of his father, he said, "He published lots of books."

When Parker died, his wife told me to take whatever momentoes of him I wished. His mortar and pestle is on the shelf in my library. The other thing I chose was a poem which was a favorite of his. It tells of an angel who was taking an old doctor up to Glory's gate. But:

"When passing close to Hades
The angel murmured, "Wait
I've got a place to show you
It's the hottest place in Hell
Where the ones who never pay you
In torment always dwell.
And behold, the doctor saw there
His old patients by the score.
And grabbed up a chair and fan
And wished for nothing more."

I can see him now, sitting there, dribbling cigar ashes on his four-in-hand.

This story has a brief postlude.

Some years after Doc's death, during a low stage of the Warroad river, a skeleton was found on the bank near the Parker farm. I was away at the time, but later I asked the Sheriff of Roseau County about it.

He dismissed the subject. "That had to be that old medical skeleton of Doc's."

"Oh, I said, "Was it wired together?"

The sheriff looked at me, slow surprise registering on his face.

"Oh!" he said. "Does it have to be?" ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Interviews with Dr. Laurence Parker and with many of his acquaintances in Roseau County, Minnesota.

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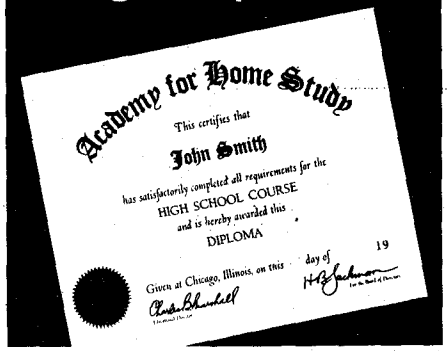

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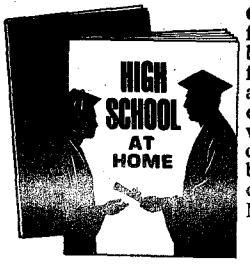

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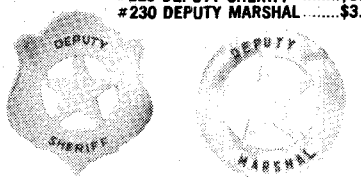

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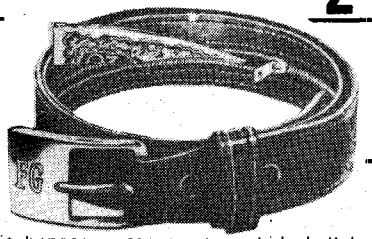

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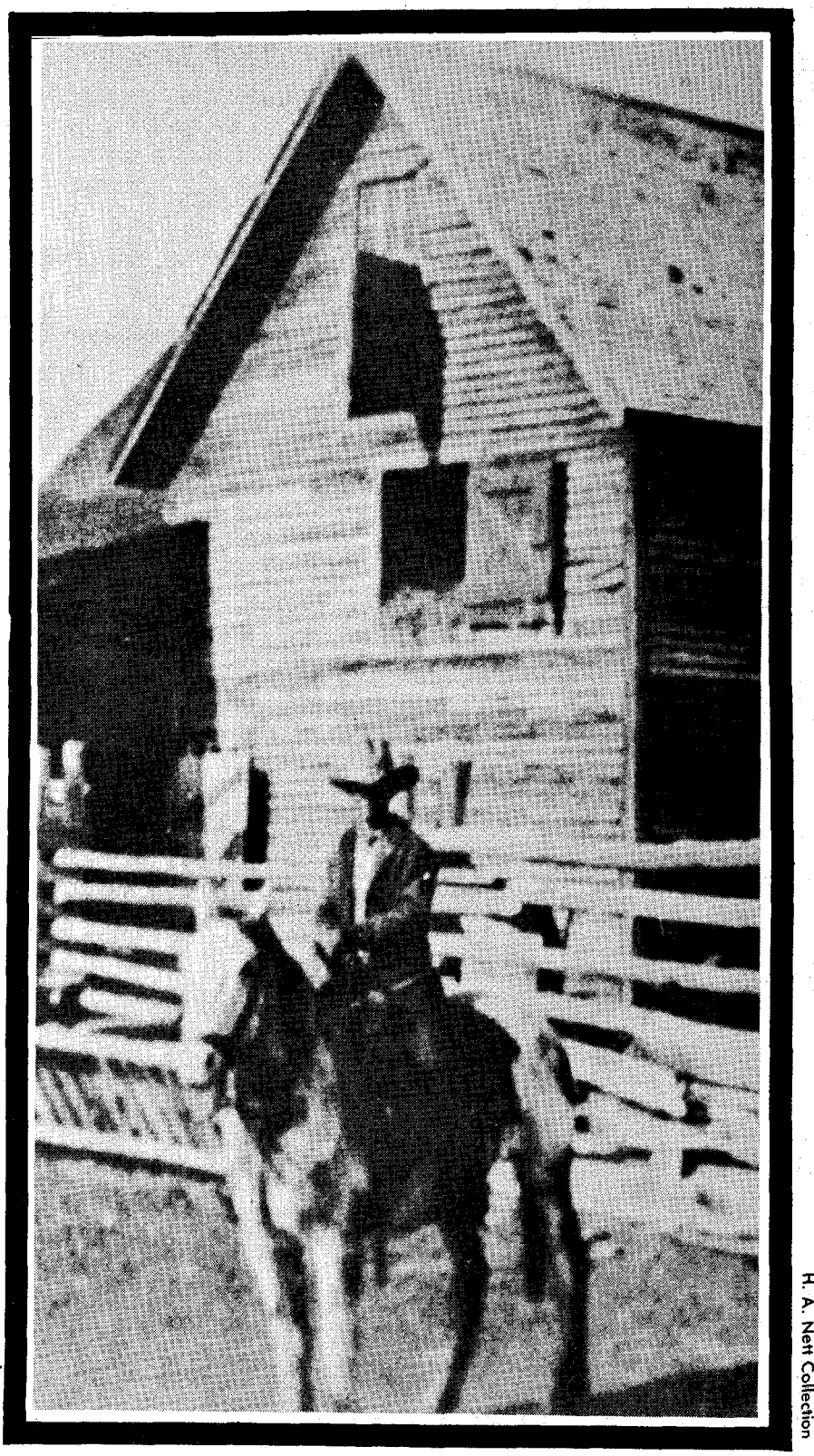
HEEL DUST

(continued from page 62)

"Tot" Nett mounted on the white and blue cayuse - Morgan pinto that had to be thrown and saddled every time to be ridden.



H. A. Nett Collection

early as 1952 about the Sheriff Henry Plummer treasure buried on the LF ranch.

Items have been added from the statements of cow men and cowboys who knew Tot Nett for most of that half century, two from the day he was born.

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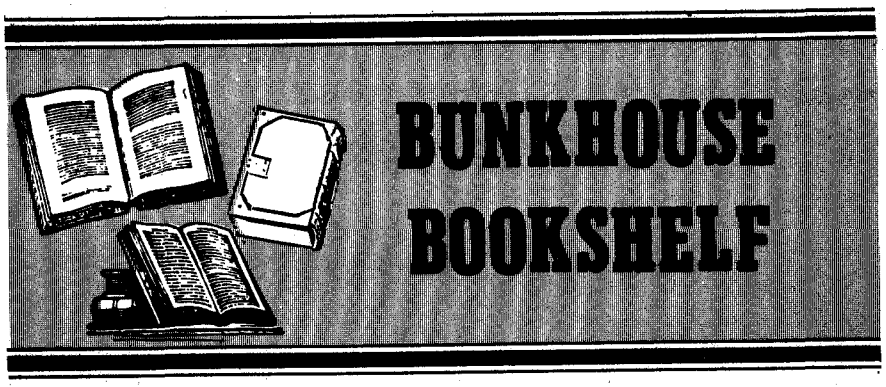

THE PLAINS
By Francois des Montaignes
University of Oklahoma Press,
Norman, Oklahoma
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In 1845 a young man named Isaac Cooper set out in search of adventure. He found it with John C. Fremont's third expedition en route to California across the southern Great Plains. Fremont demanded secrecy about the details of his western forays and forbade his men to keep diaries or journals, a fact that gives credence to claims that the Pathfinder was little more than a filibusterer for Manifest Destiny. But Cooper made notes and later wrote THE PLAINS under the nom de plume of Francois des Montaignes, perhaps still fearing Fremont's wrath. Portions of Cooper's memoir were serialized in THE WESTERN JOURNAL AND CIVILIAN in St. Louis in the 1850's, but until now it has never been published in its entirety. The original manuscript is in the Ella Strong Denison Library at Scripps College in Claremont, California. Cooper, or Montaignes, accompanied Fremont only as far as Bent's Fort, the famous fur-trading center on the Arkansas River in southeastern Colorado. There the expedition split.

While Fremont went on to California, Cooper turned south with a party of men led by Lieutenant J. W. Abert for the return trip to St. Louis. The people Cooper encountered emerge vividly from the pages of his memoir. There are Fremont, the martinet, and his servant, the obsequious Mesty-Woolah; grizzled mountain men like Thomas Fitzpatrick and John Hatcher; the bombastic old trapper, Francois La Tulippe; countless Indians; peerless Mexican horsemen; and blundering greenhorns. Cooper presents a whole gallery of western types, including two redoubtable but improbably named army mules, Miss Fanny Squears and Miss Sally Brass. Isaac Cooper's writing is a rare blend of frontier metaphor and urban refinement. Through his descriptions of the region, its people, and its flora and fauna, the Southern Plains acquire a new dimension for scholar and general reader alike. It is No. 60 of *The American Exploration and Travel Series.*

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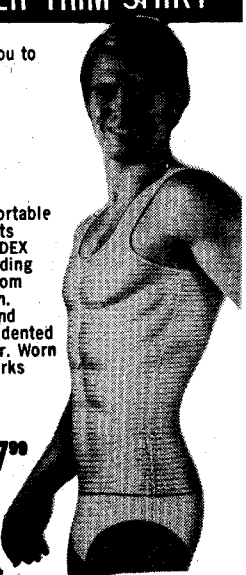

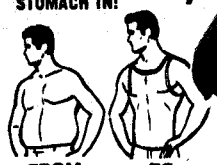

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CONCORD STAGECOACH

(continued from page 11)

The carriage was slung on thick leather thoroughbraces slung from front to back on either side. The full hides of two oxen were required for the thoroughbracing on each coach, not only to absorb the shocks of rough roads, but to take the strain from the horses.

Original cost to Wells, Fargo was $1,200 to $1,500 each. The Concord took its name from the capital of New Hampshire, and was a product of the design and construction work of Leon Abbott and Lewis Downing. They kept 300 men working 14 hours a day, six days a week, producing the coaches at the peak of demand.

Wells, Fargo's largest single order with Concord-makers was for 30 coaches. Loaded on flat cars on a train drawn by a smoke-puffing old steam engine, they made a circusy sight that drew all eyes as they crossed the Eastern states.

Abbott and Downing went to great length to please Wells, Fargo & Co., recognizing the value of a good customer. Damask-lined interiors and added layers of leather on the thoroughbraces made the ride more pleasant and a little softer.

But the precise design of the coach itself, and the need to hold up on Western trails, dictated some detail. Only straight grained ash could be used, to give maximum strength for minimum thickness and weight.

Each spoke of each wheel was balanced against the other spokes in the same wheel, made of hand-hewn ash, the spokes were balanced with the precision used today in balancing car wheels. Tires were of Norwegian iron, expanded by heat and wound round wooden rims. A final balancing was then necessary to protect the life of the wheel.

Driving the heavy coaches required great skill. A full coach included baggage and mail, nine passengers inside the coach and seven on the roof. Adding the weight of the coach itself, the six-horse team was pulling upwards of two tons.

It took years to learn to be a full-fledged "whip." The three-year apprenticeship focused on reining, and learning the subtle movements needed to control six fresh horses

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without damaging the coach or the animals.

Constant changes of horses meant few drivers "knew" their teams like a farmer knew his pair. The need to get the mail through meant speed was necessary, and little time could be wasted coddling horses or passengers.

The Concord Coach opened the West, and got the mail and passengers through. But for comfort, the words of one passenger tell volumes: "I know what hell is like. I've had 24 days of it." ●RW

AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

Keahtah Toh" was printed monthly from January 1880 and discontinued March 1882. The monthly paper called "The School News" was edited first by a Pawnee Indian boy, Samuel Townsend and later by an Iowa Indian boy, Charles Kihega. This paper had its start June 1880 and lasted until 1883. From April 1882 until December 1887 a paper called "The Morning Star" was printed. "The Red Man" was printed monthly from January 1888 until June 1900. On August 14, 1885 the paper called "The Indian Helper" appeared and lasted until July 6, 1900 when the paper "The Red Man" and "The Indian Helper" were consolidated under the name "The Red Man and Helper", and published as a weekly from July 13, 1900 until July 29, 1904.

The Reverend C. P. Coe, a missionary among the Hopi of Arizona, published the "Moqui Mission Messenger". This was first published at the Hopi Mission in typewriting on a manifold machine in January 1894, then later printed in Chicago after January 1895.

The paper "The Albuquerque Indian" was published monthly at the Albuquerque Indian School from June 1905 until May of 1906. The Banning California Mission publsihed a paper from 1885 until 1900 called the "Mission Indian". This was first a monthly and later a semimonthly.

These are but a few of the many magazines and newspapers published for the Indian before 1900 or during the early part of the 1900's. Today there are many fine periodicals for or about the Indian. The list is long. A few are: "The Amerindian,"; "Indian Affairs,"; "Indian Truths,"; "Indian Life,"; "Indian Progress,"; "Indian Sentinel,"; "NCAI Sentinel,"; and "Walam-A-Wagan". ●RW

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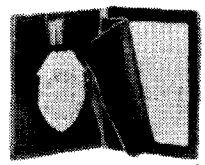

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JESSE JAMES

(continued from page 56)

William Pinkerton, from his office in Chicago, had this to say:

"The work was undoubtedly done by Jesse and Frank James, who are the only survivors of the famous James and Younger gang, the remainder being dead or in the penitentiary. Jesse James lives in Clay County, Missouri, and he can gather a party to rob a train in Clay County in about two days time. He has a thorough knowledge of the country, and if need be will be secreted by the citizens for months so as to avoid arrest."

The voluminous testimony of those who were on board the Rock Island that July night make it possible to give a more detailed and accurate account of that robbery than any of the previous raids.

Mr. Frederick Henkel of Chicago had this to say:

"I think it was about twenty minutes past nine o'clock. I had just had my supper, and was enjoying a cigar in the smoking car. I think that the station is Princeton, Mo., where we had our supper, somewhere between Cameron and Winston stations. About the time we arrived there we noticed a crowd of rather hard-looking characters about the station. They were together in groups of twos and threes. When we were through supper they yelled 'All aboard.' The first we knew the train was flying along at a rapid rate, and a man, very large, thick, heavy set, with a black beard, short but thick, came in, followed by a couple of others. He was dressed, as far as I could notice, in a linen coat and a straw hat, and the other parts of his clothing I don't recollect. The trio came in by way of the front platform of the smoking car, and one of them, the man with the black beard, had a revolver cocked, in his hand. He muttered something and commenced to fire at the conductor. He ran out, and the others crowded up to him."

"Which way did the conductor run?" Mr. Henkel was asked.

"He ran towards the rear platform out of the door, where I heard more shooting. We all ran back to the sleeping cars where we belonged and threw ourselves on the floor. I only saw the gang at the station while they were in knots, and I should suppose that there was at least a dozen of them. I should think that there were four of them who came into the smoking car. After the trouble was over we found the conductor's lantern and his brains on the rear platform."

"Was the train stopped?"

"No, we were on a stop when the bandits got on. The robbers held possession of the train. Three of the gang jumped on the engine, and with cocked revolvers compelled the engineer and fireman to submit. They couldn't do anything else. They were armed, but they couldn't get a chance to use them. In the excitement they crept away from their captors and put out the headlight. They also put the air-brakes on so that the speed was slackened. At Winston, to which they ran the train, one of the brakemen jumped off and telegraphed the death of the conductor and the stonemason, McMillan. The jig was up then, and the robbers ran away.

"As soon as the train was in possession of the robbers, the passengers jumped down on the floor. Some of them hid under the seats. You see, it was unhealthy to be upon your feet at that time. It rained lead, and lead diet is unhealthy. There were six ladies in the sleeper, and as soon as they heard the shooting they just dropped on the floor like the other passengers. They were frightened, but they showed as much grit as the men. We couldn't show much, for not one of us had a revolver. John McMillan was killed with the conductor. I think that the thieves recognized them and they were put out of the way on that account.

"I think that the express messenger, C. H. Murray, deserves a deal of credit for his pluck. The robbers shouted to him to open the door of his car and pulled him out. They struck him twice over the head with a revolver, but said they would not kill him because of his grit. The robbers only got $900 in money and a $1,000 bond. There was a large amount of bullion in the safe, but it was heavy for the robbers to carry away. The passengers all endeavored to hide their watches and money. One of them, a Chicago drummer, put his valuables in the water cooler. I wrapped mine in a pocket handkerchief, lifted the cover of a spittoon, laid it in, and put the lid on again. But the passengers were not molested. We found five bullets in the smoker and thirteen in the baggage car."

Another eye-witness to the robbery and murders, Major Anthony, reported it this way:

"I boarded the train at Atchison. When we stopped at Cameron, Mo. (a point eleven miles southwest of Winston), where we had supper, two men got on and took seats in the sleeping car, and soon engaged in an

(continued on page 74)

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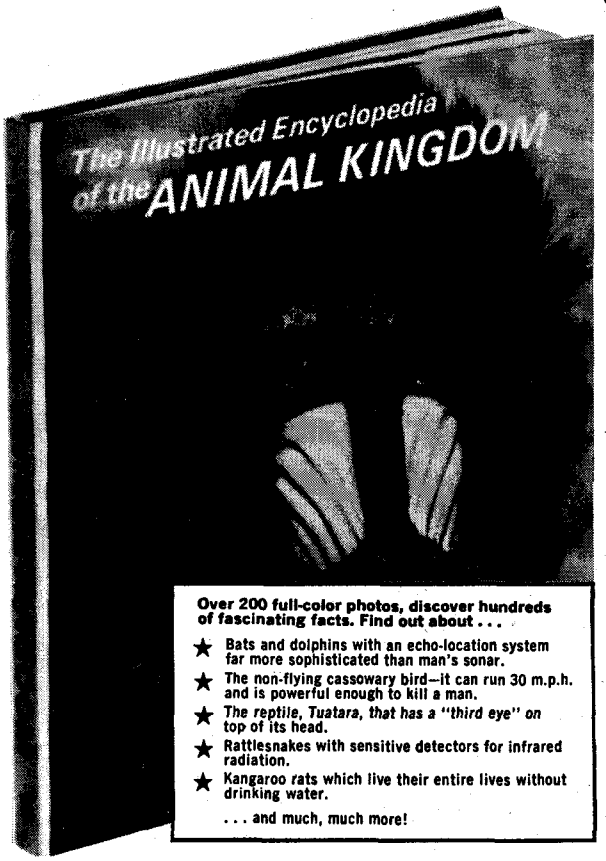

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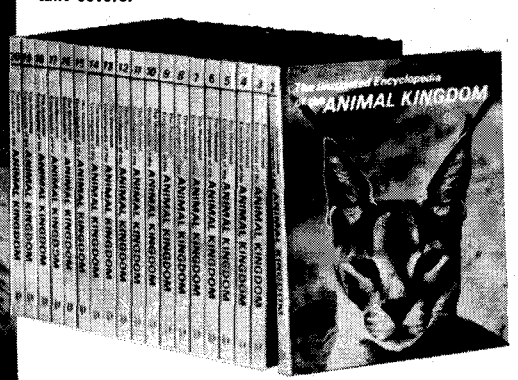

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JESSE JAMES

(continued from page 72)

altercation with the conductor on the subject of fare.

About eleven miles this side of Cameron (Winston), several more passengers got in, and the conductor made the remark that he was afraid there was going to be trouble. There was something in the manner of the man who made a fuss about the fare, he said, which made him think that mischief was brewing. We had not gone three-quarters of a mile after we left this stopping-place when the trouble began. Someone stepped from the platform in front of the smoking car and laid his hand on Conductor Westfall's shoulder, as he was standing in the front part of the car, and said to him, 'You are my prisoner.' The conductor dodged down and ran further into the car. At this time there were already three armed men in the car, and when the one who had spoken to the conductor followed him in there were four. As he did so this one fired at the conductor twice, the first time with the revolver which he held in his right hand. The ball struck the right sleeve of the conductor's coat, tearing it from a little above the wrist to past the elbow, where it entered the arm. The man fired the other revolver, and the conductor turned to leave the car, and when he reached the platform someone else must have shot him in the back, inflicting a wound of which he died in about twenty minutes.

About the time this happened, the fireman, seeing that something was wrong, said to the engineer, 'give her hell,' a laconic way of telling him to get up all the speed he could. The engineer started to do so, but at the same moment three men arose from among the coals in the tender and began firing. They did not hit either the engineer or the fireman with their bullets, but one of them struck the fireman on the side of the head with a large chunk of coal. They then left the engine cab and climbed around and took seats on the cow-catcher, while the three robbers to whom they had intrusted the job of capturing the engine took possession of it. But as they did this the gang who had the securing of the express car on their hands attacked it. They obtained admission and threatened to kill the messenger, Charley Murray, a slight and lightly built man, weighing perhaps 120 pounds, if he did not give up the keys. He did as they requested and they opened the safe, which was found to contain $900 in money, a $10,000 bond, and a quantity of silver bullion. They were intensely chagrined when they found that the safe contained so little, and asked, 'Where is the rest of the money, damn you?' Murray announced that that was all he had under his charge. They insisted that he must produce more, to which Murray answered, 'You can't draw blood from a turnip.'

"The leader of the seven men engaged in the express safe robbery said savagely, 'Well, damn you, I'll draw blood from you then,' at the same time striking him a blow on the head with his revolver, which laid Murray out senseless.

"I have no doubt that the gang fully intended to go through the whole train. The first man who entered the smoking car and who fired the first shots at the conductor, cried out 'Hands up' as he advanced. The others seemed taken aback at the large number of people they found in the car, and looked from one to another and hesitated. The one who had entered the car looked around him after he had shot a couple of times, and seemed to be surprised that he was alone, and then backed out of the car, waving his revolver as he did so to keep the passengers from rising upon him."

"The passengers were considerably scared, were they not?"

"Yes. I've been in one or two tight places before, and did not feel particularly scared. I was in the sleeper, and I called out for every man in the car to get his weapons and prepare to do his duty. Not a soul, however, had one in the car. Then began the fun. It was amusing to see the fellows going down for their watches, and money, and other valuables, and hunting for places to hide them in. One man, who seemed in an agony of despair, called out, 'They can have all the money I own,' at the same time diving under a seat. All sorts of places were utilized as hidingplaces for money, etc. Men pulled off their boots and shoved their wads or watches into them. Spittoons were utilized for the same purpose. I popped my money into the pillow, a pretty safe place, I think. The men on the car were terribly frightened, much more so than the women. The idea prevailed that the robbers were shooting through the windows at the passengers, and as many as could find snug refuge under a seat stowed themselves there, and remained there until long after the firing was over. On the other hand, not a woman seemed to be a particle excited. It was wonderful how coolly they took it. They now and then asked for an explanation of what was going on, and for pretty definite information as to when the affair was likely to end; but when, naturally enough, they found their curiosity could not be satisfied, they remained calmly in their seats and awaited future developments.

"There was one great danger which we escaped, as it were, by a miracle. When the car stopped, it did so not 200 yards in front of a high trestle. When the robbers had command of the locomotive they urged the train along at a tremendous rate of speed. Had this speed been kept up while the train was running along the trestle, it would, so railroad men tell me, have jumped the track to a dead certainty, and have become a total wreck, with a great destruction of life. The brakeman, Cole, however, by his opportune opening of the air-brake, slacked the train up and averted the calamity.

"A great deal has been said concerning this last outrage. The public journals have made a special point of writing in an amusing vein of the timidity of the passengers, who could be so completely over-awed by seven men. Courage in an editorial sanctum is one thing, and courage in the front of a loaded Smith & Wesson's revolver is another."

After the robbery, the usual rewards were offered, and the usual deligent search made for the robbers. However, not a dollar of the stolen money was recovered, nor one of the robbers arrested.

Many folks just shook their heads in disgust and amazement, muttering to themselves that the daring border bandits were still on the loose, and probably more would be heard from them later. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:
Kansas City *Star* and St. Louis Dispatch (contemporary issues)
Author's Own 25 years research into the James Story.

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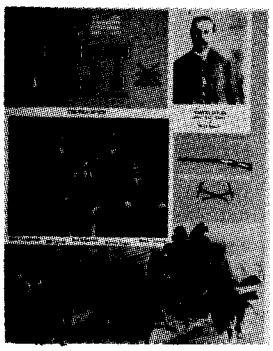

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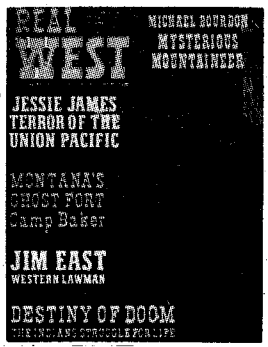
HARVEY LOGAN alias "Kid" Curry of "Wild Bunch"

Long Riders of the Outlaw Trail

Fabulous Cripple Creek

Mangus Colorado Giant of the Desert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DESTINY OF DOOM

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Jessie James Terror of the Union Pacific

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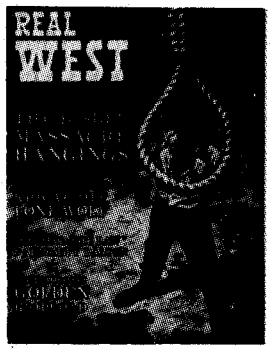

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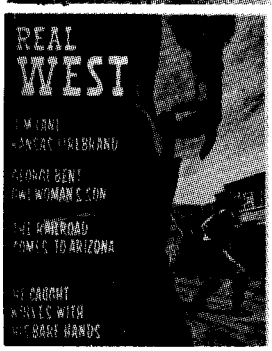
The Bisbee Massacre Hangings

Death Defying Kiowa Chief Lone Wolf

"Beyond The Law" by Emmett Dalton

The Glorious Golden Railroad



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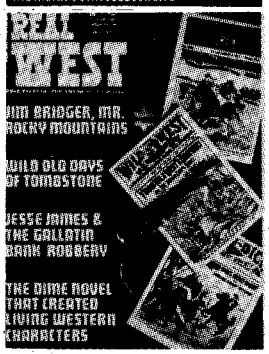
Jim Lane, Kansas Firebrand

George Bent, Owl Woman's Son

The Railroad Comes To Arizona

He Caught Wolves With His Bare Hands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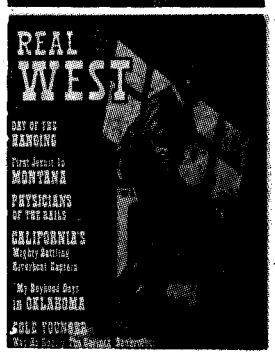
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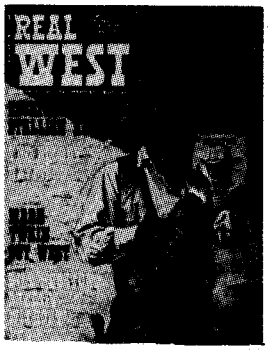

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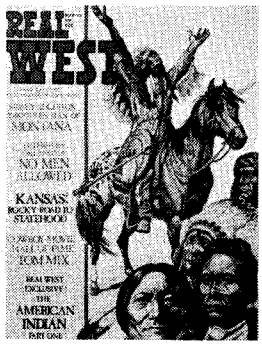
Escape of the Stallion King

The Bloody Hayfield Fight

Mark Twain Out West

Bill Houston - Sheriff Without Fear



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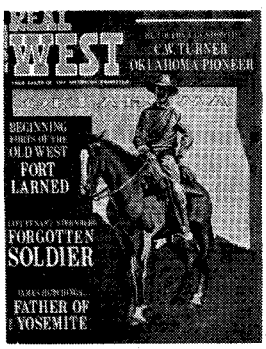
Kansas: Rocky Road to Statehood

Cowboy Movie Hall of Fame--Tom Mix



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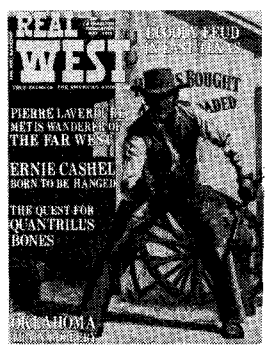
James Hutchings, Father of Yosemite

C.W. Turner--Oklahoma Pioneer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FOURTH OF JULY

(continued from page 31)

the occasion. If the place was poor, a bunch of wild flowers and extra biscuits for supper might be all that could be done by the way of celebration, but the day wasn't forgotten. The ladies of one struggling California mining town provided a homemade flag for the Fourth, with a large star in the middle "covered with gold leaf," to represent California. If no town was nearby, or there was sickness in the family, the pioneers visited each other for a cheerful gettogether, featuring such treats as their circumstances allowed.

But in most cases, the Fourth was a community affair, planned far ahead of time. In 1871 the town of Clay Center, Kansas, sent out handbills all over the countryside, advertising "a regular old-fashioned barbecue and all its accompanying features." It was a great success. Planners of a huge Fourth of July celebration in San Pedro, California, in 1853 issued invitations in English and Spanish, to everybody in Southern California and neighboring Mexico to come and join the party.

But whether it was formally announced or not, the Fourth of July celebration welcomed all comers. The first order of business was usually a parade, as grand as possible, with floats containing young people dressed in costumes. Parades were always popular in the West. One pioneer wife in the mining town of Tonopah, Nevada, remarked ruefully that, on July 4, 1912:

"The boom had ended, but the parades went on."

On a float, an attractive young lady would be dressed as the Statue of Liberty, carrying a shield and a flag, and little girls would represent all the states, with the littlest as Rhode Island. A young man in an Uncle Sam suit with a tall top hat would drive one of the vehicles in the parade. Wheels and wagons were decorated with bunting, flowers, and patriotic symbols, and flags flew from every building. After the parade came the contests, dinner-usually either a picnic or a barbecue-and then the speeches. More games or the singing of patriotic songs followed, and the evening would often close with a dance for the young folks, to end a really gala celebration.

Of course, there were all kinds of Fourths, and for some people, it was business as usual. Augusta Tabor, a miner's wife, had dismal memories of July 4, 1859, which she spent high in the Colorado Rockies:

"... on the morning of the Fourth of July, the men took a supply of provisions on their backs, with a few blankets, and, leaving one of the party to keep me company, pushed forward into the mountains, hopeful of success."

Horace Tabor's success eventually came, as he struck it rich in silver, and became one of the richest men in the United States-for a while.

There was a special convention in Texas on July 4, 1845, to draw up a constitution under which Texas could become a part of the Union. Idaho had a July 4th constitutional convention, too, in 1889.

But for most people, the arival of the Fourth meant food, fun, and plenty of whiskey. An old-timer from Colorado recalled:

"On the Fourth of July we generally had a celebration and picnic and barbecue of venison and always wound up with a dance in the evening."

Sometimes even the planners were surprised. Such was the case in Ouray, Colorado, in 1897, when a huge blizzard swept down the Rockies and covered the town with a blanket of snow-just in time for the Fourth of July.

Not every town could offer something as spectacular as a white Fourth, but almost every community had some special events. A tired cattleman named Bob Lauderdale, driving a herd north from Texas, rode into Dodge City, Kansas, in time to enjoy the Fourth of July there in 1877:

"There was a greased pig; a sack race; foot races, and horse races, and a good dinner right on the grounds."

Visitors to Dodge on July 4, 1884, saw a bullfight.

In Tonopah, Nevada, the ladies in town always looked forward to an unusual annual treat: an invitation to the local men's club. One of them recalled:

"No women were allowed in the clubroom, but once a year on the Fourth of July, they slicked up their quarters and invited the ladies to be their guests."

To some, it was almost a sublime occasion. One pioneer woman remembered the first Fourth of July ceremony she ever attended in Washington Territory:

"The ground chosen for the picnic was across the little creek opposite my father's home. There, under the grand old forest trees, we spread the tables, loading them with the best the country afforded. Here all the settlers within a radius of ten to twenty miles had gathered. The company was not so large but I could count them all, for I have not forgotten their names or faces, but we found a good time did not depend upon numbers; for never was festal day spent more joyously than this, our first Fourth of July celebration in the territory-showing our patriotism by unfurling the Stars and Stripes to the breeze and saluting it by hearty cheers that made the sunlit air ring with the music of peace and joy."

There were some very large celebrations of the Fourth, but one of the biggest affairs ever given was in San Pedro in 1853. The party started on July 3rd, when hundreds of visitors from far and near began pouring into the area. San Pedro at that time was not the sprawling port city it is today, but merely a sleepy hamlet left over from the dying days of the Spanish dons. It had no streets, no church, and no jail, but consisted of a few broken-down buildings by the sea. However, no town ever had a more enthusiastic Fourth of July.

On the evening of the 3rd, there was a feast, with music and dancing. An old ranger, Horace Bell, was there, along with about 2,000 other merrymakers:

"... those not engaged in eating or dancing were engaged in toasting, responding to toasts, speech-making or singing patriotic songs. A crowd of Americans roared 'Hail Columbia,' another crowd the 'Star-Spangled Banner' and 'Yankee Doodle,' a knot of gay Frenchmen made night melodious with the soul-inspiring 'Marseillaise,' while the patriotic Mexican kept up the 'Ponchada' and

'Marchamos Mexicans,
Marchamos can valor,
Y viva la libertad.' "

So far this gay international fiesta had only reached the 3rd of July; the Fourth itself began with a parade of more than "a thousand patriots," marching around a liberty pole, cheering the flag overhead.

(continued on next page)

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"...each patriot was given a bottle of champagne with cork started and a glass." Then the toasts were begun, by a leading local businessman, whose words were translated into Spanish and French, for the convenience of all the guests. This sort of thing continued until the evening of July 5th. It isn't hard to see why this Fourth of July party was fondly remembered and talked about many years later by those who attended it.

1876 was the year of the United States Centennial, and special ceremonies were held all over the country. In Philadelphia, there was a great Centennial Exposition from May 10 to November 10, featuring music, speeches, visiting dignitaries, and a display of American achievements housed in almost 200 buildings.

Not to be outdone, western communities planned splendid events of their own, and of these one of the biggest was held in Los Angeles on July 4, 1876. The arrangements took many months to complete, and attracted thousands of people, including many of the original Spanish settlers and their descendants. The town was all decked out in red, white, and blue, and the Pico House had a big sign that read, in part:

"1776. 1876. Now for 1976!"

Harris Newmark, who had already visited the Philadelphia Exposition, vividly remembered the great day in Los Angeles:

"The Round House gardens having been reached, the literary and musical program began. The band played HAIL, COLUMBIA! and General Phineas Banning, the presiding officer, introduced the Rev. T. T. Packard who delivered the opening prayer. Banning then made a short patriotic address; AMERICA was sung by several church choirs of the city; Professor Thomas A. Saxon read the Declaration of Independence; the choirs sang the RED, WHITE AND BLUE: and J. J. Ayers, as poet of the occasion, read an original poem. YANKEE DOODLE came after that, and then James G. Eastman, as orator of the day, delivered the address, reviewing the civilization and wonders of every age ... after which Rev. A. W. Edelman concluded the exercises by pronouncing the benediction. The celebration had a soul in it and no doubt compensated in patriotic sincerity for what it may have lacked in classical elegance."

Patriotic sincerity was at the heart of every western Fourth of July. It was a part of the pioneers' rugged philosophy, that carried them a long way, across raging rivers, through trackless wilderness, to the hidden frontiers of hostile Indian country. Hunger for gold, curiosity, or the chance to make a new start in life brought settlers and adventurers to the farthest reaches of the continent, to inhabit burning deserts in Arizona and even frozen wastes like Nome, Alaska.

Nome in the days of the Alaskan gold rush was a miserable place, a fragile fringe of tents on the edge of the stark Bering Sea. A few flimsy wood structures had gone up, "thinly partitioned and put up on the cardboard plan," according to one visitor, housing various sins, and not much else. The visitor could take his choice of gambling entertainment-"roulette, vingt-et-un, faro, poker, stud-poker, Klondike, and craps"- and of course there were plenty of saloons. But the streets consisted of deep, gluey mud, and the surroundings were cruel and bleak.

Sick at heart with the place and his own troubles, an American who happened to be in Nome on July 4, 1900, was astounded and cheered by the warmth and enthusiasm of the town's celebration:

"The glorious Fourth was appropriately celebrated by ample decoration with the flag throughout the town and a very creditable parade, which, headed by a company of sturdy regulars from the neighboring military post, was followed by an Alfire-engine drawn by fine horses, three uniformed hose companies, and a score of lively little school-children. Such are the enterprise and conquering spirit of our people!"

After it was over, Nome went back to being bleak and barren, and the problems of a hard life didn't go away. But somehow, they were a little easier to face because of the holiday, and the nagging hopelessness and despair inspired by such a place had lost their grip for a while.

"Enterprise," "conquering spirit," and "patriotic sincerity" had won the day, as over a period of many years, through the efforts and sacrifices of great-hearted people, they won the American West. Although frontier life put them under constant threat of Indian attack, drought, disease, or starvation, wherever they were and whatever their circumstances, the pioneers dusted off their brightest spirits, and made the great national holiday as gay as they could. They threw a party for themselves, and in the midst of the noise and the merrymaking, paused to give heartfelt thanks for the right to pursue happiness in their own peculiar way. Their earnest celebrations fulfilled to the last measure the prophetic wish of the amazing John Adams, who, in July of 1776, was already looking ahead to the future anniversary of the Declaration of Independence:

"It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore." ●**RW**

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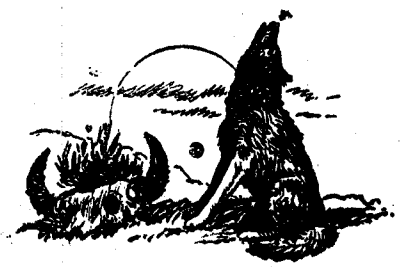

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FORTS OF THE WEST

(continued from page 23)

buffalo hides ornamented its sidewalks.

A heterogeneous multi-colored tide of humanity surged upon the Flat. Legitimate business men came to reap its prosperity. It was the rendezvous of the outlaw. The gambler and the prostitute plied their trades to an advantage. The cowboys fresh from the long, dusty trail brawled and boozed on the streets. It was a city of sin, noise, music and fun. Banjoes twanged, fiddles whined, pianos tinkled. To the south, the sounds of and the dust of the thundering herd filled the air and beyond the hills the guns of the hunters boomed destruction to the buffalo.

Rex Howard writing in the Texas Guidebook, says that Fort Griffin was the home of the modern nightclub. The name of this historic spot was the Beehive.
On its outside adobe walls was a painting of a beehive with the insects swarming through flowers with the following inscription:

"With this hive we are alive
Good whiskey makes us funny,
If you feel tired come on inside
And taste the flavor of our honey."

Fort Griffin was a town of "characters". Many who have become immortal in song, poem and story and on the Tv screen walked its streets to either transact business or to taste its fleshpots. Perhaps the most comely of these was Lottie Deno. Lottie was curvaceous with deep auburn hair and glowing black eyes. She arrived one evening in 1876 on the Jacksboro stage. From the time of her arrival until her departure two years later Lottie remained a lady of mystery and aloof. Because of these traits she came to be known as the FROZEN HEART OF FORT GRIFFIN. She established a residence in a Clear Fork shanty and then obtained employment in the Beehive presiding over the gambling room. She witnessed violence, brawling and even murder without moving a muscle of her pretty face. Then one day as mysteriously as she had come Lottie left Fort Griffin. In her shack the sheriff found a note pinned to her bedspread which read, "sell this outfit and give the money to someone in need of assistance." News filtered in from Jacksboro that Lottie had settled there. Then she disappeared from there. Later it was rumored that Lottie moved to Silver City, New Mexico, where she married and lived to a ripe old age of eighty, passing away in 1934.

Wyatt Earp and Pat Garret came frequently to Fort Griffin in search of outlaws. It was in the Flat that Doc Holliday and Wyatt Earp began their friendship. Wyatt enlisted the aid of Doc to help him hunt down the notorious Dave Rudabaugh who had held up a Santa Fe train. It was in the Flat too, that Doc came near attending his own necktie party. It was while playing poker with a Fort Griffin character, Ed Baily that the trouble started. Baily began sneaking glances at the discards known as "deadwood". Angrily Doc called his hand. Baily failed to heed him and took another look at the "deadwood." Without showing his hand Doc raked in the pot. Baily reached for his gun but before he could draw he was dead. Doc had snatched out his knife and killed him instantly. Since Baily had gone for his gun first Doc allowed the local officers to arrest him thinking he'd go free on a plea of self-defense.

However, soon after he was in custody he realized his mistake. Baily's friends formed a mob and the officers were forced to rush Doc to a hotel for safety. Doc realized he was in a tough spot. His life was in danger from both the mob and the local vigilantes. His girl friend, Kate Elder known as "Big Nose Kate" knew it too and resolved to do something about it. In order to detract attention from Doc she set fire to a barn in the Flat.

The mob hastened to the blaze as did the entire populace of the town. In fact two of the deputies guarding Doc could not resist the temptation and followed the crowd leaving only one officer on duty with the prisoner. Kate soon remedied this by ramming a six gun in his side. Another she gave to Doc. Kate and Holliday rushed to two horses which Kate had saddled and waiting and rode post haste for Dodge City four hundred miles distant.

It was in the hills near the Flat that J. Wright Moare killed the famous white buffalo, the only one ever slain in Texas.

When the fort was abandoned in 1881 it was the beginning of the end for the rowdy little cowtown. It experienced one vital blow after another. The railroads by-passed it. The Tonks were removed by the government to another reservation. The "iron horse" supplanted the trail drives. The shaggy haired hunter completed their slaughter of the buffalo. The professional men gathered their shingles and moved elsewhere as did the merchants.

Today all that remains of the "wildest town the west has ever seen" are the ruins of an adobe store, a few old houses and the school house, still in use but razed to a one story building. The old stone jail was removed to Albany and is located on a park site.

Though now virtually a ghost town Fort Griffin is a monument to the cattle industry of Texas. In the year 1871 more than a half a million Longhorns passed through the Flat. Some 2,000 cowboys moved through the town twice that same year. Immense cattle drives continued to flow through the town until 1886. Some of the old time cattlemen who herded drives through the flat were Captain John F. Lytle, Colonel Ike Pryor, George W. Saunders, Shanghai Pierce, John and Ab Blocker and countless others.

Of the old fort only the crumbling ruins stand, stark rock walls and naked chimneys. Except for the roof the powder magazine has been restored. In the remains of the post bakery may be seen the large ovens. The walls of one of the officer's quarters are still standing as are the walls of the sutler's store.

The State of Texas has made a park of the old Fort Griffin area. Located on Highway 283 and covering 500 acres this spot offers camping and picnicking facilities as well as peace, quiet, scenic beauty and a wealth of history. In a fenced-in range is a herd of Longhorns. Perhaps some of the rangy bovines that graze tranquilly on the green grass are progeny of the longhorned empire builders that thudded through the Flat when it was a booming cowtown on the great Dodge Trail. ●RW

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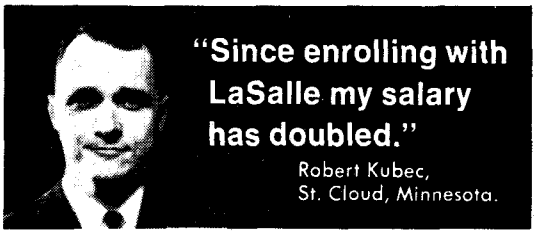

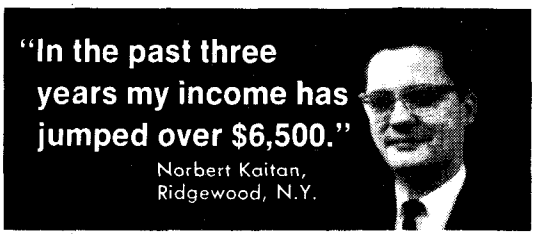

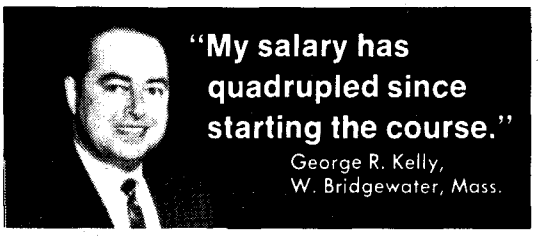

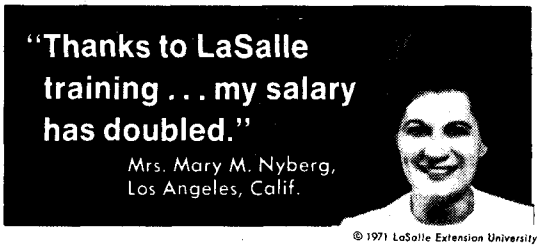

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